McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. V. OCTOBER, 1895. No. 5.

THE LONDON "TIMES."

By JAMES CREELMAN.

[This article was revised by the hand of John Walter the third, who died while Mr. Creelman was at the front with the Japanese army in the late war. Since then Arthur Walter has become master of "The Times." The article stands as it was originally written.]

FOR more than a hundred and nine years "The Times" has been owned and managed in unbroken succession by the three generations of Walter—father, son, and grandson. It is the most arrogant, the most unbribable thing in Europe, sober, serene, exasperatingly honest, not to be hurried and not to be delayed, but going its own serious pace, more British than Queen Victoria, more ubiquitous than the Vatican. It has fomented great wars and proclaimed peace. Governments have been overthrown, armies halted, and kings made powerless at its command. It has been recognized again and again as the voice of Europe, speaking with knowledge and authority. And this mighty power has been built upon the intelligence, conscience, and courage of these three conspicuously sane Englishmen. Strangely enough, they have been so free from literary vanity that not one of them has ever wished to be known as the author of any article in "The Times."

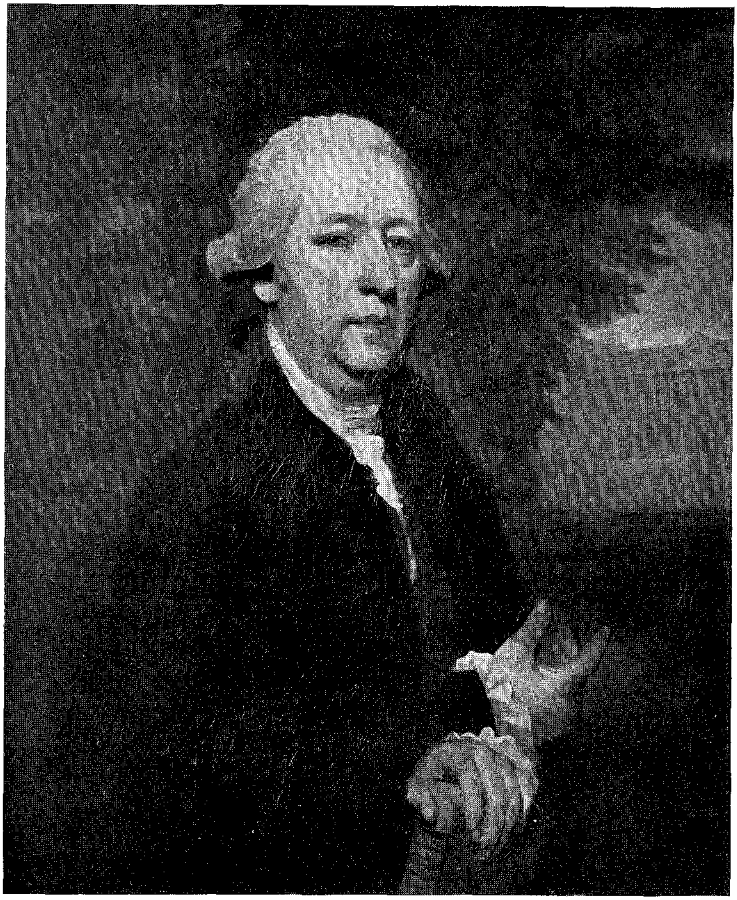
John Walter the first bought Printing House Square in 1784. It was then the King's printing house, and stood on the site of a Norman fortress and monastery. Mr. Walter had been merchant and publisher by turns. As an underwriter he was ruined by the capture of an English fleet by a French squadron. When he secured Printing House Square he undertook to print books logographically; that is, by means of type representing monosyllables and short words instead of letters. The new system was not successful; but in January, 1785, Mr. Walter issued the first number of the "Daily Universal Register," and, under the title of the new daily, the words "logographically printed" called attention to the type. At the suggestion, it is said, of Mr. Goldsmith, a family friend, the name of the paper was changed on January 1, 1788, to "The Times," its former name being dropped on March 18th of the same year. It was a pugnacious little sheet and bristled with personalities, attacking its rivals day after day in a spirit of pure audacity. A comparison of the waspy, familiar editorials and the fruit they bore, with the impersonal and almost imperiously judicial utterances of "The Times" to-day, reveals not only the intrinsic progress of journalism, but its altered relations to the government and to society generally. Mr. Walter was put in the public pillory at Charing Cross for telling the truth about the powerful Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Gloucester. His honest criticisms subjected him to the horrors of Newgate prison. He was harassed, persecuted, and reviled; yet his spirit was not broken.

JOHN WALTER THE SECOND.

But the really historic career of "The Times" began in 1803, when John Walter the first retired from the management of the paper, to be succeeded by his son, John Walter the second, then twenty-eight years old. This young man, who was destined to be the father of modern journalism and

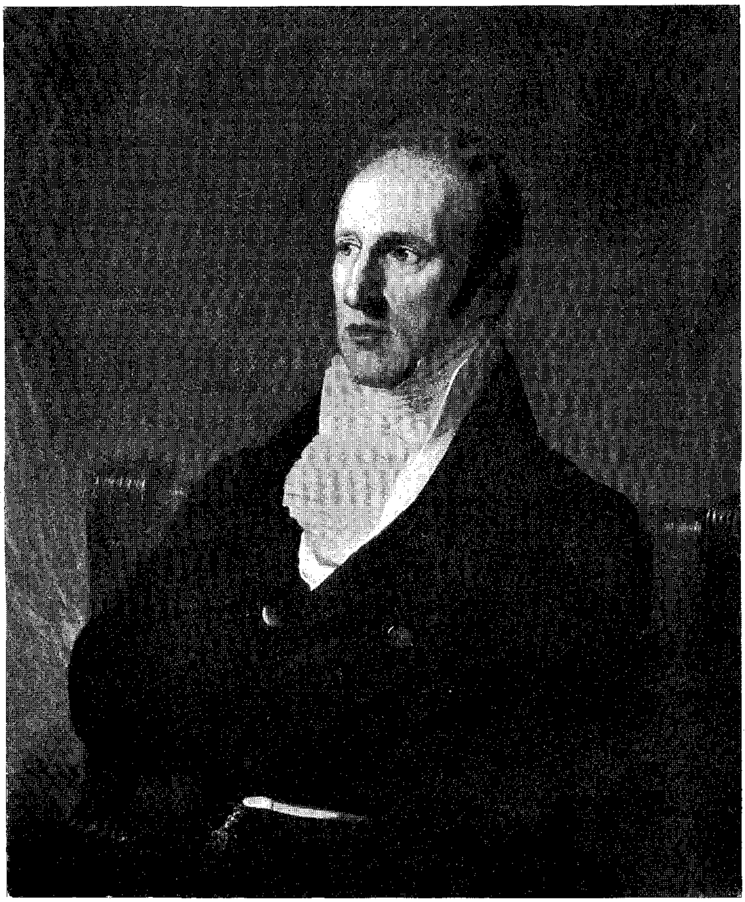
Copyright, 1895, by S. S. McClure, Limited. All rights reserved.

creator of the most powerful and independent political engine in Europe, brought to his task a sound mind and body, an Oxford training, the heart of a lion, and a lofty and prophetic conception of the future of his calling. The journal was at that time losing money, and might have been abandoned had it not been for the new manager's faith in the enterprise. From the very first he declared "The Times" to be a moral autonomy, independent of all governments and all factions. Mr. Walter remodelled the establishment and organized a staff conspicuously fit to aid him in raising the proletariat of scribblers to the rank of a profession, so that even with the scanty means at his command he began to make society feel that a new power was born with which it must reckon for all time to come. His rare knowledge of human nature enabled him to select writers who would not yield to cajolery on the one hand nor private pique on the other. Every man in the service of "The Times" seemed to be inspired by the indomitable English qualities, the conscience and the enterprise of the young leader. At the very outset of his career he seemed to understand that journalism was essentially the voice of the public. His impregnability was his strength. "The Times" could not be influenced. Its methods were shrouded in mystery, and its innermost councils were inscrutable. Europe was then one vast field of war, and the thunder of Napoleon's artillery drowned out all but Titanic voices; but "The Times" made itself gradually heard, until its opinions filled the ear of England and were gravely discussed in every continental capital. Its rivals were divided into two classes—those who supported the Ministry and those who opposed it. Mr. Walter stood aloof from all parties. From that day to this the paper has never knowingly accepted anything as a matter of favor from either a government or an individual. Its insistent note of truth has been uttered in spite of kings and cabinets. At the close of the Peninsular war, the king of Spain sent a table service of solid gold to Mr. Walter as an acknowledgment of the services rendered by the paper, but the present was promptly returned to the king. In 1810 the government tried to curb the independent tone of "The Times," and no letters intended for it were allowed to come into the country. The captains of all incoming ships were compelled to surrender despatches addressed to the paper. But the special correspondents and couriers employed by Mr. Walter outstripped the official messengers, and the angry ministers often got their first inkling of great military and political events from the very journal they tried in vain to crush. The government



JOHN WALTER THE FIRST, FOUNDER OF THE "TIMES."

did everything in its power to delay or withhold its correspondence. At the same time Mr. Walter was informed that he could have his despatches promptly delivered as a matter of governmental favor. His sole answer was to send out more special correspondents and to beat the official despatcher oftener than ever. Before long the merchants of England began to regard "The Times" foreign news as the only safe basis for trade. The powerful commercial classes rallied to its support. The sale of official news to Lombard Street speculators became a thing of the past. No one would believe a government report when it conflicted with "The Times."



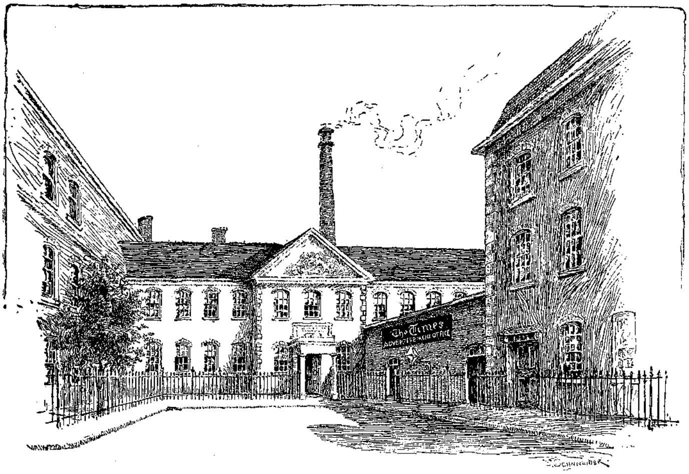
JOHN WALTER THE SECOND.

In 1811 Mr. Walter's father died. The organized printers were extending a tyrannous system of trades-unionism when they came into conflict with "The Times." Mr. Walter refused to submit, and the printers took an oath to prevent the publication of the paper, after which they deserted in a body on Saturday night. "The Times" appeared as usual on Monday morning, although Mr. Walter worked continuously for thirty-six hours setting type and working the presses, assisted by a few apprentices. He then traced out the conspiracy, and nineteen of the strikers were sent to prison. There has been no trades-unionism recognized in Printing House Square since that day, although the printers employed there are paid higher wages than the union rate.

THE WALTERS GREAT PRINTERS AS WELL AS PUBLISHERS.

Like his father, Mr. Walter was a great printer, and continued to develop the art of printing until in 1814 he revolutionized the resources of journalism by introducing the steam printing press, the invention of a young German named Koenig. This he did in spite of the menaces of his workmen, who threatened to destroy his presses. There are those still alive who remember John Walter the second standing before his surprised and half-crazed employees with the first steam-printed copy of "The Times" in his hand, telling them that it was too late to fight against the new invention. That alone did more for literature than all that had preceded it since the days of Gutenberg. It instantly quadrupled the power of "The Times" and inaugurated a new epoch.

Well might the great Duke of Wellington write in 1828: "It does no harm that the world should know that there exists in this country a press directed by persons willing and endowed with talents to discuss and sift to the bottom all transactions of a public nature;" for at that time utterances of "The Times" were sometimes the subject of diplomatic remonstrances between nations, so



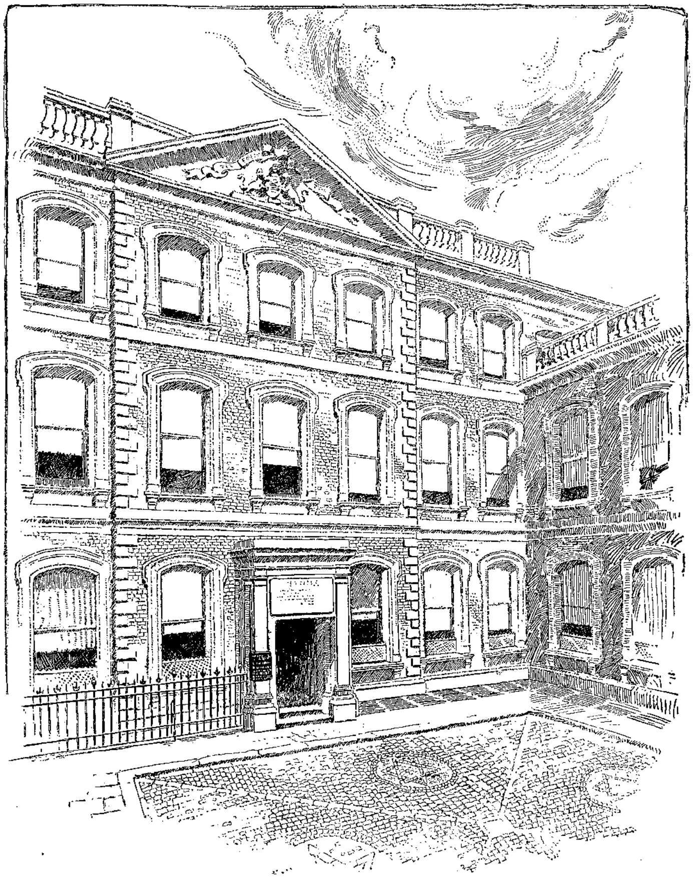
PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE PRIOR TO 1874.

From a picture in "The Times" office.

great was its reputation for accuracy, and so authoritative its sources of information. The conqueror of Napoleon had learned long before that he could not conquer the new citadel of British public opinion. He hated journalism, but the astounding achievements of "The Times" forced that tribute from his unwilling pen.

There is no more extraordinary illustration of the influence wielded by Mr. Walter than the part he played in the defence of Queen Caroline. "The Times" made George IV. powerless to harm the royal victim. The king and his supine ministers had a servile House of Lords and an army of perjured witnesses enlisted in the persecution of the queen; but "The Times" declared for her, and aroused the multitude to such a pitch of sympathy that the plot was abandoned.

Until 1816 Mr. Walter lived almost exclusively in his comfortable residence at Printing House Square, but in that year he bought Bearwood, a large estate forming an outlying part of Windsor Forest. Here he went to live, travelling thirty-four miles each way to and from London, by stagecoach, twice a week. He converted Bearwood into a princely domain, half park, half farm. Then commenced the patriarchal system which has helped to give "The Times" establishment an atmosphere unlike anything else in the world. The children of the Bearwood tenants and laborers were taken into the service of the great paper as soon as they were old enough to work, and served until they died, as compositors, pressmen, mechanics, and what not. Their children and their children's children succeeded them. To-day you may see three generations of the same family, all born at Bearwood, working side



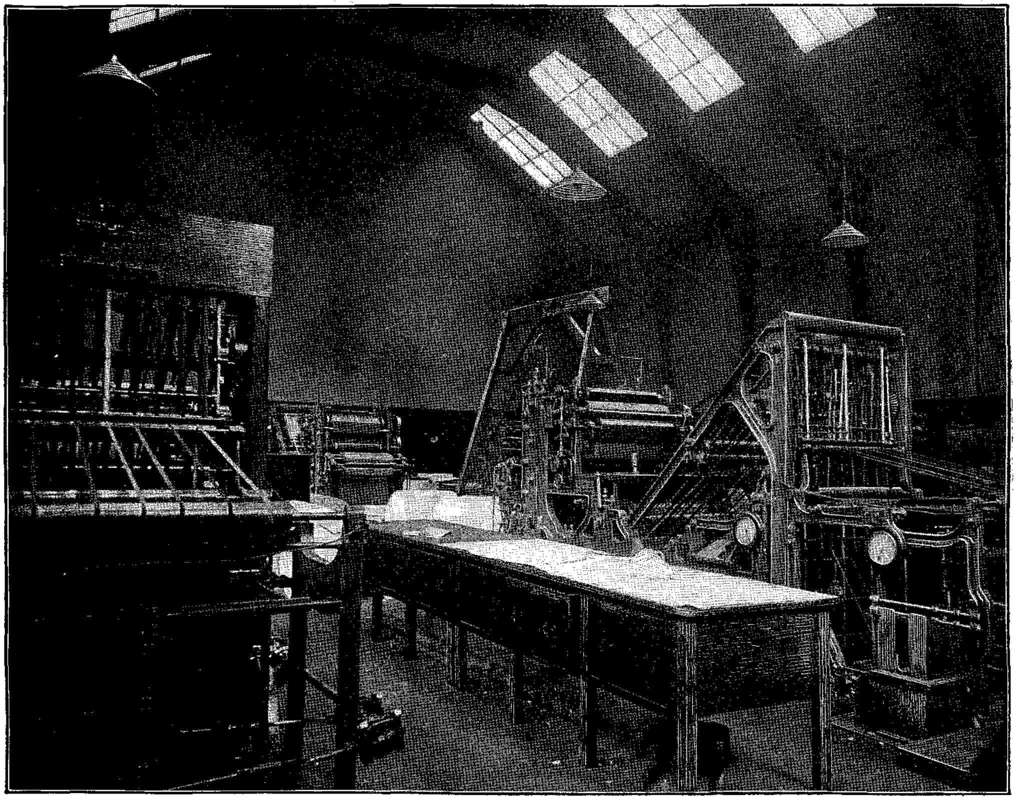
ENTRANCE TO "THE TIMES" OFFICE, SHOWING THE TABLET OF HONOR PLACED OVER THE DOOR BY THE LONDON MERCHANTS.

by side in "The Times." Generation after generation is born into the establishment and dies out of it. Every brick in the huge building was made at Bearwood. From roof to cellar "The Times" is a monument to the hereditary system. Now and then the manager receives a note from the master of the school built at Bearwood by Mr. Walter, saying that William Jones or John Smith has made good progress at his studies and is almost old enough to go to London and begin work in the office.

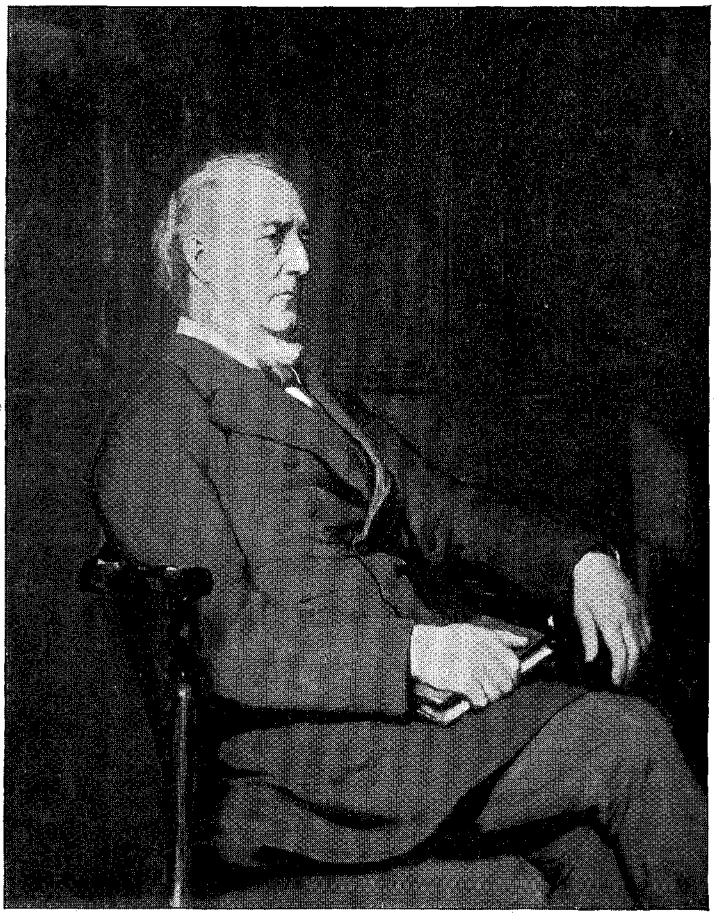
There is no such thing as solidarity in the English press. Each newspaper develops its own individuality, and will not yield an inch of its character to any other journal. This is a peculiarly British quality, and is not confined to journalism. "The Times" has always been conducted on the abstract theory that its readers never take any other paper. Its battles for popular rights have nearly always been undertaken single-handed. And this has developed in its management a sense of self-reliance and indifference to current criticism that has not infrequently been mistaken for brutal stolidity. No claque can disturb its councils. It is the incarnation of self-conscious strength.

SOME OF THE GREAT DEEDS OF "THE TIMES."

In these days of blatant journalism it is refreshing to recall some of the great deeds of "The Times," and to remember that they were allowed to speak for themselves. It organized the historic campaign against the Corn Laws, and put victory into the hands of Richard Cobden; it crippled the French republic of 1848, and aroused England against the situation so that more than two hundred thousand volunteer constables were enrolled against the Chartists; it preached a crusade against Russia, and even when the Crimea was invaded, it indicted the generalship of the British commander-in-chief and compelled the Prime Minister, Lord Aberdeen, to resign his office. From the time of the Duke of Wellington to the time of Lord Wolseley, its world-wide corps of correspondents has penetrated into the secrets of camp and court alike. All this has meant the employment of first-rate talent and the expenditure of vast sums of money. Yet not one word of boasting has ever appeared in the columns of "The Times" in



A CORNER IN "THE TIMES" PRESSROOM, SHOWING THE WALTER PRESS.



JOHN WALTER THE THIRD.

From a portrait begun by Holl and finished by Herkomer.

the present century. Its mechanism has never been paraded before the public.

It is not too much to say that John Walter the second was the most commanding, the most creative, and the most many-sided editor the world has ever seen. The common impression is that John Thaddeus Delane, who afterwards occupied the editor's chair, was absolutely independent of Mr. Walter, but the truth is that the editor was always under control. Mr. Delane had the strategic mind, the personal magnetism, the profound intuition, the firm hand, the self-control and common-sense of a born general. He was a commander of almost immeasurable resources; a courtly, chivalrous gentleman; but he was not a man who could, like Mr. Walter, look upon the convulsions and conflicts of the world with eyes unclouded by personal sympathy. Mr. Delane used to dine with the great statesmen and philosophers of his day, and he would have been more than human not to have responded to the influences to which he was occasionally subjected. Mr. Walter stood in the shadow and watched over his editor, rarely interfering openly, but giving from time to time signals that were never disregarded.

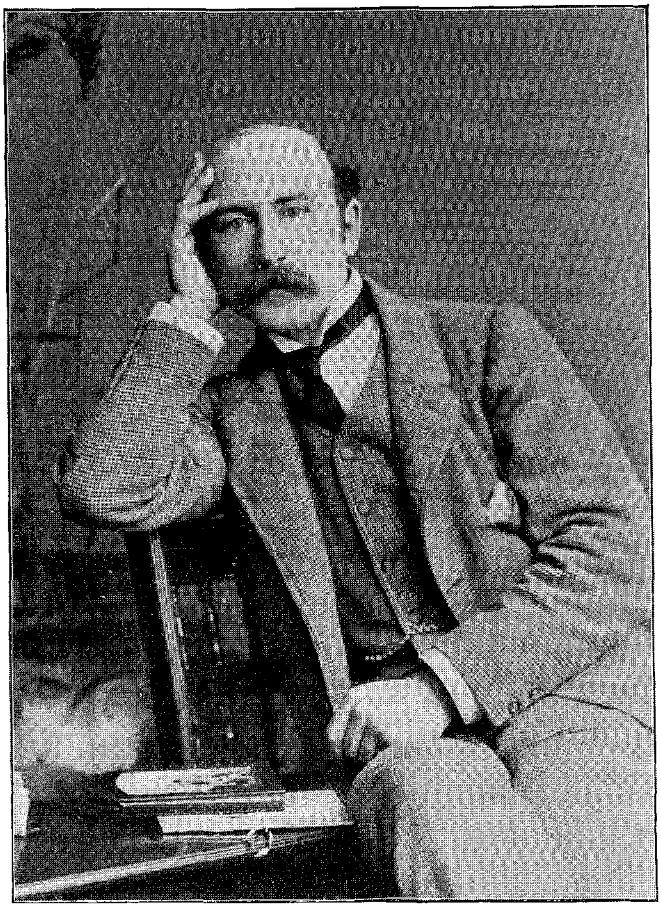
As Mr. Walter advanced in life he became first a magistrate, then high sheriff, and later on member of Parliament for his county. In and out of Parliament he was always the same—inscrutable, immovable. He declared war in 1834 on Lord Melbourne's Poor Law, and prophesied that the union workhouse system organized on such a scale would partly depopulate the country. Year after year he fought against the scheme, but it was carried through Parliament in spite of his heroic opposition. Indeed, this was the only time he suffered an important defeat. The coalition of the two parties upon the measure so disgusted him that he turned his back upon parliamentary life. During the great famine of 1846–47 three millions of population were lost to Ireland through death and emigration under the operation of this system, and on his deathbed Mr. Walter learned that the brutal law was utterly discredited.

There is a marble tablet set over one of the doorways in Printing House Square as a memorial of a great event in the history of "The Times." Upon this stone is carved the story of how the paper in 1840, at enormous risk and expense, exposed gigantic frauds and saved millions to the merchants of London. The cost of this work was so great that a large fund was subscribed to reimburse "The Times"; but Mr. Walter insisted that the money should be used to found scholarships connected with Oxford, Cambridge, and Christ's Hospital. The tablet in Printing House Square was put there by the grateful commercial community, and another tablet was placed in the Royal Exchange.

JOHN WALTER THE THIRD AND HIS EDITORS.

The power of "The Times" grew. In 1847 John Walter the second died of cancer in the throat. His eldest son, John Walter the third, took his place in Parliament and at the head of the paper. He is to-day the absolute master of "The Times." For forty-seven years he has controlled that vast organization, and during thirty-five years of the time he has served his country in Parliament. He is now seventy-five years old, and spends much of his time at Bearwood, where he is devoted to landscape gardening and other improvements. Like his father, Mr. Walter is intensely British. Under his administration "The Times" has remained the first newspaper in the world; but, above all, it has deeply impressed upon its readers the indivisibility of the British Empire, and has pleaded powerfully against every attempt to disintegrate it. That idea overshadows all others in its columns. The device at the head of the editorial page represents three books—times past, time present, and times future. The pages of the past and present are open, the book of the future is closed. This symbolizes the policy of "The Times." It aims to represent and support day by day the known will of the British majority when the popular mind does not conflict with sound morals or the principle of constitutional monarchy.

In a certain sense the editor, Mr. George Earle Buckle, and the acting manager, Mr. C. E. Moberly Bell—representing John Walter and his son Arthur—are supreme in their respective departments; but the final authority is still exercised on vital questions by Mr. Walter. He is a grave, well-read man, with strong convictions. There is something leonine about his head and face, and still there is not a gentler heart in England. His generous, patriarchal nature is reflected throughout the system over which he presides so wisely, so moderately and so incorruptibly. Scores of gray-haired pensioners are protected by his charitable hand. The sternness of "The Times" is shown only to the public. Its private bounties are countless. Children are born at Bearwood to serve in its ranks, and they die blessing its name. During the Tae-Ping rebellion in China, Mr. Bowlby, the special correspondent of "The Times," was seized and imprisoned with Sir Harry Parke, the British Minister. Mr. Bowlby had dared to tell the truth and he was slowly tortured to death. The story of his horrible fate was printed in "The Times"; but, after the regular edition was printed, the presses were stopped, and a single copy of another edition, containing a mild account of the death, was struck off and mailed to the correspondent's aged mother—so that she might never know how her son died. That touching incident illustrates the feeling of mutual consideration and the *esprit de corps* that permeates the service. There are men now in the office who have toiled there continuously for over half a century. Most of the employees in the mechanical



ARTHUR WALTER, THE PRESENT MASTER OF "THE TIMES."

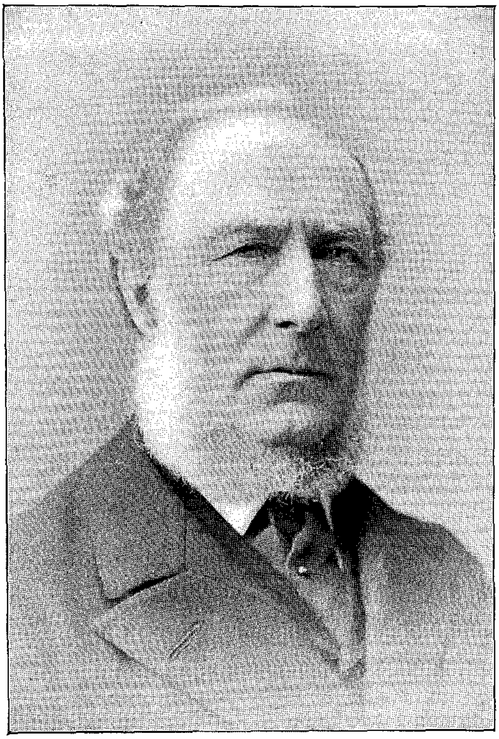
departments are related to each other by blood or marriage. There is one man of eighty-two years. Thirty-six men are over sixty years old, and ten are over seventy. Notwithstanding this, the active management has always been in the hands of young men. Mr. Delane, for instance, was twenty-four years old when he became editor. Mr. Walter was only twenty-nine when he succeeded his father; and he is fond of saying that the united ages of the editor, manager, and two principal assistants then amounted to a hundred and ten years. Mr. Buckle, the present editor, was only thirty years old in 1884, when he assumed full power. Mr. Bell, the active manager, is a comparatively young man. It is interesting to see how youth and age, the university and the farm, are blended in "The Times" office, Oxford and Cambridge furnishing the editors, Bearwood the printers and mechanics.

JOHN THADDEUS DELANE, EDITOR OF "THE TIMES" FROM 1841 TO 1877.

From a photograph by Augustus Scott, London, and kindly loaned by Sir William Howard Russell.

"THE TIMES" CORRESPONDENTS.

Among the famous men who have served "The Times" are such correspondents as Dr. William Howard Russell. Dr. Russell has been the prince of war correspondents, and Lord Wolseley once described him as "the father of the curse of modern armies." It was he who wrote the brilliant description of Daniel O'Connell's trial in Dublin. His now historic despatches from Lord Raglan's camp in the Crimean war enabled his paper to overthrow Lord Aberdeen's government and resulted in the great fund raised by "The Times" to relieve the distress prevailing in the army. Mr. Walter declares that the American government made a great blunder when it forced Dr. Russell to leave the United States after his articles on the battle of Bull Run. Whatever might be said about him, it must be admitted that he always managed to get at the real facts in every campaign he described; and Mr. Walter believes that if Dr. Russell had remained in America he would have reached the heart of the situation and that the subsequent course of "The Times" and its influence upon the attitude of Great Britain might have been different. The correspondent who was sent to take Dr. Russell's place unconsciously allowed himself to be made the instrument of a faction. Mr. Lincoln and his advisers chose to make the preservation of the Union the basis of the war at its beginning, an issue that did not appeal to the British mind. Dr. Russell would unquestionably have investigated

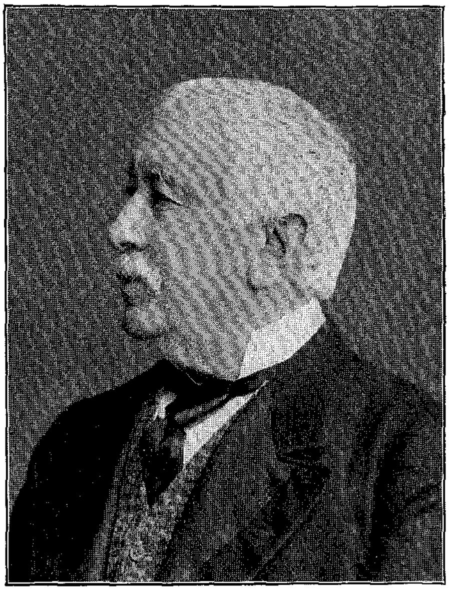


JOHN WALTER THE THIRD.

From a photograph by Barraud, London.

sufficiently to have learned the actual relationship of the slavery question to the war, and the true inwardness of the Northern attitude. What Henry Ward Beecher did to explain to the people of England the Union side of the slavery question might have been done in a larger and more effectual way by Dr. Russell, and to this day Mr. Walter says that the expulsion of the correspondent had much to do with the part played by "The Times" in creating public opinion hostile to the Union cause, as the paper was somewhat led astray by the incompetent and slothful writer who was afterwards sent to New York. Dr. Russell is still living in London and enjoys a large pension.

The most distinguished men in Great Britain write to "The Times," and Lord Beaconsfield, when Prime Minister, did not think it beneath his dignity to address letters to the editor for publication over his own signature. The famous phrase which "Punch" put into the mouth of the English tourist who was being imposed upon in France, "*Je paie, mais je* write to 'The Times,'" is not an empty threat. So many reforms have been wrought and so many wrongs righted by writing to "The Times" that the mind of every properly educated Briton turns instinctively to its editorial page as a court of last appeal. A curious instance of British confidence in the strength and sincerity of the paper recently came to light when the members of the Fellowship of Free Porters of the Port of London, whose charter dated from Edward III., barricaded their rooms against a writ from the courts and held out against London until night, so that their committee might be sure to find the editor of "The Times" at his desk and ask for help. It is needless to say that the editor finally secured justice for the Fellowship.



SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, WAR CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES."

From a photograph by Werner & Son, Dublin.

GEORGE W. SMALLEY, AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES."

From a photograph by W. & D. Downey, London.

In the administration of the paper, the editor, Mr. Buckle, is the sole judge of what shall and what shall not be printed. He is not only a brilliant scholar with a phenomenal memory, but also ranks amongst the first political minds of England. Journalism is his religion. In the office he is a priest at the altar. Contrary to the general idea, there is no formal council or committee in "The Times." It is a one-man power. The editor writes nothing himself, but he controls all that is written. When in doubt he consults his assistants, chief among whom is Sir Donald MacKenzie Wallace, the foreign editor, whose opinion on international affairs is said to be more in demand than that of any other British diplomat, with the exception of Lord Dufferin, whose secretary he was in India. Sir Donald was spoken of at one time as the probable ambassador to Russia. Next in rank is the financial editor, who is simply the adviser of the paper on financial matters, for another editor directs the financial reports. There are six permanent editorial writers, and five others "on call." In addition to these the editor sometimes employs famous experts to write on their specialties. One editorial writer never begins his work until midnight. Then come intermediate grades —the colonial editor, the ecclesiastical news writer, the agricultural writer, the art critic, the council of five military experts, the naval writer, the geographical writer, the dramatic critic, and so on. The legal department has eighteen trained law reporters for the principal civil courts, eight for the assizes, and seventeen for the police courts. London is mapped out into nineteen districts, and there is in each district a reporter responsible for all news not covered by departments. Then there is a labor reporter, a cricket reporter, a golf and football reporter, a yachting reporter, and two racing reporters. There is a special writer for fires, one for railways, one for astronomical news. So the staff ramifies out into almost every department of life in an orderly and well-balanced system. The chief of the staff of parliamentary reporters, Mr. Broadrib, has eighteen stenographers under him, two of whom are "summary writers." There is also a "Times" representative in each of the six hundred and seventy electoral districts of Great Britain.

Unlike the great American newspapers, "The Times" has no staff of descriptive reporters and interviewers in waiting. Its principal descriptive writing is done by its foreign correspondents, the most important of them having semi-editorial authority to discuss questions in their despatches. Monsieur de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent, stands at the head of the list. In the principal capitals of Europe the representatives of "The Times" are men of high position, who live like ambassadors and give diplomatic dinners. There are eighteen men entitled to the words "Our own correspondent." The paper maintains a staff of five in Paris, two in Berlin, two in Vienna, one in Rome, one in St. Petersburg, one in Odessa, one in Brussels, one in Madrid, two in Constantinople, one in Lisbon, one in Athens, one in Egypt, one in Malta, one in South Africa, one in Zanzibar, three in India, two in China, two in Australia, one in Canada, one in the United States, and one in South America. Besides these there are hundreds of correspondents who write occasional news.

No matter how famous a correspondent may be, his work appears anonymously. All individuality is swallowed up in the gloomy old brick quadrangle that frowns upon Queen Victoria Street. Each man is simply a cogwheel in the great machine. The work of a correspondent tells upon public opinion and gains authority simply because it appears in "The Times."

This glimpse at the organization of "The Times" throws a good deal of light upon its reputation for accuracy of statement and thoroughness. It must be observed that every man in the whole force of writers is in some respects an expert. The responsibility thrown upon the acting manager is enormous, and it is in his office that the editorial and business departments are linked. Mr. Bell was formerly "The Times" correspondent in Egypt. His exhaustive and powerful despatches on the situation prior to the rebellion of Arabi Pasha had much to do with the subsequent occupation of Egypt by the British army. The cable tolls for despatches from Egypt during fourteen months of that period amounted to more than ninety thousand dollars. It cost about four thousand dollars to telegraph Mr. Bell's description of the bombardment of Alexandria.

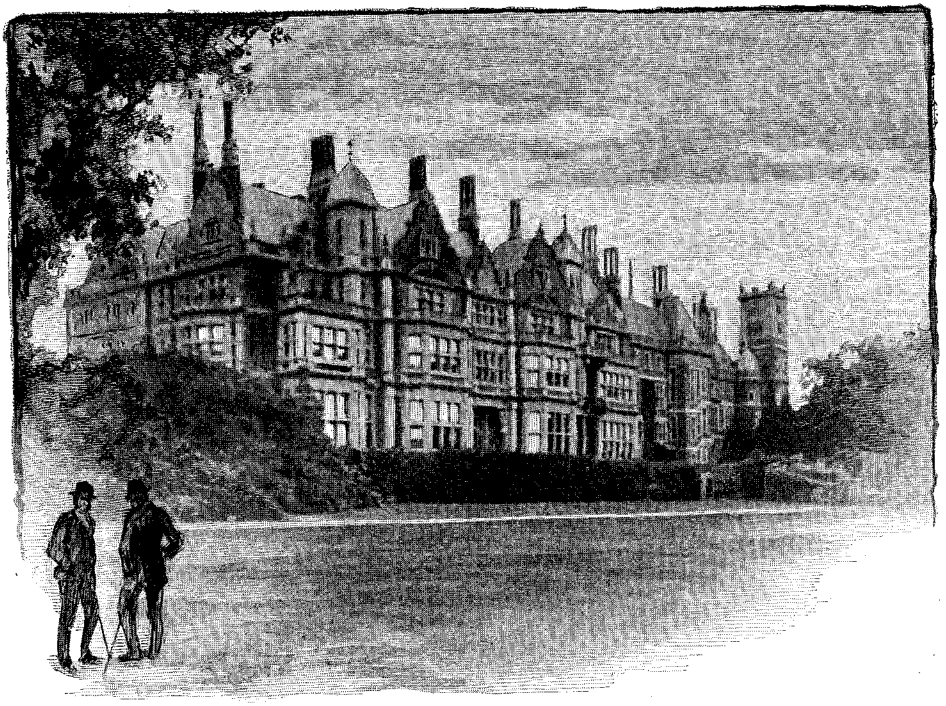
To some extent "The Times" is managed without regard to profit. Ten columns of news from Uganda, for instance, cost more than eleven thousand dollars. Six thousand dollars were spent in two days' telegrams from the Argentine Republic. The foreign news alone foots up many thousands of dollars a week. At the same time, the manager rejects every year something like thirty or forty thousand dollars' worth of advertisements that would be published in almost any other newspaper.

"How much money will it take to buy 'The Times'?" asked Mr. Astor.

"The money never was coined that could buy 'The Times,'" replied Mr. Arthur Walter.

Norman pride of ancestry and Saxon love of truth show themselves in every page of the paper. It is not enough that "The Times" shall be free from the influences of corruption and hatred, but it must be strictly independent of friendships. Its representatives must accept no decorations from princes or governments. They must make no embarrassing personal alliances, must take no favors and promise none. Anglo-Saxon journalism is in its most important forms usually free from venality. But there is one form of corruption to which it yields. A man may buy the favor of a great newspaper by giving it news. Many public men understand this fact and profit by it. In this respect "The Times" is unique, and a single illustration is sufficient to show the spirit of its ethics.

At midnight on December 22, 1886, Lord Randolph Churchill, the Chancellor of the



THE WALTER MANSION AT BEARWOOD.

Exchequer in Lord Salisbury's administration, drove to the office in Queen Victoria Street, and sent his card to Mr. Buckle. When he was admitted to the editor's presence he announced that he had decided to resign his office as a protest against the premier. "The Times" was to have the privilege of announcing the news in the morning. Mr. Buckle urged the chancellor not to take such a rash step, but his arguments had no effect.

"Of course you will be friendly to me?" said Lord Randolph.

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Buckle.

"But there is not another paper in England that would not show some gratitude for such a piece of news."

"That may be true," said the editor, "but you cannot bribe 'The Times.' This news is enormously important. It will make a great sensation. But if you choose to have it so, you can give it to some other newspaper, and not one line of it will appear in our columns to-morrow."

"Surely you will let me see what is written about it editorially to-night?"

"You cannot see a word of it before it is printed."

"Well," said the astonished minister, "'The Times' is the most extraordinary and the most ungrateful newspaper published. You may announce my resignation, but I consider this very harsh treatment."

When the paper appeared in the morning it contained the news of the resignation and a dignified editorial censuring the chancellor for deserting his leader.

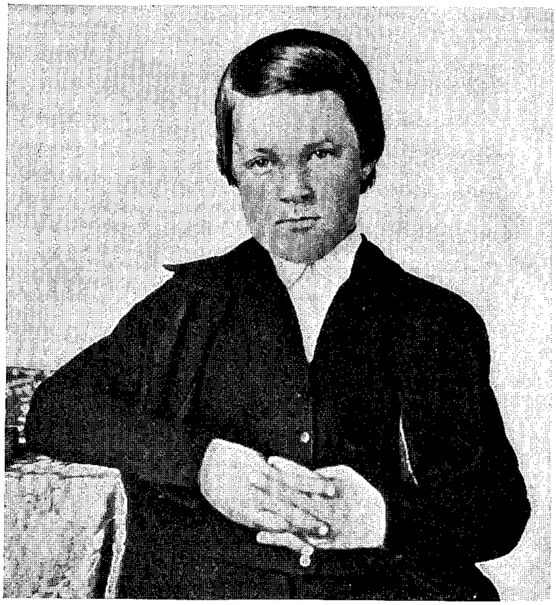
"The Times" has nearly always supported the party opposed to the governing classes and has made almost incredible sacrifices out of pure conscientiousness. No man of the Walter blood has been afraid to speak out according to his conscience, right or wrong.

There was a fourth John Walter born, and he was educated to take his father's place; but on Christmas eve, 1870, in his twenty-fifth year, he was drowned by an accident on the ice in the lake at Bearwood. His next brother, Arthur Walter, who now directs Mr. Bell in the management of the paper, will, it is to be presumed, succeed to the inheritance. He is a serious, wise, and well-informed man, who looks upon "The Times" as a great trusteeship, and is determined to continue it according to its splendid traditions.

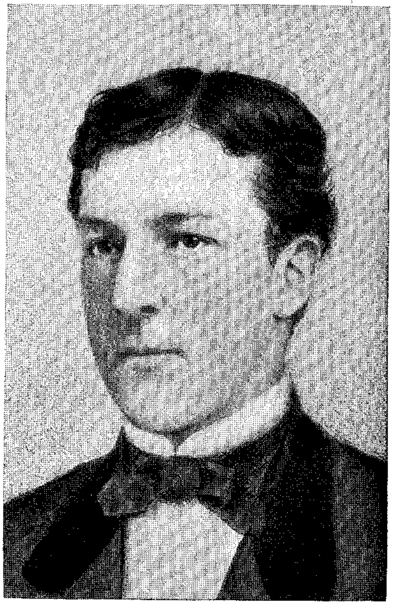
It is a common story that each John Walter in turn has declined a peerage, but I have it on the authority of the last of the three that there is no truth in the report. Mr. Walter regards it as a supreme compliment that no Prime Minister has ever approached him with such a bribe. To be a peer would add to the dignity of his position, but would compromise his independence.

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."—GENERAL MILES.

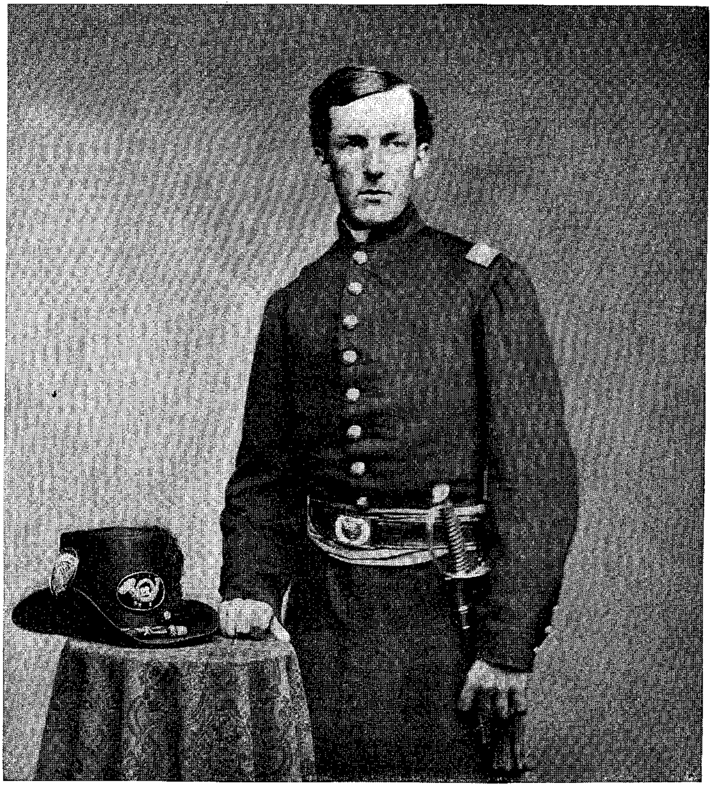
Of General Nelson A. Miles a full biographical study will appear in an early number of this magazine. He was born at Westminster, Mass., August 8, 1839, entered the army as a volunteer lieutenant in 1861, and at the close of the war took a commission in the regular army as colonel. He was made a brigadier-general in 1880 and a major-general in 1890.



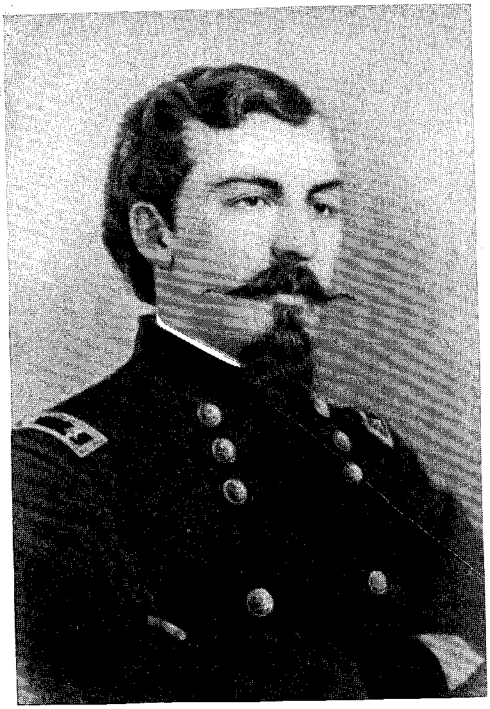
1849. AGE 10.



1859. AGE 20.

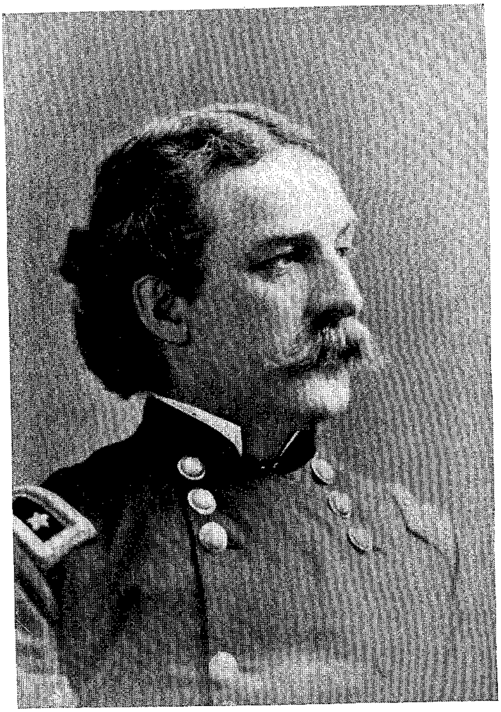


LIEUTENANT NELSON A. MILES IN HIS FIRST UNIFORM. 1861. AGE 22.



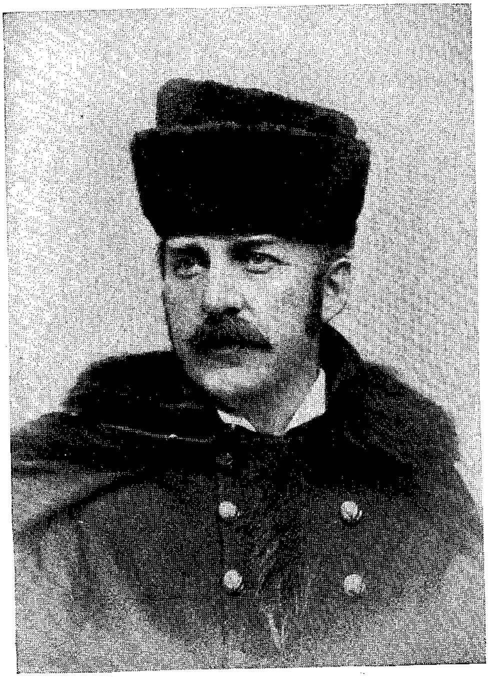
1865. AGE 26.

From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.



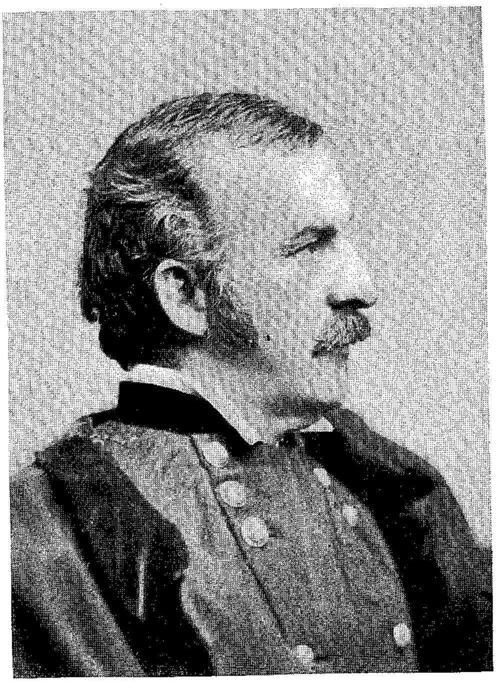
AT THE TIME OF HIS FIRST INDIAN CAMPAIGN. 1874. AGE 35.

From a photograph by E. Decker, Cleveland, Ohio



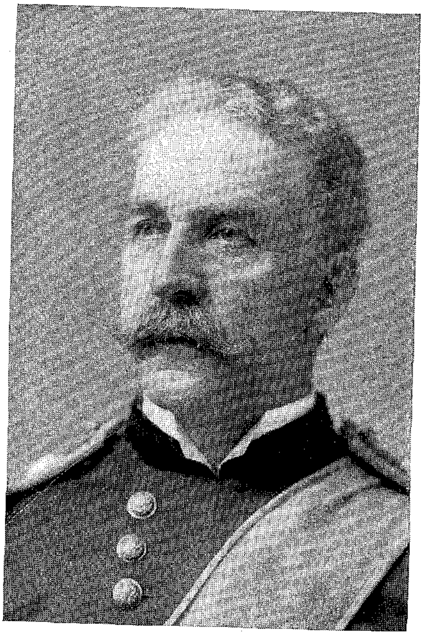
1876. AGE 37.

From a photograph by Wiley Bros., Miles City, Montana.



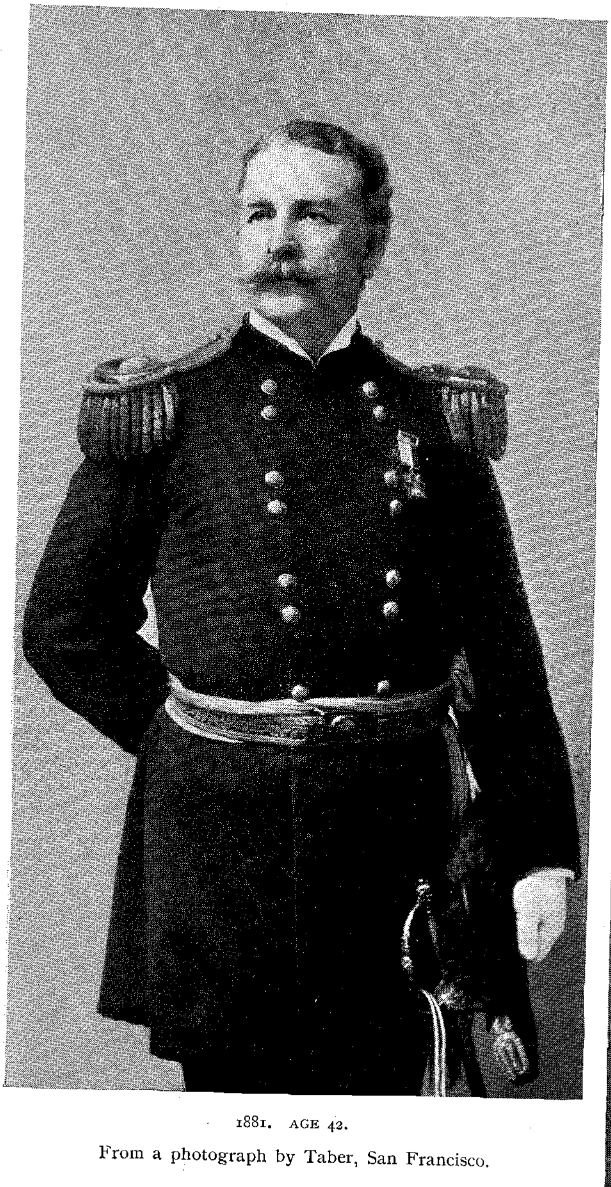
1878. AGE 39.

From a photograph by L. A. Huffman, Miles City, Montana.



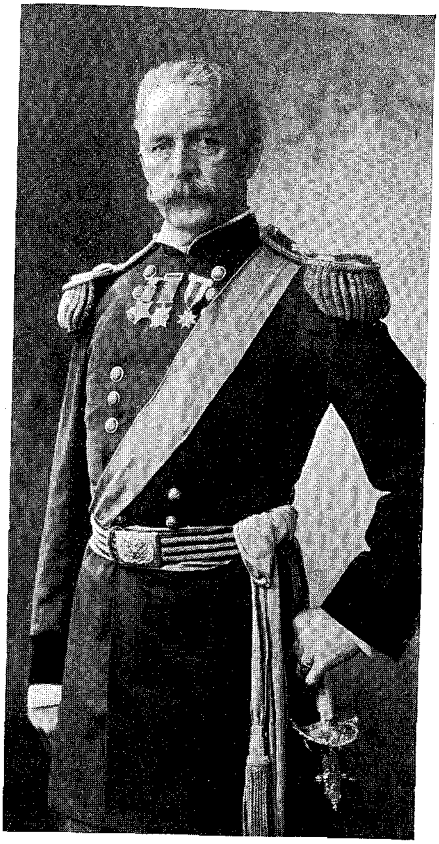
ABOUT 1890. AGE 51.

From a photograph by Taber. San Francisco.



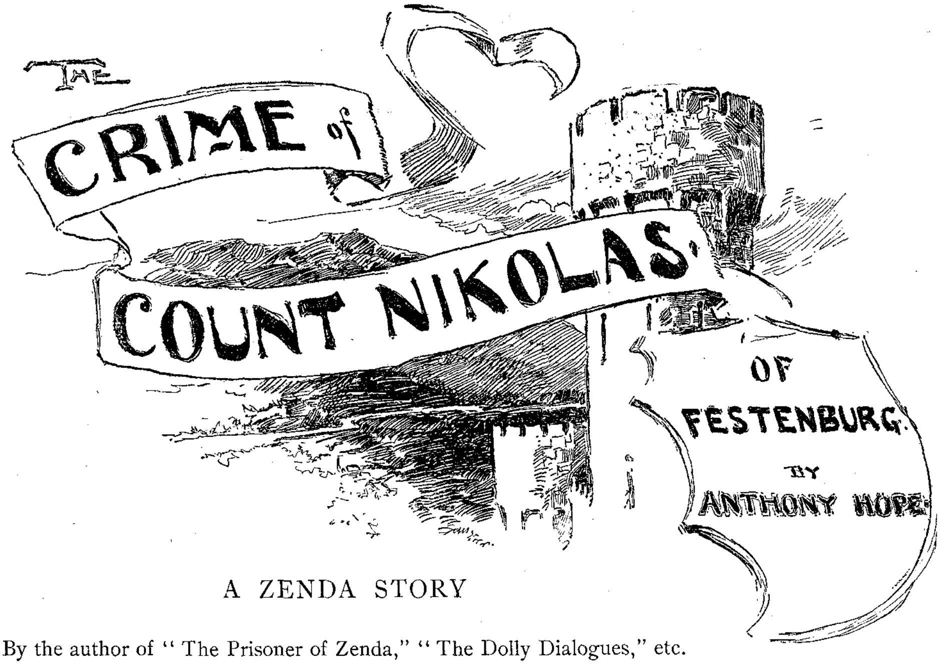
1881. AGE 42.

From a photograph by Taber, San Francisco.



1893. AGE 54.

From a photograph by Brand, Chicago.



THE CRIME OF COUNT NIKOLAS OF FESTENBURG

BY ANTHONY HOPE

A ZENDA STORY

By the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

I.

IN the days of Rudolf the Third there stood on the hill opposite the castle of Zenda and on the other side of the valley in which the town lies, on the site where the château of Tarlenheim now is situated, a fine and strong castle belonging to Count Nikolas of Festenburg. He was a noble of very old and high family and had great estates; his house being, indeed, second only to the royal house in rank and reputation. He himself was a young man of great accomplishments, of a domineering temper, and of much ambition; and he had gained distinction in the wars that marked the closing years of the reign of King Henry the Lion. With King Rudolf he was not on terms of cordial friendship; for he despised the king's easy manners and carelessness of dignity, while the king had no love for a gentleman whose one object seemed to be to surpass and outshine him in the eyes of his people, and who never rested from extending and fortifying his castle until it threatened to surpass Zenda itself both in strength and magnificence. Moreover Nikolas, although maintaining a state ample and suitable to his rank, was yet careful and prudent, while Rudolf spent all that he received and more besides, so that the count grew richer and the king poorer. But in spite of these causes of difference, the count was received at court with apparent graciousness, and no open outburst of enmity had yet occurred, the pair being, on the contrary, often together and sharing their sports and pastimes with one another.

Now most of these diversions were harmless or, indeed, becoming and proper; but there was one among them full of danger to a man of hot head and ungoverned impulse, such as King Rudolf was. And this one was dicing, in which the king took great delight and in which Count Nikolas was very ready to encourage him. The king, who was generous and hated to win from poor men or those who might be playing beyond their means in order to give him pleasure, was delighted to find an opponent whose purse was as long or longer than his own, and thus came gradually to pass many evenings with the boxes in Nikolas's company. And the more evenings he passed the deeper he fell into the count's debt; for the king drank wine, while the count was content with small beer, and when the king was losing he doubled his stakes, whereas the count took in sail if the wind seemed adverse. Thus always and steadily the debt grew, till at last Rudolf dared not reckon how large it had become, nor did he dare to disclose it to his advisers. For there were great public burdens already imposed by reason of King Henry's wars, and the citizens of Strelsau were not in a mood to bear fresh exactions nor to give their hard earnings for the payment of the king's gambling debts; in fine, although they loved the Elphbergs well enough, they loved their money more. Thus the king had no resource, except in his private possessions, and these were of no great value, saving the castle and estate of Zenda.

At length, when they had sat late one night and the throws had gone all the evening against the king and for Nikolas, the king flung himself back in his chair, drained his glass, and said impatiently:

"I am weary of the game! Come, my lord, let us end it."

"I would not urge you, sire, a moment beyond what you desire. I play but for your pleasure."

"Then my pleasure has been your profit," said the king with a vexed laugh, "for I believe I am stripped of my last crown. What is my debt?"

The count, who had the whole sum reckoned on his tablets, took them out and showed the king the amount of the debt.

"I cannot pay it," said Rudolf. "I would play you again to double the debt, or wipe it out, but I have nothing of value enough to stake."

The desire which had been nursed for long in the count's heart now saw the moment of its possible realization. He leant over the table, and, smoothing his beard with his hand, said gently:

"The amount is no more than half the value of your Majesty's castle and demesne of Zenda."

The king started and forced a laugh.

"Ay, Zenda spoils the prospect from Festenburg, does it?" said he. "But I will not risk Zenda. An Elphberg without Zenda would seem like a man robbed of his wife. We have had it since we have had anything or been anything. I should not seem king without it."

"As you will, sire. Then the debt stands?" And he looked full and keenly into the king's eyes, asking without words, "How will you pay it?" and adding without words, "Paid it must be." And the king read the unspoken words in the eyes of Count Nikolas.

The king took up his glass, but finding it empty, flung it angrily on the floor, where it shivered to fragments at Count Nikolas's feet; and he shifted in his chair and cursed softly under his breath. Nikolas sat with the dice-box in his hand and a smile on his lips, for he knew that the king could not pay, and therefore must play; and he was in the vein, and did not doubt winning from the king Zenda and its demesne. Then he would be the greatest lord in the kingdom, and hold for his own a kingdom within the kingdom, and the two strongest places in all the land. And a greater prize might then dangle in reach of his grasp.

"The devil spurs and I gallop," said the king at last. And he took up the dice-box and rattled it.

"Fortune will smile on you this time, sire, and I shall not grieve at it," said Count Nikolas with a courteous smile.

"Curses on her!" cried the king. "Come, my lord, a quick ending to it! One throw, and I am a free man, or you are master of my castle."

"One throw let it be, sire, for it grows late," assented Nikolas with a careless air; and they both raised the boxes and rattled the dice inside them. The king threw; his throw was a six and a five, and a sudden gleam of hope lit up his eyes; he leant forward in his chair, gripping the elbows of it with his hands, and his cheek flushed and his breath came quickly. With a bow Count Nikolas raised his hand and threw. The dice fell and rolled on the table. The king sank back, and the count said, with a smile of apology and a shrug of his shoulders:

"Indeed, I am ashamed. For I cannot be denied to-night."

For Count Nikolas of Festenburg had thrown sixes, and thereby won from the king the castle and demesne of Zenda. And he rose from his chair, and having buckled on his sword, that had lain on the table by him, and taking his cap in his hand, stood looking down on the king with a malicious smile on his face. And he said with a look that had more mockery than respect in it:

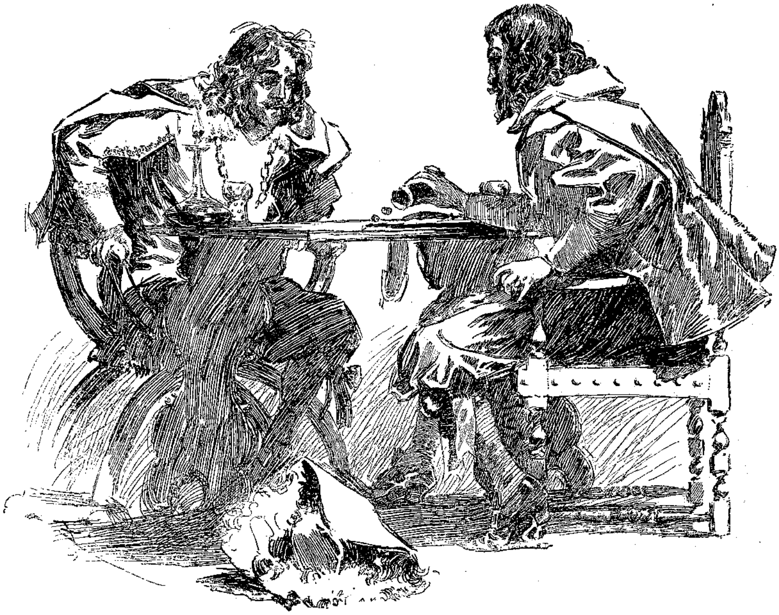
"Have I your Majesty's leave to withdraw? For ere day dawn, I have matters to transact in Strelsau, and I would be at my castle of Zenda to-night."

Then King Rudolf took a sheet of paper and wrote an order that the castle and all that was in it, and all the demesne, should be surrendered to Count Nikolas of Festenburg on his demand, and he gave the paper to Nikolas. Then he rose up and held out his hand, which Nikolas kissed, smiling covertly, and the king said with grace and dignity:

"Cousin, my castle has found a more worthy master. God give you joy of it." And he motioned with his hand to be left alone. Then when the count had gone he sat down in the chair again, and remained there till it was full day, neither moving nor yet sleeping. And there he was found by his gentlemen when they came to dress him, but none asked him what had passed.

Count Nikolas, now lord of Zenda, did not so waste time, and the matters that he had spoken of did not keep him long in Strelsau; but in the early morning he rode out, the paper which the king had written in his belt. First he rode with all speed to his own house of Festenburg, and then he gathered together all his followers, servants, foresters, and armed retainers, and he told them that they were to ride with him to Zenda, for that Zenda was now his, and not the king's. At this time they were greatly astonished, but they ate the fine dinner and drank the wine which he provided, and in the evening they rode down the hill very merry, and trotted, nearly a hundred strong, through the town, making a great noise, so that they disturbed the Bishop of Modenstein, who was lying that night at the inn, in the course of a journey from his see to the capital; but nobody could tell the bishop why they rode to Zenda, and presently the bishop, being wearied with travelling, went to his bed.

Now King Rudolf, in his great chagrin and dismay, had himself forgotten, or had, at least, neglected to warn the Count of Festenburg, that his sister, Princess Osra, was residing at the castle of Zenda; for it was her favorite resort, and she often retired from the court and spent many days there alone. There she was now with two of her ladies, a small retinue of servants, and no more than half-a-dozen guards; and when Count Nikolas came to the gate, it being then after nine, she had gone to her chamber, and sat before the mirror, dressed in a loose white gown, and with her ruddy hair unbound and floating over her shoulders; and she was reading an old story-book containing tales of Helen of Troy, of Cleopatra, of Berenice, and other lovely ladies, very elegantly related, and embellished with fine pictures. And the princess, being very much absorbed in the stories, did not hear or notice the arrival of the count's company, but continued to read while Nikolas roused the watchmen, and the bridge was let down and the steward summoned. Then Nikolas took the steward aside and showed him the king's order bearing the king's seal; and the steward, although both greatly astonished and greatly grieved, could not deny the letter or the seal, but declared himself ready to obey and to surrender the castle; and the sergeant in command of the guard said the same; but, they added, since the princess was in the castle, they must inform her of the matter and take her commands.

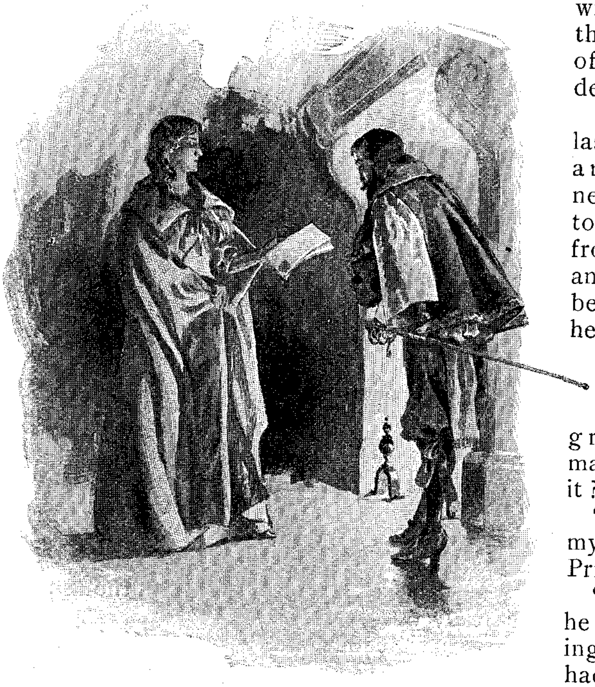

"WITH A BOW COUNT NIKOLAS RAISED HIS HAND AND THREW."

"Ay, do," said Nikolas, sitting down in the great hall. "Tell her not to be disturbed, but to give me the honor of being her host for as long as she will; and say that I will wait upon her, if it be her pleasure." And he smiled to think of the anger and scorn with which Osra would receive the tidings when the steward delivered them to her.

In this respect the event did not fall short of his expectations; for she was so indignant and aghast that, thinking of nothing but the tidings, she flung away the book and cried: "Send the count here to me!" and stood waiting for him there in her chamber, in her white gown, and with her hair unbound and flowing down over her shoulders. And when he came she cried: "What is this, my lord?" and listened to his story with parted lips and flashing eyes, and thus read the king's letter and saw the king's seal. And her eyes filled with tears, but she lashed them away with her hand. Then the count said, bowing to her as mockingly as he had bowed to her brother:

"It is the fortune of the dice, madam."

"Yes, my lord, as you play the game," said she.



"THEN THE COUNT SAID, . . . 'IT IS THE FORTUNE OF THE DICE, MADAM.'"

His eyes were fixed upon her, and it seemed to him that she was more beautiful in her white gown and with her hair unbound over her shoulders than he had ever felt her to be before; and he eyed her closely. Suddenly she looked at him, and for a moment he averted his eyes; but he looked again, and her eyes met his. For several moments she stood rigid and motionless. Then she said: "My lord, the king has lost the castle of Zenda, which is the home and cradle of our house. It was scarcely the king's alone to lose. Have I no title in it?"

"It was the king's, madam, and now it is mine," smiled Nikolas.

"Well, then, it is yours," said she; and taking a step towards him, she said: "Have you a mind to venture it again, my lord?"

"I would venture it only against a great stake," said he, smiling still, while his eyes were fixed on her face and marked every change in the color of her cheeks.

"I can play at dice as well as the king," she cried. "Are we not all gamblers, we Elphbergs?" And she laughed bitterly.

"But what would your stake be?" he asked, sneeringly.

Princess Osra's face was now very pale, but her voice did not tremble and she did not flinch; for the honor of her house and of the throne was as sacred to her as her salvation, and more than her happiness.

"A stake, my lord," said she, "that many gentlemen have thought above any castle in preciousness."

"Of what do you speak?" he asked; and his voice quivered a little, as a man's does in excitement. "For, pardon me, madam, but what have you of such value?"

"I have what the poorest girl has, and it is of the value that it pleased God to make it and pleases men to think it," said Osra. "And all of it I will stake against the king's castle of Zenda and its demesne."

Count Nikolas's eye flashed, and he drew nearer to her; he took his dice-box from his pocket, and he held it up before her, and he whispered in an eager, hoarse voice:

"Name this great stake, madam. What is it?"

"It is myself, my lord," said Princess Osra.

"Yourself?" he cried, wondering, though he had half guessed.

"Ay. To be lord of Zenda is much. Is it not more to be husband to the king's sister?"

"It is more," said he, "when the king's sister is the Princess Osra." And he looked at her now with open admiration. She did not heed his glance, but, with face pale as death, she seized a small table and drew it between them, and cried: "Throw, then, my lord! We know the stakes."

"If you win, Zenda is yours. If I win, you are mine."

"Yes, I and Zenda also," said she. "Throw, my lord."

"Shall we throw thrice, madam, or once, or how often?"

"Thrice, my lord," she answered, tossing back her hair behind her neck, and holding one hand to her side. "Throw first," she added.

The count rattled the box, and his throw was seven. Osra took the box from him, looked keenly and defiantly in his eyes, and threw.

"Fortune is with you, madam," said he, biting his lips. "For a five and four make nine, or I err greatly."

He took the box from her. His hand shook, but hers was firm and steady; and again he threw.

"Ah, it is but five," said he impatiently, and a frown settled on his brow.

"It is enough, my lord," said Osra, and pointed to the dice that she had thrown, a three and a one.

The count's eyes gleamed again, and he sprang to her and was about to seize the box. But he checked himself suddenly and bowed, saying:

"Throw first this time, I pray you, madam, if it be not disagreeable to you."

"I do not care which way it is," said Osra, and she shook the box and made her third cast. And when she lifted the box, the face of the dice showed seven. And a smile broadened on the count's face, for he thought surely he could beat seven, he that had beaten eleven, and thereby won the castle of Zenda, which now he staked against the Princess Osra. But his eyes also were very keenly and attentively on her, and he held the box poised, shoulder high, in his right hand.

But then a sudden faintness and sickness seized on the princess, and the composure that had hitherto upheld her failed; she could not meet his glance, nor could she bear to see the fall of the dice, but she turned away her head before he threw, and stood thus, with averted face. And he kept attentive eyes on her, and drew very near to the table, so that he stood right over it. And the Princess Osra caught sight of her own face in the mirror, and started to see herself pallid and ghastly, and her features drawn as though she were suffering some great pain. But she no sound.

The dice rattled in the box; they rattled on the table; there was a pause while a man might quickly count a dozen, and then Count Nikolas of Festenburg cried out in a voice that trembled and tripped over the uttered words:

"Eight, eight, eight!"

But before the last of the words had left his shaking lips, the Princess Osra faced round on him like lightning. She raised her hand so that the loose, white gown fell back from her rounded arm, and her eyes flashed and her lips curled as she outstretched her arm at him and cried:

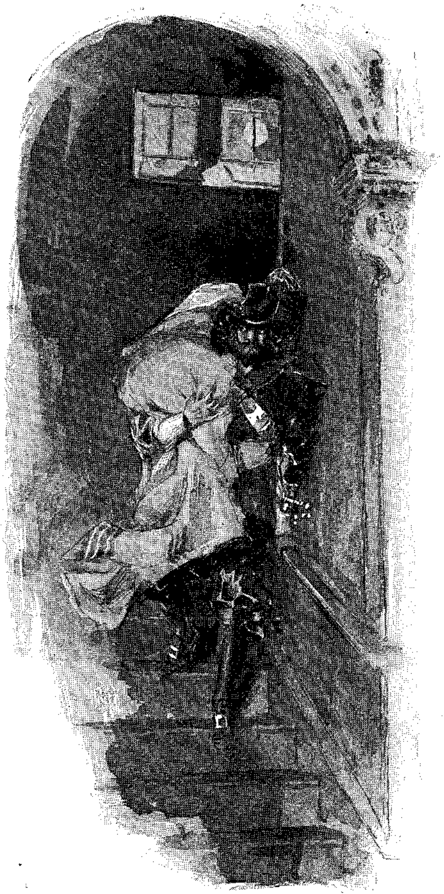
"Foul play!"

For, as she watched her own pale face in the mirror—the mirror that Count Nikolas had not heeded—she had seen him throw; she had seen him stand for an instant over the dice he had thrown with gloomy and maddened face; and then she had seen a slight, swift movement of his left hand, as his fingers deftly darted down and touched one of the dice and turned it.

And all this she had seen before he had cried "Eight!" Therefore, now she turned on him, and cried, "Foul play!" and, before he could speak, she darted by him towards the door. But he sprang forward and caught her by the arm above the wrist and gripped her, and his fingers bit into the tender flesh of her arm as he gasped, "You lie! Where are you going?"

But her voice rang out clear and loud in answer:

"I am going to tell all the world that



"AND HE LIFTED HER UP AND SWUNG HER OVER HIS SHOULDER AND . . . DASHED DOWN THE STAIRS TOWARDS THE GREAT HALL."

Zenda is ours again, and I am going to publish in every city in the kingdom that Count Nikolas of Festenburg is a common cheat and rogue, and should be whipped at the cart's tail through the streets of Strelsau. For I saw you in the mirror, my lord; I saw you in the mirror!" And she ended with a wild laugh that echoed through the room.

Still he gripped her arm, and she did not flinch; for an instant he looked full in her eyes, and covetousness and desire and shame came altogether upon him and overmastered him, and he hissed between set teeth:

"You shan't! By God, you shan't!"

"Ay, but I will, my lord," said Osra. "It is a fine tale for the king and for your friends in Strelsau."

An instant longer he held her where she was, and he gasped and licked his lips. Then he suddenly dragged her with him towards a couch. Seizing up a coverlet that lay on the couch, he flung it around her; he folded it tight about her, and he drew it close over her face. She could not cry out or move. And he lifted her up and swung her over his shoulder, and, opening the door of the room, dashed down the stairs towards the great hall.

In the great hall were the six of the king's guard, and some of the servants of the castle, and many of the people who had come with Count Nikolas; they all sprang to their feet when they saw him. He took no heed of them, but rushed at a run through the hall, and out under the portcullis and across the bridge, which had not been raised since he entered. And there at the end of the bridge a lackey held his horse, and he leapt on the horse, setting one hand on the saddle, and still holding Osra; and then he cried aloud:

"My men, follow me! To Festenburg!"

And all his men ran out, the king's guard doing nothing to hinder them, and jumped on their horses, and, setting them at a gallop, hurried after the count. He, riding furiously, turned towards the town of Zenda, and the whole company swept down the hill, and reaching the town, clattered and dashed through it at full gallop, neither drawing rein nor turning to right nor left, and again they roused the Bishop of Modenstein, and he turned in his bed, wondering what the rush of mounted men meant. But they, galloping still, mounted the opposite hill and came to the castle of Festenburg with their horses spent and foundered. In they all crowded, close on one another's heels; the bridge was drawn up, and there in the entrance they stood looking at one another, asking mutely what their master had done, and who was the lady whom he carried wrapt in the coverlet. But he ran on till he reached the stairs, and he climbed them, and entering a room in the gatetower, looking over the moat, he laid the Princess Osra on a couch, and, standing over her, he smote one hand upon the other, and he swore loudly:

"Now, as God lives, Zenda I will have, and her I will have; and it shall be her husband whom she must, if she will, proclaim a cheat in Strelsau!"

Then he bent down and lifted the coverlet from her face. But she did not stir nor speak nor open her eyes. For she had fallen into a swoon as they rode, and did not know what had befallen her, nor where she had been brought, nor that she was now in the castle of Festenburg and in the power of a desperate man. Thus she lay still and white, while Count Nikolas stood over her and bit his nails in rage. And it was then just on midnight.

II.

On being disturbed for the third time, the Bishop of Modenstein, whose temper was hot and cost him continual prayers and penances from the mastery it strove to win over him, was very impatient; and since he was at once angry and half asleep, it was long before he would or could understand the strange and monstrous news with which his frightened host came trembling and quaking to his bedside in the dead of the night. A servant girl, stammered the frightened fellow, had run down, half-dressed and panting, from the castle of Zenda, and declared that, whether they chose to believe her or not—and, indeed, she could hardly believe such a thing herself, although she had seen it with her own eyes from her own window—yet Count Nikolas of Festenburg had come to the castle that evening, had spoken with Princess Osra, and now (they might call her a liar if they chose) had carried off the princess with him on his horse to Festenburg, alive or dead, none knew; and the men-servants were amazed and terrified, and the soldiers were at their wits' end, talking big, and threatening to bring ten thousand men from Strelsau, and to leave not one stone upon another at Festenburg, and what not. But all the while, and for all their big talk, nothing was done; and the princess was at Festenburg, alive or dead, or in what strait, none knew. And, finally, nobody but one poor servant girl had had the wit to run down and rouse the town.

The Bishop of Modenstein sat up in his bed, and he fairly roared at the innkeeper:

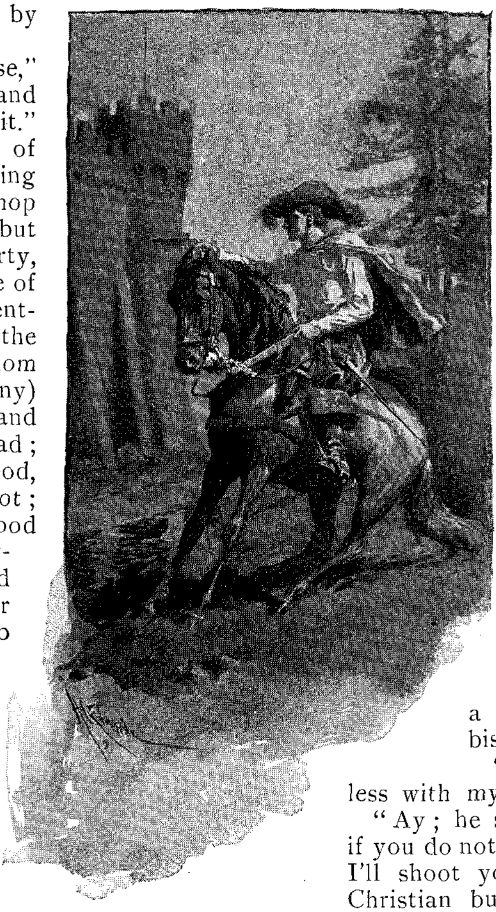
"Are there no men, then, in the town who can fight, fool?"

"None, none, my lord—not against the count. Count Nikolas is a terrible man. Please God he has not killed the princess by now!"

"Saddle my horse," said the bishop, "and be quick with it." And he leapt out of bed with sparkling eyes. For the bishop was a young man, but a little turned of thirty, and he was a noble of the old house of Hentzau. Now some of the Hentzaus (of whom history tells of many) have been good and some have been bad; and the good fear God, while the bad do not; but neither the good nor the bad fear anything in the world besides. Hence, for good or ill, they do great deeds and risk their lives as another man risks a penny. So the bishop, leaving his bed, dressed himself in breeches and boots, and set a black cap with a violet feather on his head, and staying to put on nothing else but his shirt, and his cloak over it, in ten minutes was on his horse at the door of the inn. For a moment he looked at the straggling crowd that had gathered there; then, with a toss of his head and a curl of his lip, he told them what he thought of them, saying openly that he thanked heaven they were not of his diocese; and in an instant he was galloping through the streets of the town towards the castle of Festenburg, with his sword by his side and a brace of pistols in the holsters of the saddle. Thus he left the gossipers and vaporers behind, and rode alone, as he was, up the hill, his blood leaping and his heart beating quick; for, as he went, he said to himself:

"It is not often a churchman has a chance like this."

On the stroke of half-past twelve he came to the bridge of the castle moat; and the bridge was up. But the bishop shouted, and the watchman came out and stood in the gateway across the moat, and, the night being fine and clear, he presented an excellent aim.



"'MY PISTOL IS STRAIGHT AT YOUR HEAD,' CRIED THE BISHOP. 'LET DOWN THE BRIDGE!'"

"My pistol is straight at your head," cried the bishop. "Let down the bridge. I am Frederick of Hentzau—that is, I am the Bishop of Modenstein—and I charge, if you are a dutiful son of the church, to obey me. The pistol is full at your head."

The watchman knew the bishop, but he also knew the count, his master.

"I dare not let down the bridge without an order from my lord," he faltered.

"Then before you can turn round you're a dead man," said the bishop.

"Will you hold me harmless with my lord, if I let it down?"

"Ay; he shall not hurt you. But if you do not immediately let it down, I'll shoot you first and refuse you Christian burial afterwards. Come, down with it!"

So the watchman, fearing that if he refused the bishop would spare neither body nor soul, but would destroy the one and damn the other, let down the bridge; and the bishop, leaping from his horse, ran across with his drawn sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. Walking into the hall, he found a great company of Count Nikolas's men drinking with one another, but talking uneasily and seeming alarmed. And the bishop raised the hand that held his sword even above his head in the attitude of benediction, saying: "Peace be with you!"

Now most of them knew him by his face,

and all knew him as soon as a comrade whispered his name; and they sprang to their feet, uncovering their heads and bowing. And he said:

"Where is your master the count?"

"The count is up-stairs, my lord," they answered. "You cannot see him now."

"Nay, but I will see him," said the bishop.

"We are ordered to let no one pass," said they; and although their manner was full of respect, they spread themselves across the hall, and thus barred the way to the staircase that rose in a corner of the hall. But the bishop faced them in great anger, crying:

"Do you think I do not know what has been done? Are you all, then, parties in this treachery? Do you all want to swing from the turrets of the castle when the king comes with a thousand men from Strelsau?"

At this they looked at him and at one another with great uneasiness, for they knew that the king had no mercy when he was roused, and that he loved his sister above everybody in the world. And the bishop stepped up close to their rank. Then one of them drew his sword half way from its scabbard. But the bishop perceiving this, cried:

"And do you all do violence to a lady, and dare to lay hands on the king's sister? Ay, and here is a fellow that would strike a bishop of God's church!" And he caught the fellow a buffet with the flat of his sword that knocked him down. "Let me pass, you rogues," said the bishop. "Do you think you can stop a Hentzau?"

"Let us go and tell the count that my lord the bishop is here," cried the house-steward, thinking that he had found a way out of the difficulty, for they dared neither to touch the bishop nor yet to let him through; and the steward turned to run towards the staircase. But the bishop sprang after him quick as an arrow, and, dropping the pistol from his left hand, caught him by the shoulder and hurled him back. "I want no announcing," he said. "The church is free to enter everywhere." And he burst through them at the point of the sword, reckless now what might befall him so that he made his way through. But they did not venture to cut him down, for they knew that nothing but death would stop him, and for their very souls' sake they dared not kill him. So he, kicking one and pushing another, and laying about him with the flat of his sword and with his free hand, and reminding them all the while of their duty to the church and of his sacred character, at last made his way through, and stood alone, unhurt, at the foot of the staircase, while they cowered by the walls, or looked at him with stupid helplessness and bewilderment. And the bishop swiftly mounted the stairs.

At this instant, in the room in the gate-tower of the castle, overlooking the moat, there had fallen a moment of dead silence. Here Count Nikolas had raised the princess, set her on a couch, and waited till her faintness and fright were gone. Then he had come near to her, and in brief, harsh tones told her his mind. For him, indeed, the dice were now cast; he had in his fury and fear dared all. He was calm now, with the calmness of a man at a great turn of fate. That room, he told her, she should never leave alive, save as his promised wife, sworn and held to secrecy and silence by the force of that bond and of her oath. If he killed her he must die, whether by his own hand or the king's mattered little. But he would die for a great cause and in a great attempt. "I shall not be called a cheating gamester, madam," said he, a smile on his pale face. "I choose death sooner than that dishonor. Such is my choice. What is yours? It stands between death and silence; and no man but your husband will dare to trust your silence."

"You do not dare to kill me," said she defiantly.

"Madam, I dare do nothing else. They may write murderer on my tomb; they shall not throw 'cheat' in my living face."

"I will not be silent," cried Osra, springing to her feet. "And rather than be your wife I would die a thousand times. For a cheat you are—a cheat—a cheat!" And her voice rose till he feared that she would be heard, if any one chanced to listen, even so far off as the hall. Yet he made one more effort, seeking to move her by an appeal to which women are not wont to be insensible.

"A cheat, yes," said he. "I, Nikolas of Festenburg, am a cheat. I say it, though no other man shall while I live to hear him. But to gain what stake?"

"Why, my brother's castle of Zenda."

"I swear to you it was not," he cried, coming nearer to her. "I did not fear losing on that cast, but I could not endure not to win. Not my stake, madam, but yours, lured me to my foul play. Have you your face, and yet do not know to what it drives men?"

"If I have a fair face it should inspire fair deeds," said she. "Do not touch me, sir; do not touch me. I loathe breathing the same air with you or so much as seeing your face. Ay, I can die. Even the women of our house know how to die."

At her scorn and contempt a great rage came upon him, and he gripped the hilt of his sword and drew it from the scabbard. But she stood still, facing him with calm eyes. Her lips moved for a moment in prayer, but she did not shrink.

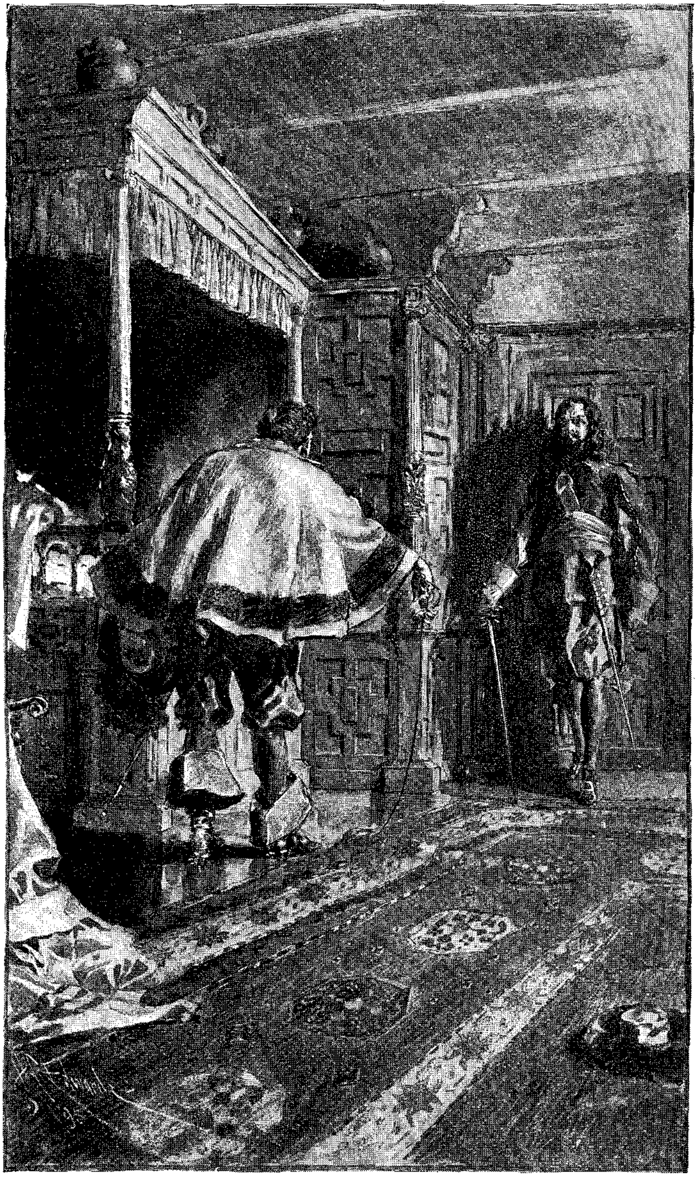
"I pray you," said he, in trembling speech, and mastering himself for an instant, "I pray you—" and he could say no more.

"I will cry your cheating in all Strelsau," said she.

"Then commend your soul to God. For in one minute you shall die."

Still she stood motionless; and he began to come near to her, his sword now drawn in his hand. And coming within the distance from which he could strike her, he paused and gazed into her eyes. She answered him with a smile. Then there was for an instant the utter stillness in the room, and in that instant the Bishop of Modenstein set his feet on the staircase and came running up. On a sudden Osra heard the step, and a gleam flashed in her eye. The count heard it also, and his sword was arrested in its stroke. A smile came on his face. He was glad at the coming of some one whom he might kill in fight; for it turned him sick to butcher her unresisting. Yet he dared not let her go to cry his cheating in the streets of Strelsau.

The steps came nearer. He dropped his sword on the floor and sprang upon her. A shriek rang out, but he pressed his hand on her mouth and seized her in his arms. She had no strength to resist, and he carried her swiftly across the room to a door in the wall. He pulled the door open—it was very heavy and massive—and he flung her roughly down on the stone floor of a little chamber, square and lofty, having but one small window, high up, through which the moonlight scarcely pierced. She fell with a moan of pain. Unheeding, he turned on his heel and shut the door. And as he turned, he heard a man throw himself against the door of the room. It also was strong; and twice the man flung



"HE TOOK OFF HIS FEATHERED CAP . . . AND, RESTING THE POINT OF HIS SWORD ON THE FLOOR, ASKED: 'MY LORD, WHERE IS THE PRINCESS?'"

himself with all his force against it. At last it strained and gave way, and the Bishop of Modenstein burst into the room, breathless. And he saw no trace of the princess's presence, but only Count Nikolas standing, sword in hand, in front of the door in the wall, with a sneering smile on his face.

The Bishop of Modenstein never loved to speak afterwards of what followed, saying always that he rather deplored than gloried in it, and that when a man of sacred profession was forced to use the weapons of this world, it was a matter of grief to him, not of vaunting. But the king compelled him, by urgent requests, to describe the whole matter, while the princess was never weary of telling all that she knew, or of blessing all bishops for the sake of the Bishop of Modenstein. Yet the bishop blamed himself, perhaps, if the truth were known, not for the necessity that drove him to what he did, as much as for a secret and ashamed joy that he detected in himself. For certainly, as he burst into the room now, there was no sign of reluctance or unwillingness in his face; he took off his feathered cap, bowed politely to the count, and, resting the point of his sword on the floor, asked:

"My lord, where is the princess?"

"What do you want here, and who are you?" cried the count with a blasphemous oath.

"When we were boys together, you knew Frederick of Hentzau. Do you not know the Bishop of Modenstein?"

"Bishop! This is no place for bishops. Get back to your prayers, my lord."

"It wants some time yet before matins," answered the bishop. "My lord, where is the princess?"

"What do you want with her?"

"I am here to escort her wherever it may be her pleasure to go." He spoke confidently, but he was in his heart alarmed and uneasy because he had not found the princess.

"I do not know where she is," said Nikolas of Festenburg.

"My lord, you lie," said the Bishop of Modenstein.

The count had wanted nothing but an excuse for attacking the intruder. He had it now, and an angry flush mounted in his cheeks as he walked across to where the bishop stood. Shifting his sword to his left hand, he struck the bishop on the face with his gloved hand. The bishop smiled, and turned the other cheek to Count Nikolas, who struck him again with all his force, so that he reeled back, catching hold of the open door to avoid falling, and the blood started dull red under the skin of his face. But he still smiled, and he bowed, saying:

"I find nothing about the third blow in Holy Scripture."

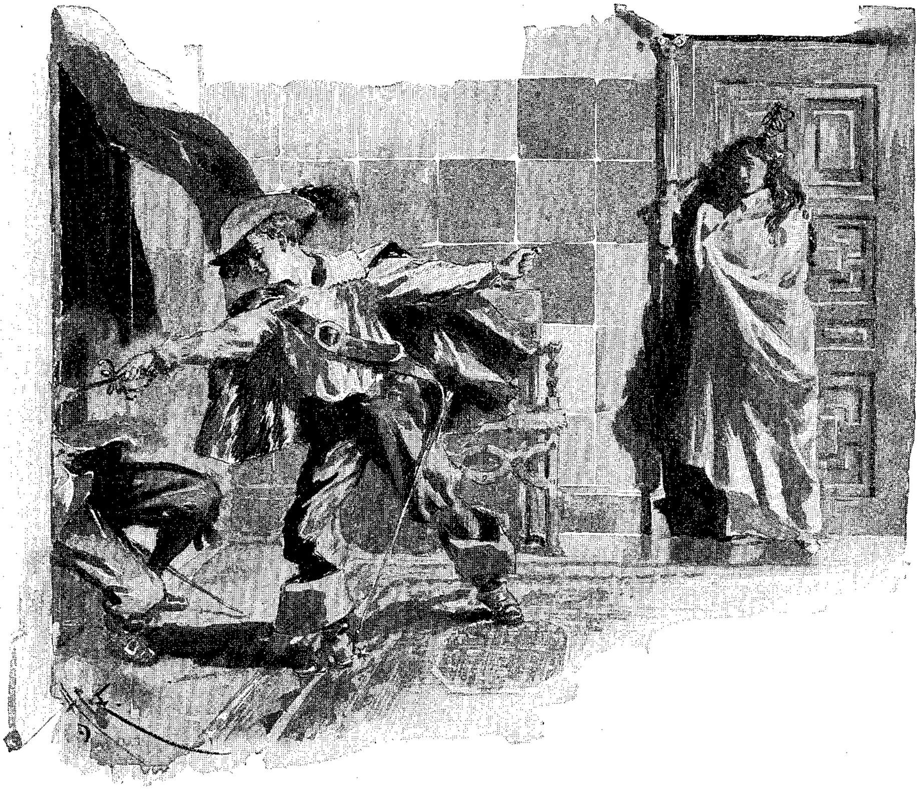
At this instant the Princess Osra, who had been half stunned by the violence with which Nikolas had thrown her on the floor, came to her full senses, and, hearing the bishop's voice, she cried out loudly for help. He, hearing her, darted in an instant across the room, and was at the door of the little chamber before the count could stop him. He pulled the door open, and Osra sprang out to him, saying:

"Save me! Save me!"

"You are safe, madam, have no fear," answered the bishop. And, turning to the count, he continued, "Let us go outside, my lord, and discuss this matter. Our dispute will disturb and perhaps alarm the princess." And a man might have read the purpose in his eyes, though his manner and words were gentle; for he had sworn in his heart that the count should not escape.

But the count cared as little for the presence of the princess as he had for her dignity, her honor, or her life; and now that she was no longer wholly at his mercy, but there was a new chance that she might escape, his rage and the fear of exposure lashed him to fury; and, without more talking, he made at the bishop, crying: "You first, and then her! I'll be rid of the pair of you!"

The bishop faced him, standing between Princess Osra and his assault, while she shrank back a little, sheltering herself behind the heavy door. For although she had been ready to die without fear, yet the sight of men fighting frightened her, and she veiled her face with her hands, and waited in dread to hear the sound of their swords clashing. But the bishop looked very happy, and, setting his hat on his head with a jaunty air, he stood on guard. For ten years or more he had not used his sword, but the secret of its mastery seemed to revive fresh and clear in his mind, and let his soul say what it would, his body rejoiced to be at the exercise again; so that his blood kindled and his eyes gleamed in the glee of strife. Thus he stepped forward, guarding himself, and thus he met the count's impetuous onset; and he neither flinched nor gave back, but, finding himself holding his own, he pressed on and on, not violently attacking, and yet never resting, and turning every thrust with a wrist of iron. And while Osra gazed with wide



"HE DROVE HIS SWORD INTO HIS BODY, AND THE COUNT . . . GAVE BACK BEFORE IT."

eyes and close-held breath, and Count Nikolas muttered oaths and grew more furious, the bishop seemed as gay as when he talked to the king—more gayly, may be, than bishops should. Again his eye danced as in the days when he had been called the "wildest of the Hentzaus." And still he drove Count Nikolas back and back.

Now, behind the count was a window which he had himself caused to be enlarged and made low and wide in order that he might look from it over the surrounding country; but in time of war it was covered with a close and strong iron grating. But now the grating was off and the window open; and beneath the window was a fall of seventy feet, or hard upon it, into the moat below. The count looked into the bishop's face, and saw him smile, and suddenly he recollected the window, and fancied that it was the bishop's design to drive him on to it so that he could give back no more; and, since he knew by now that the bishop was his master with the sword, a despairing rage settled upon him, and, determining to die swiftly, since die he must, he rushed forward, making a desperate lunge at his enemy. But the bishop parried the lunge and, always seeming to be about to run the count through the body, again forced him to retreat, till his back was close to the opening of the window. Here Nikolas stood, his eyes glaring like a madman's; then a sudden devilish smile spread over his face.

"Will you yield yourself, my lord?" cried the bishop, putting a restraint on the wicked impulse to kill the man, and lowering his point for an instant.

In that short moment the count made his last throw; for all at once, as it seemed, and almost in one motion, he thrust and wounded the bishop in the left side of his body, high in the chest, near the shoulder, and though the wound was slight, the blood flowed freely; then drawing back his sword, he seized it by the blade, half-way up, and flung it like a javelin at the princess, who stood still by the door, breathlessly watching the fight. By an ace it missed her head, and it pinned a tress of her hair to the door and quivered deep-set in the wood of the door. When the Bishop of Modenstein saw this, hesitation and mercy passed out of his heart; and though the man had now no weapon, he thought of sparing him no more than he would have spared any cruel and savage beast. He drove his sword into his body, and the count, not being able to endure the thrust without flinching, against his own will gave back before it. Then came from his lips a loud cry of dismay and despair, for at the same moment that the sword was in him he, staggering back, fell wounded to death through the open window. The bishop looked out after him, and Princess Osra heard the sound of a great splash in the water of the moat below; for very horror she sank against the door, seeming to be held up more by the sword that had pinned her hair than by her own strength. Then came up through the window, from which the bishop still looked with a strange smile, the clatter of a hundred feet running to the gate of the castle. The bridge was let down; the confused sound of many men talking, of whispers, of shouts, and of cries of horror, mounted up through the air. For the count's men in the hall also had heard the splash and run out to see what it was; and there they beheld the body of their master dead in the moat, and their eyes were wide open, and they could hardly lay their tongues to the words as they pointed at the body and whispered to one another, very low: "The bishop has killed him—the bishop has killed him." But the bishop saw them from the window and leaned out, crying:

"Yes, I have killed him. So perish all such villains!"

And when they looked up and saw in the moonlight the bishop's face they were amazed. But he hastily drew his head in, so that they might not see him any more. For he knew that his face had been fierce and exultant and joyful.

Then, dropping his sword, he ran across to the princess and drew the count's sword, that was wet with his own blood, out of the door, releasing the princess's hair; and, seeing that she was very faint, he put his arm about her and led her to the couch, and she sank down upon it, trembling, and white as her white gown, and murmuring: "Fearful, fearful!" and she clutched his arm, and for a long while she would not let him go; and her eyes were fixed on the count's sword that lay on the floor by the entrance of the little room.

"Courage, madam," said the bishop softly, "all danger is past. The villain is dead, and you are with the most devoted of your servants."

"Yes, yes," she said, and pressed his arm and shivered. "Is he really dead?"

"He is dead. God have mercy upon him," said the bishop.

"And you killed him?"

"I killed him. If it were a sin, pray God forgive me!"

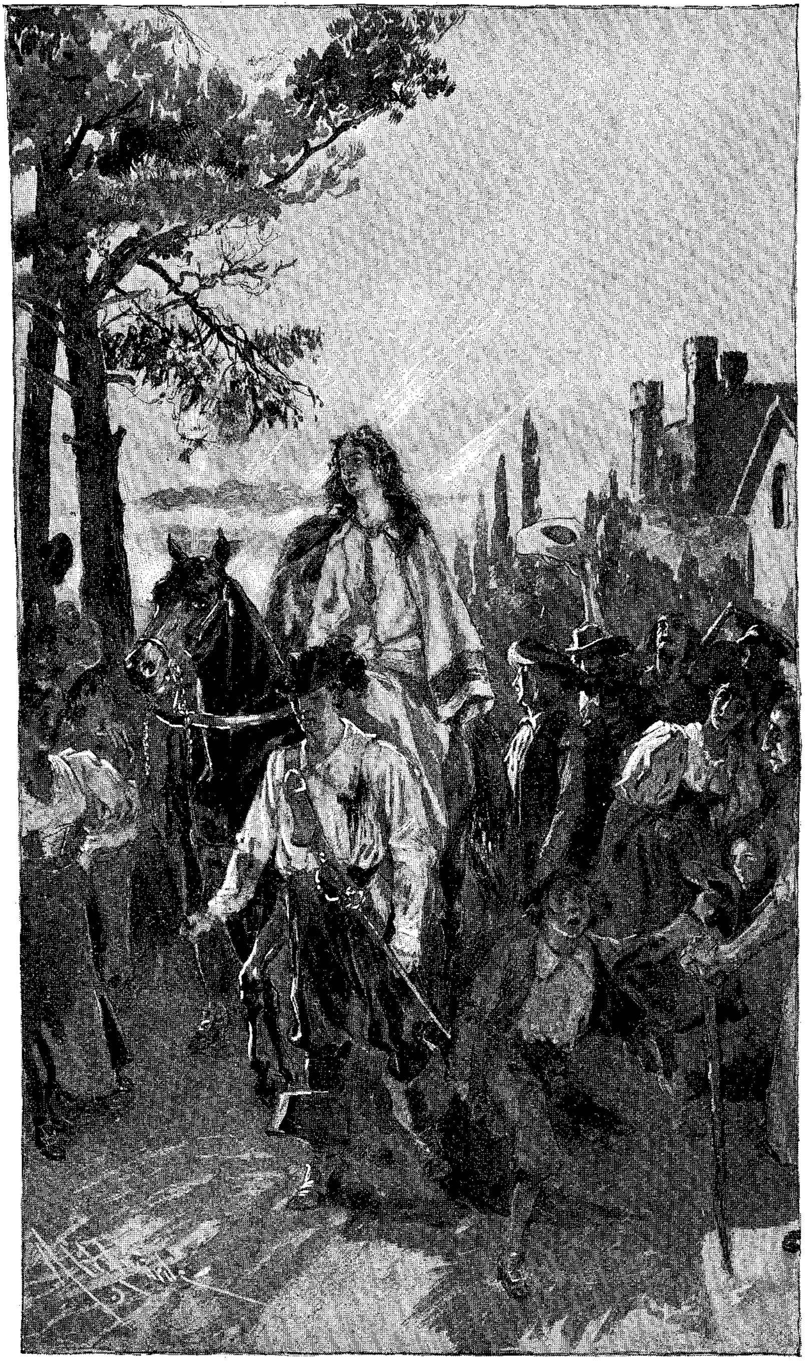
Up through the window still came the noise of voices and the stir of men moving, for they were recovering the body of the count from the moat; yet neither Osra nor the bishop noticed any longer what was passing. He was intent on her, and she seemed hardly yet herself; but suddenly, and before he could interpose, she threw herself off the couch and on to her knees in front of him, and, seizing hold of his hand, she kissed first the episcopal ring that he wore, and then his hand. For he was both bishop and gallant gentleman, and a kiss she gave him for each; and after she had kissed his hand, he felt the tips of her eyelashes brush wet against his skin, as she bent her head over his hand. But he raised her hastily, crying to her not to kneel before him, and throwing away his hat he knelt before her, kissing her hands many times. She seemed now recovered from her bewilderment and terror, for, as she looked down on him kneeling, she was half-way between tears and smiles, and with curving lips, but wet, shining eyes, she said, very softly:

"Ah, my lord, who made a bishop of you?" And her cheeks grew in an instant from dead white into sudden red, and her hand moved over his head as if she would fain have touched him with it. And she bent ever so little towards him. Yet perhaps it was nothing, and any lady who had seen how he bore himself, and knew that it was in her cause, for her honor and life, might well have done the same.

The Bishop of Modenstein made no immediate answer; his head was still bowed over her hand, and after a while he kissed her hand again, and he felt her hand press his. Then, suddenly, as though in alarm, she drew her hand away, and he let it go easily. But then he raised his eyes and met the glance of hers, and he smiled; and Osra also smiled. For an instant they were thus. Then the bishop rose to his feet, and he stood before her with bent head and eyes that sought the ground in becoming humility.

"It is by God's infinite goodness and divine permission that I hold my sacred office," said he. "I would that I were worthy of it! But to-day I have taken pleasure in the killing of a man."

"And in the saving of a lady, sir," she added softly, "who will ever count you among her dearest friends and the most gallant of her defenders. Is God angered at such a deed as that?"



"THE MEN CHEERED THE PRINCESS, WHILE THE WOMEN THRUST THEMSELVES TO THE FRONT RANK OF THE CROWD, AND BLESSED THE BISHOP OF MODENSTEIN."

"May He forgive all our sins!" said the bishop gravely; but what other sins he had in his mind he did not say, nor did the princess ask him.

Then he gave her his arm, and they two walked together down the stairs into the hall; and the bishop, having forgotten altogether both his hat and his sword, was bare-headed and had no weapon in his hand. The count's men were all collected in the hall, being crowded round a table that stood by the wall, for on the table lay the body of Count Nikolas of Festenburg, and it was covered with a horse-cloth that one of the servants had thrown over it. But when the men saw the princess and the bishop, they made way for them and stood aside, bowing low as they passed.

"You bow now," said Osra, "but before, none of you would lift a finger for me. To my lord the bishop alone do I owe my life, and he is a churchman, while you were free to fight for me. For my part I do not envy your wives such husbands;" and with a most scornful air she passed between their ranks, taking great and ostentatious care not to touch one of them even with the hem of her gown. And they grew red and shuffled on their feet, and one or two swore under their breath and thanked God their wives were not shrews, being, indeed, very much ashamed of themselves, and very uneasy at thinking what these same wives of theirs would say to them when the thing came to be known.

But Osra and the bishop passed over the bridge, and he set her on his horse. The summer morning had just dawned clear and fair, so that the sun caught her ruddy hair as she mounted in her white gown. But the bishop himself took the bridle of the horse and led it at a foot's pace down the hill and into the town.

Now, by this time the news of what had chanced had run all through the town, and all the people were out in the streets, gossiping and guessing. And when they saw Princess Osra safe and sound and smiling, and the bishop in his shirt,—for he had given his cloak to her,—leading the horse, they broke into great cheering. The men cheered the princess, while the women thrust themselves to the front rank of the crowd, and blessed the Bishop of Modenstein. But he walked with his head down and his eyes on the ground, and would not look up, even when the women cried out in great fear and admiration on seeing that his shirt was stained with his blood and with the blood of Nikolas of Festenburg, that had spurted upon it. But one thing the princess heard which sent her cheeks red again; for a buxom girl glanced merrily at her, and made bold to say, in a tone that the princess could not but hear:

"By the saints, here's waste! If he were not a churchman, now!" And her laughing eye travelled from the princess to him, and back to the princess again.

"Shall we go a little faster?" whispered Osra, bending down to the bishop. But the girl only thought that she whispered something else, and laughed the more.

But at last they passed the town, and, with a great crowd still following them, came to the castle. At the gate of it the bishop stopped and aided the princess to alight. Again he knelt and kissed her hand, saying only:

"Madam, farewell!"

"Farewell, my lord," said Osra softly, and she went hastily into the castle, while the bishop returned to his inn in the town; and though the people stood around the inn the best part of the day, calling and watching for him, he would not show himself.

In the evening of that day the king, having heard the tidings of the crime of Count Nikolas, came in furious haste with a troop of horse from Strelsau. And when he heard how Osra had played at dice with the count, and staking herself against the castle of Zenda had won it back, he was ashamed, and swore an oath that he would play dice no more, which oath he faithfully observed. And in the morning of the next day he went to Festenburg, where he flogged soundly every man who had not run away before his coming, and all the possessions of Count Nikolas he confiscated; and he pulled down the castle of Festenburg and filled up the moat that had run round its walls. Then he sent for the Bishop of Modenstein and thanked him, offering to him all the demesne of Count Nikolas; but the bishop would not accept it nor any mark of the king's favor, not even the Order of the Red Rose. Therefore the king granted the ground in which the castle stood, and all the land belonging to it, to Francis of Tarlenheim, brother to the wife of Prince Henry, who built the château which now stands there and belongs to the same family to this day.

But the Bishop of Modenstein, having been entertained by the king with great splendor for two days, would not stay longer, but set out to pursue his journey, clad now in his ecclesiastical garments. And Princess Osra sat by her window, leaning her head on her hand, and watching him till the trees of the forest hid him; and once, when he was on the edge of the forest, he turned his face for an instant, and looked back at her where she sat watching in the window. Thus he went to Strelsau; and when he was come there he sent immediately for his confessor, and the confessor, having heard him, laid upon him a severe penance, which he performed with great zeal, exactness, and contrition. But whether the penance were for killing Count Nikolas of Festenburg (which in a layman, at least, would have seemed a venial sin) or for what else, who shall say?

RAILROADING OVER AN EARTHQUAKE.

AN AMERICAN ENGINE-DRIVER'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE ON AN ENGINE IN EUROPE.

BY CY WARMAN.

FOR more than twenty minutes the cab rattled through the narrow stony streets of Paris, crossed the Seine,—always interesting, but weirdly beautiful at night, with its many bridges and countless lamps of every color,—and finally stopped at the Gare de l'Est.

"Orient Express, monsieur?" asked the porter, as he balanced my box on the scales.

"*Oui*," said I, and then he cried the weight—fifty kilos.

"Twenty-one francs, if you please," said the man in the baggage office, and I flashed up my "transportation."

"Twenty-one francs," the money-taker repeated, and I showed my sleeping-car ticket, thinking I had him on the hip this time sure.

"For the baggage! for the baggage!" he said in French, growing impatient; and I gave him the money.

Manifestly there was no free baggage on the Orient Express, and the rate, twenty-one francs (four dollars and twenty cents), for one hundred pounds, eight hundred miles, was a stiff one. To the porter who freighted my trunk I gave some sous, and saw him drop them into a locked box at the door of the baggage-room. In England the porters keep what they get, and it has a good effect. It makes the individual porter look out for baggage, for the more people he serves, the more tips will he receive. In France each porter waits for the other, knowing the division will be equal at night, and so there is nothing to work for. It kills competition, this French arrangement, and makes the men almost worthless. The moment you relinquish the *pourboire*, the porter's interest in you ceases. He simply heads you in on the main platform, where you must work out your own salvation.

I fancy this rule does not apply at all stations, but it certainly does at the Gare de l'Est, with a very bad result.

THE TRAIN.

The train which I was preparing to board this bleak November night consisted of a smart-looking locomotive and five cars. Next the engine there was a sort of combination express, baggage, and commissary car, where the stores were kept. Then came the dining-car, one-third of which was made into a beautiful smoking-saloon, with great easy-chairs put up in dark leather. Back of the "diner" there were three sleeping-cars of the Mann patent, and running along under the roof, above the tops of the high windows, in bold gold letters, was the name of the company unabridged: "The International Bed-wagons Company and the Grand European Express," only it was in French.

The Orient Express runs "solid" from Paris to Constantinople—the same cars and the same table steward. The fare for the trip one way in this *train de luxe* is sixty-nine dollars. The sleeping-car fare is eighteen dollars. Only first-class tickets are taken, and the different railways over which the train passes have an agreement to issue no free passes. Any company violating this agreement is liable to a fine of six hundred francs (one hundred and twenty dollars).

In outward appearance this company's trains are similar to the trains run on the American continent. The cars are long and rest on eight wheels. You enter the car at or near the end, and pass through a narrow corridor, from which you enter the compartments.

A compartment holds two or four people, and often, with the judicious expenditure of a few francs, the "voyager" can secure a small compartment all to himself, and be quite as secluded and comfortable as he would be in the stateroom of a Pullman or Wagner. There are certainly many advantages in a compartment sleeper.

There is no rush or excitement; no one appears to be in any hurry. Three or four porters come along leisurely, rolling a little iron car containing a small canvas travelling-bag. Other porters, not in uniform, come along with hot-water cans—long, flat cans which they slide into the compartments of ordinary European coaches; but the Orient is heated by steam. Now comes a truck with a great many mail-bags, which are put into the rear car. The mails are an important item to the railways, and as this train leaves Paris but twice a week, they are usually heavy.

In half an hour the splendid train is trembling away in the night. It is seven o'clock, and the dining-car is filled with people—men and women from every corner of the earth. If a Russian speaks to an Italian, or a German to a Spaniard, it is almost invariably in French. All the reading matter belonging to the train is printed in three languages, but only French is spoken, save when another language is absolutely necessary. The cards posted in the cars have these headings: "Avis," "Notiz," and "Notice." The dining-car service is equal to the best in any country, and the rates are reasonable. The first breakfast is the regulation European bill—bread, butter, and coffee—with fruit if you want it, for one franc, seventy-five centimes (thirty-five cents). At eleven o'clock they serve a good *déjeuner* for five francs (a dollar), and at evening a splendid dinner for six francs (one dollar and twenty cents). So you have three good meals for two dollars and fifty-five cents, which, in America, in the average dining-car, would cost three dollars. When dinner is over the men lounge in the smoking-room for a couple of hours, and then go to their *boudoirs*.

OFFICIAL GRANDEUR AND PRECISION.

In a few hours we were rolling away toward the selvage of France over a smooth track. Shortly after midnight I was awakened by a commotion at my door, opened my eyes, and beheld an officer in the corridor. He was grand beyond description. With every movement of the train, he flashed back to me the flickering light that went out of my compartment to his plated person. In addition to the cord on his cap and his brilliant buttons, he wore festooned about his breast enough gold cable to rope a steer, and I knew then that we were in Germany. This awe-inspiring individual stood without while his assistant, a less imposing personage, inspected my ticket and hand-baggage.

When the train stops at a station of any importance, an officer with a large book, followed by two or three assistants, goes to the locomotive, secures the autograph of the engineer, and gives him a lot of vocal instructions. They all talk at once, "kracking" their k's till one is reminded of a skating party breaking through the ice. Finally peace is declared, they all salute, and the train moves on.

Everything has a military air about it. The old woman sweeping a crossing brings her broom to her shoulder, and the one-legged watchman comes to the proper position, with a red flag for a musket, as the train goes by.

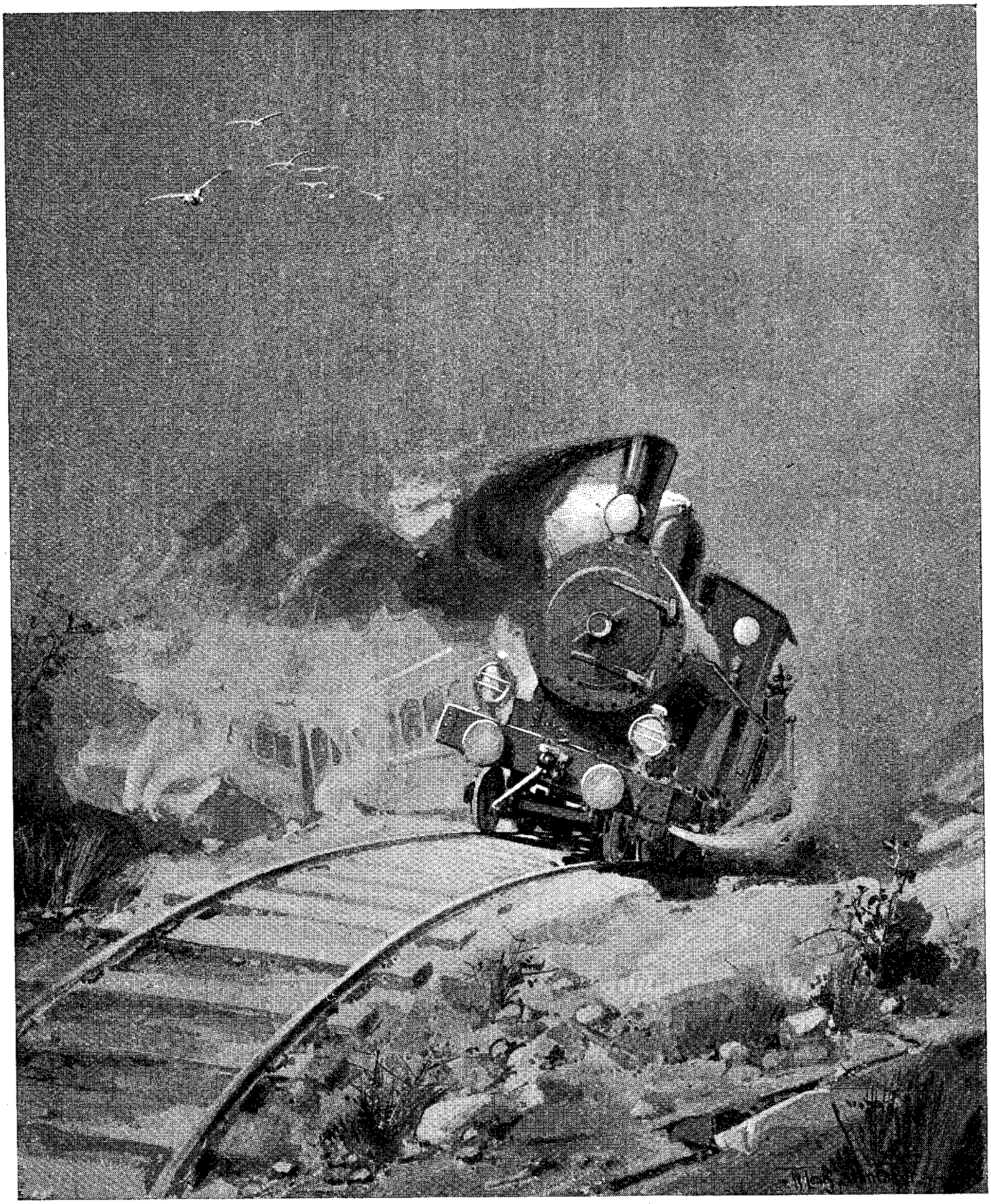
Twenty-four hours takes the traveller to Vienna, over eight hundred miles. The locomotives used in Austria are more like American machines than those of England and France, and the day cars are the best I have seen on the Continent. They are heavier than the ordinary European railway carriage and rest on eight large wheels. First-class carriages are heavily cushioned with beautiful Russia leather, clean, cool, and comfortable. You enter these cars, not at the side, nor at the end, but at the corner; the compartments open into a corridor.

Dropping down the Danube for six or seven hours, we see the sun rise in Servia, and the first stop on the following day is at Belgrade. It is warmer here, the earth is dry and the sky clear. The voyager begins to feel that he is in a new world, with strange people. Here are evidences of dress reform. The pantaloon is merging into the gown, or the gown into the pantaloon, perhaps, as it is in America. Each succeeding hour carries us farther into this desolate country, so old and yet so new; with so little of what are now regarded as signs of civilization.

When we have travelled through it we wonder how the International Sleeping-Car Company can afford to run a train even twice a week through such a land. At noon we met and passed the westbound train. It may be we had passed other trains, but this was the first passenger train I had seen in forty hours.

ON THE LOCOMOTIVE.

I carried with me a permit to ride, "to mount and circulate," on the locomotive of the Orient Express when I wished to do so, and now I slipped into my engine clothes and mounted the machine. The engineer was a native, and about all we could say to each other was "Yes" and "No" in French. Nearly, if not all, the



"WE COULD FEEL THE ENGINE WHEELS RISE AND FALL ON THE TWISTING RAIL."

railroads here are operated by the governments of the various countries through which they pass. The Orient Express, however, is operated solely by the sleeping-car company. This company's conductor, who goes all the way from Paris to Constantinople, is the captain of the train; only the government inspectors of the different countries come aboard to inspect luggage and look after the interests of the government.

The track was only fair, but the locomotive was in good condition. The time is slow, not more than twenty or thirty miles an hour. At the first road-crossing outside the town we found a long line of wagons drawn by small cattle, waiting at the closed gate. Behind these wagons, reaching out to the hills, miles away, were strings of pack animals loaded with corn. Evidently this was an important market for the surrounding country. It was a beautiful afternoon, soft as September in Paris or New York. The road here ran up a broad vale, which, however, grew narrower as we ascended the waterless stream.

On either side of the wash the country grew rough; the hills in the distance would be called mountains in the Holy Land. The wagon-road lay parallel with the railway, and in half an hour we passed hundreds of ox-teams bringing wood down from the hills.

Some women and children were driving a flock of turkeys, a man was leading a sheep, and others were carrying jars of something —honey, perhaps—on their heads.

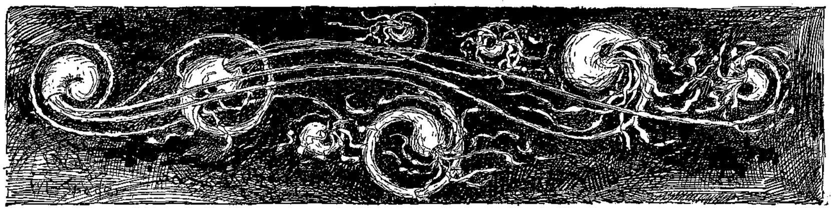
SOMETHING OMINOUS.

All at once the air grew still; an oppressive silence seemed to hang on vale and hill, and all the people stopped short. It seemed to me that we ran into a bad piece of track, or that our train had suddenly quickened its pace. I saw a Servian woman with a child in her arms stagger, stop, take the water-jug from her head, and hug her frightened baby to her naked breast. Hundreds of yoked cattle were lowing, burros were braying, and whole flocks of sheep were crying on the distant downs. Meantime the curves seemed to increase, and although we were not making more than forty miles an hour, we appeared to fairly fly. Men stood still and stared at the heavens. A Mohammedan slid down from a pack-mule, spread out his prayer-rug, set his face towards Mecca, and prayed. Christians crossed themselves, and as often as I stole a glance at the driver I found him looking at me. Till now I had attributed the action of these wild people to childish wonder at seeing the train sweep by; but when I looked at the almost pale face of the sun-browned driver I was bewildered. The things I beheld were all so unnatural that I felt my head swimming. Glancing ahead I saw the straight track take on curves and shake them out again, resembling a running snake. The valley had become a narrow gulch, and from the near hills arose great clouds of smoke, as from a quarry when the shots go off. The fireman, who had been busy at the furnace-door, stood up now and gazed at the driver, who pressed his left hand over his eyes, then took it off and tried to see, but made no attempt to check the speed of the flying train. As a drunken cowboy dashing down a straight street sways in his saddle, as a wounded bird reels through the air, did this mad monster of a locomotive swing and swim over the writhing rail.

Suddenly a great curve appeared in front of us. This time the stoker, who had left off firing, saw it, and made the sign of the cross. Again the driver hid his eyes, and again I felt my brain grow dizzy trying to understand. We could feel the engine wheels rise and fall on the twisting rail; and hear, too, for there was a deafening sound. At last the engine settled down and began to glide away as a boat glides down a running stream. "What is it?" I asked of the French fireman.

"*Tremblement de terre*," he said, shaking himself violently, and pointing to the ground; and then I understood that we had been riding over an earthquake. The driver was either too proud and brave to stop, or too frightened to be able to shut off steam, I don't know which.

Finally we are entering a city that seems very old. The train rolls along among the houses, behind a rain-stained wall, and when we stop we find the platform crowded with red caps. The cabmen are having a spirited argument; hotel runners, guides, and dragomans are pushing each other; a long line of hamals, or porters, are waiting at the customs office, and beyond them a line of miserable beggars, and this is Constantinople!



GRANT AND LINCOLN IN BRONZE.

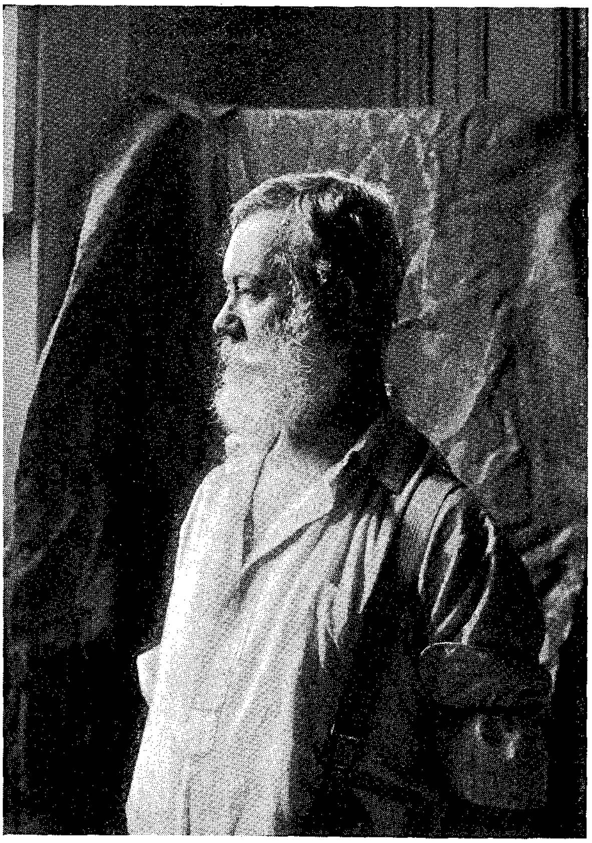
THE NEW EQUESTRIAN STATUES BY O'DONOVAN AND EAKINS—HOW HORSE AND RIDER WERE FASHIONED IN CLAY FROM LIVING MODELS—HOW THE CASTS IN PLASTER AND BRONZE WERE MADE.

By Cleveland Moffett.

With pictures, chiefly from photographs taken especially for this Magazine.

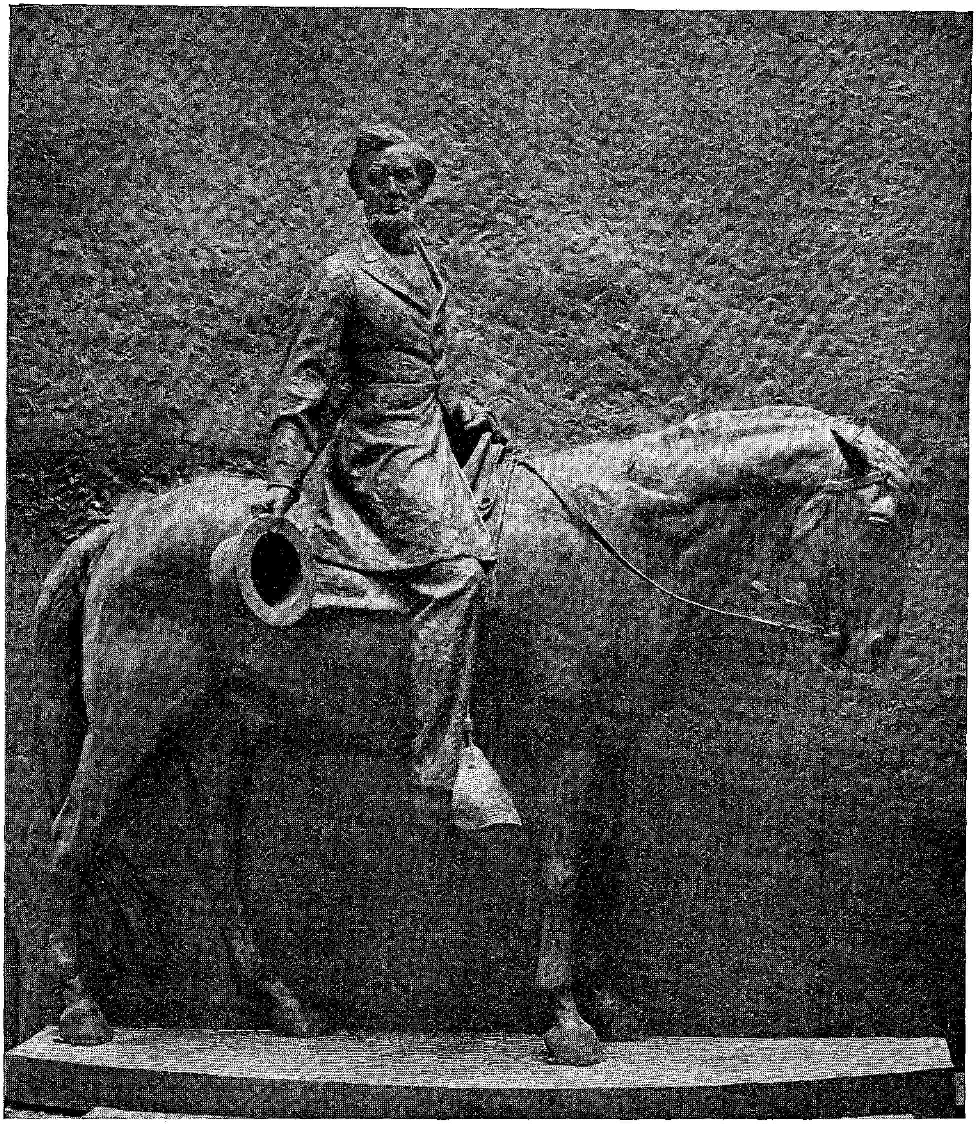
ON the south side of East Twenty-fifth Street in New York City, just out of the roar of Third Avenue, stands a dingy brick building, on whose front big black letters announce "Fine Art Foundry." There is little of art in this neighborhood, where pale-faced children play noisily on the sidewalks, and coal and beer wagons seldom cease their rumble. At the door the sound of hammers ringing on metal greets one.

A queer place, one would think, to find Ulysses S. Grant and Abraham Lincoln; yet here they are, or were during the summer months, eying the visitor with stern salutation from the backs of their bronze horses. A workman on his knees pounds with quick strokes at the foreleg of Lincoln's horse, which he is fitting on, this being the finishing touch, for the two statues are completed. Lincoln sits with head bared, holding a queer tall hat in one hand, as if saluting regiments of soldiers, cheering, doubtless, as they march past in review. His horse stands restive, champing his bit, with head turned out, eager to be off. General Grant, small of stature compared with Lincoln, looks neither to right nor left, but rides along in a characteristic business-like way, mounted on a splendid charger, the effect of movement in his horse being rendered wonderfully, not only by the lifted forefoot, but by the poise of body and the accurate filling out of every muscle.



W. R. O'DONOVAN IN HIS STUDIO.

These are the two life-size equestrian statues, bas-reliefs, that are to serve as panels in the Brooklyn memorial arch. It is four years since the State of New York, acting through the officials of Brooklyn and Mr. Duncan the architect, gave William R. O'Donovan and Thomas Eakins the commission to model these works. And now that the result has been achieved after much labor, it is a pleasure as well as a source of instruction to turn back and see in some detail how the statues were made. For not small is the task of a sculptor

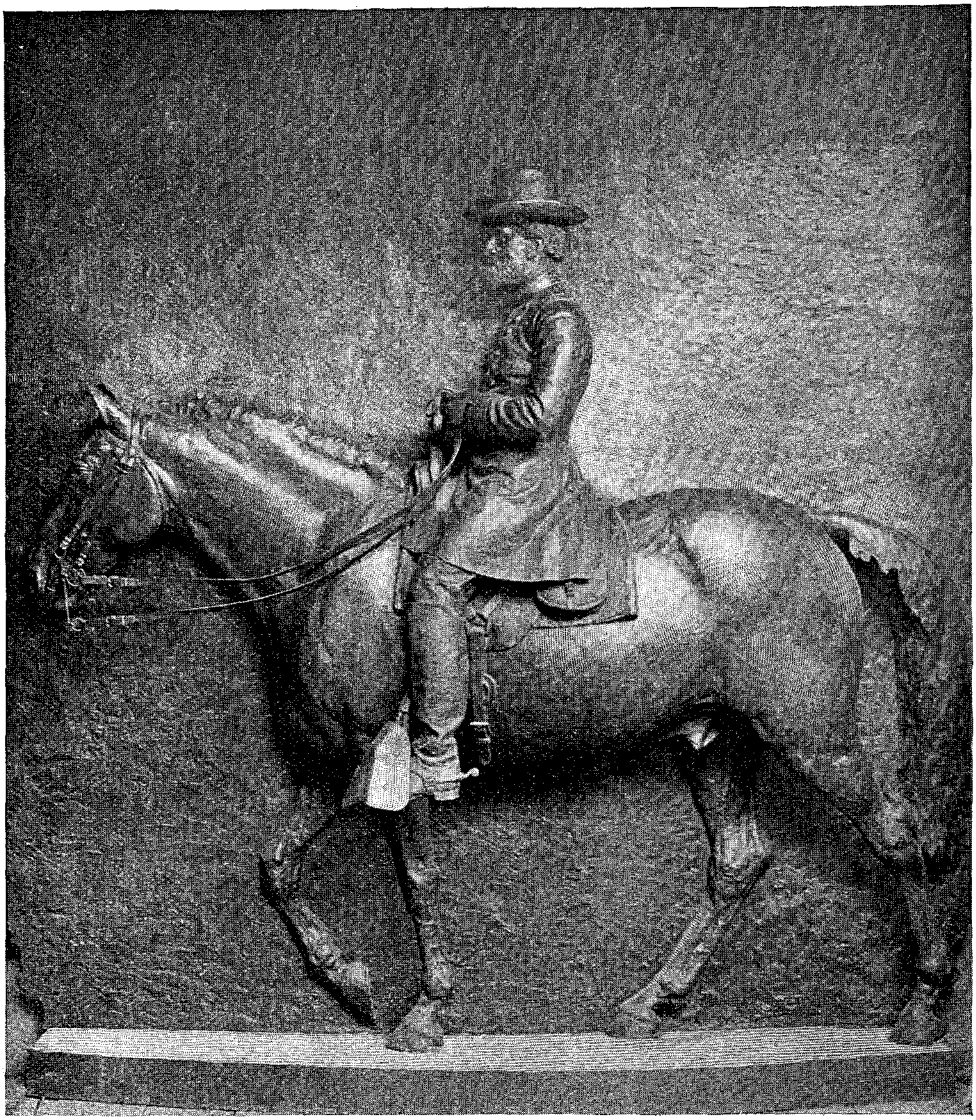


EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF LINCOLN, MADE BY O'DONOVAN AND EAKINS FOR THE BROOKLYN MEMORIAL ARCH.

charged with perpetuating, in visible form, the two great heroes of our history, so that generations and centuries to come may look upon their faces and behold them as they were in life. I do not think the story of the making of a bronze statue has ever been properly told.

Experts have said that American sculpture cannot boast a single good horse in bronze, except perhaps the one by H. K. Brown which cavorts in spirited though rather conventional fashion, under the weight of Washington, on the monument in Union Square, New York. Mr. O'Donovan determined that no such reproach should be made against his work; and although himself a practical horseman, being a Virginian and an old soldier, he decided to associate with him some artist who possessed such expert knowledge of a horse's anatomy as would render impossible any error in the modelling. His ambition from the first was to show in these two statues real men on real horses.

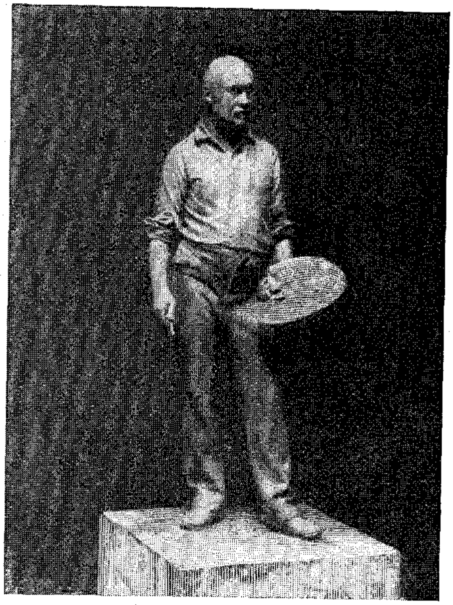
Casting about him for an artist of such special talent as was needed, Mr. O'Donovan found the very man he wanted in his old friend Thomas Eakins, for many years at the head of the art school in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and lecturer on demonstrative anatomy at the National Academy of Design. While studying in Paris, Eakins had been one of Gérôme's favorite pupils, and even at that



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GRANT, MADE BY O'DONOVAN AND EAKINS FOR THE BROOKLYN MEMORIAL ARCH.

time his fondness for dissecting and anatomical studies had made him remarkable among the other students. Since establishing himself in Philadelphia he had gained wide reputation among the best surgeons as an anatomist, and for years it had been his habit to take his pupils regularly to the horse "heaven" for practical demonstrations. There is probably no man in the country, certainly no artist, who has studied the anatomy of the horse so profoundly as Eakins, or who possesses such intimate knowledge of its every joint and muscle. He was therefore called into collaboration with O'Donovan, and the statues as they stand to-day are the joint work of these two artists.

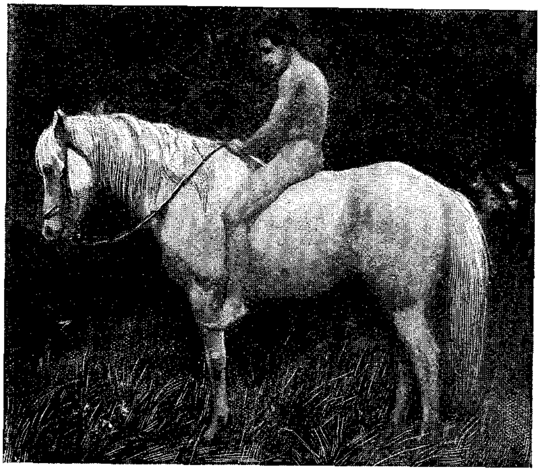
In modelling the horses the artists agreed to depart from the method, frequently adopted, of presenting a composite horse, patched together from fragments of many horses, taking the good points of each and avoiding the defects. They decided, rather, to choose an animal which should possess a union of fine qualities, and then make in clay as perfect an image of that horse as they could. Then came a search for two horses worthy of such high honor, and months were spent before the sculptors found the animals they wanted. The chief difficulty encountered was in finding a horse for Grant, since any strong mount would do for Lincoln, who never cared for a showy charger, and, indeed, during his Presidency



AN UNFINISHED STATUETTE OF THOMAS EAKINS, BY HIS PUPIL SAMUEL MURRAY.

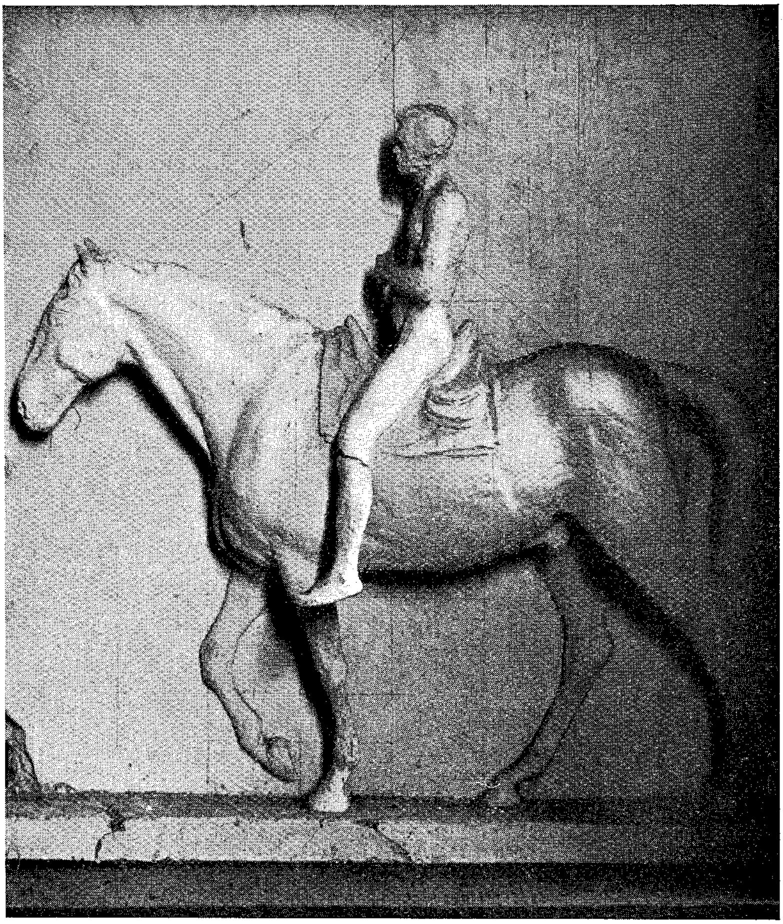
was in the saddle only on special occasions. For the Lincoln statue they selected a powerful "cowboy" horse, named "Billy," that Eakins had brought from the West, an animal of great strength and endurance, but not of specially fine breed. "Billy" was felt to be in harmony with Lincoln's simple and unpretentious character; he was just such a horse as the President might have got from some trooper, or have ridden when he was a lawyer practising in circuits covering fifteen counties. A good horseman he was in those days, as one learns from Robert G. Ingersoll, who also rode and practised law in that section before either had gained fame. But to find a horse suitable for Grant was another matter; for here was needed a charger of ideal proportions, a creature of strength and race, a splendid animal fit to carry a great commander into battle. Nor could they choose at random; for, while there is no authentic record of the horses Lincoln rode, the names and descriptions of Grant's horses, with careful photographs, are preserved in history. Every soldier knows how the general loved his big "Cincinnati," whose fine points are still proudly spoken of by Colonel Fred Grant and others who remember him. Had "Cincinnati" been alive, the sculptors would have used him as their model; but "Cincinnati" was dead, and the little cob "Jeff Davis" was dead, and all the other horses ridden by the general were dead. So the best they could do was to find some horse such as Grant himself might have chosen, and which would at the same time answer the requirements of the sculptor.

They visited West Point and saw many valuable and spirited saddle-horses, but they did not find what they were seeking. They gained, however, valuable suggestions for the action of horse and rider, and spent many days observing how our soldiers ride, for cadets are taught horsemanship to-day just as they were when General Grant learned the art. West-Pointers sit in the saddle almost as "cowboys" do, except that their stirrups are a little shorter, while the soles of the feet are kept level. The young men have to ride bare-back first; and to assist the sculptors, Captain Craig, the instructor of cavalry, and himself an ideal cavalry rider, slight of build, quick, and graceful, ordered out some of his best riders, who posed for the artists in every position a soldier would take on a horse; Mr. Eakins making dozens of instantaneous pictures showing the men as they held themselves in a trot, a gallop, a walk, or reining in their horses for a quick stop, or in leaping to the ground, or in subduing a vicious horse, as all cavalrymen know how to do, by the trick of catching the foreleg quickly and throwing the animal. Other photographs were made at another place with the rider sitting nude on the horse's bare-back. And, not content with the photographs, the sculptors went even to the length of making many small studies in wax of various actions.



A NUDE POSE.

Continuing their search for a horse for General Grant, O'Donovan and Eakins vis-



FIRST STUDY FOR WORKING MODEL OF THE GRANT STATUE.

ited many places, saw prize horses at the horse show, fashionable horses at Newport and Long Branch, trick horses in circuses, and rejected them all in favor of "Clinker," a saddle-horse owned by A. J. Cassatt, of Philadelphia. In "Clinker" there is not a pound of waste matter, but everything seems to be made for speed and endurance. He is a short-coupled horse, with just room on his back for a saddle, as a charger should be, with great breadth of chest, and at once heavy and compact.

Thus the two artists spent months of serious effort before a single stroke in the clay had been made, or the first step taken in the actual work of sculpture. And before commencing the real work on the large statues they were obliged to make quarter-size models, and submit these to the Brooklyn committee for their final acceptance. All this having been done, the two horses were taken to a farm near Avondale, Pennsylvania, where Mr. Eakins's sister lived, and where the sculptors could be sure of the desired seclusion for the important work of modelling from life.

First a wax model was made one-sixteenth the linear size of the finished statue. Then a quarter-size model was done in clay, and afterwards in plaster; and, finally, the life-size work was begun. Hour after hour, day after day, Mr. Eakins, mounted on an Indian pony, rode about a field studying whichever of the two horses he was modelling, "Clinker" or "Billy," ridden by a colored lad as the sculptor might direct. With the wax model in hand he studied every step and movement, making in the wax now and then some quick correction with a sweep of his thumb. The wax model thus perfected contained the germ of the finished statue. Next the quarter-size model in clay was finished, also in the field, and cast into permanent plaster form. This, when finished, was scratched with parallel lines running from side to side and from top to bottom, about three inches apart. These lines were for guidance in building up the frame for the life-size statue, it being very simple, with their aid, by compasses and the like devices, to make a uniform enlargement four-fold.

The frame for the full statue was not made in one piece, but in ten, each being set up and finished separately; thus there was one section for each of the legs, one for the hind quarters, one each for the head and shoulders, and three for the body. Each was carefully constructed of wood, braced with iron rods against a background of boards, and covered with wire netting, the effect being as of a core of the part to be reproduced. Over this core the sculptor spread his clay an inch deep. These preliminaries accomplished, modelling began again from direct study of the live, moving horse. Every day Mr. Eakins would have the horse he was portraying led out beside the box on which his frames were placed, and he would copy in the clay every curve and muscle and vein of that part of the horse corresponding to the frame. As soon as each section was finished in the clay a cast of it was made in plaster, and when all the sections were done they were carefully fitted together into a whole.

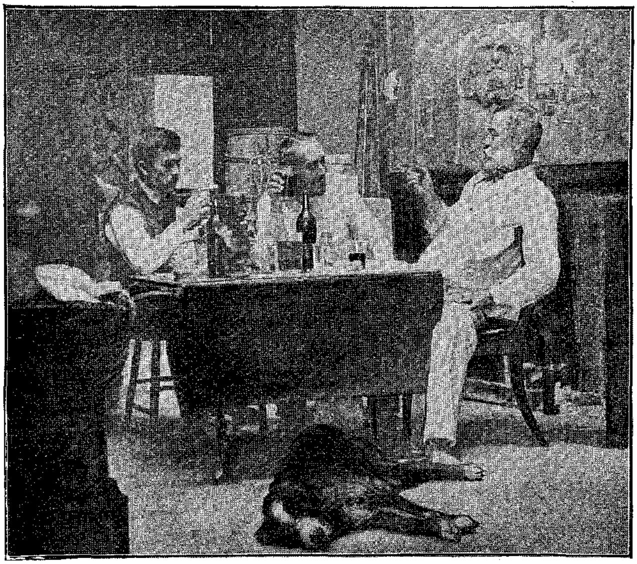
It was in April, 1892, that the model of Mr. Cassatt's horse was finished in clay, and, having been reproduced in plaster, was sent on to New York for the final work of mounting him with his illustrious rider, which was to be done in Mr. O'Donovan's studio on East Seventeenth Street.

To assist in the work of composing true images, the sculptors obtained from the War Department prints of all the Brady negatives stored there of both Grant and Lincoln, not less than a hundred, and many of them very large. It is the first instance of copies of this unique collection issuing to any private person. Copies were given out at the time of General Grant's death in order to prepare some large albums for President Cleveland and the members of his cabinet. The sculptors were also fortunate in obtaining death-masks of Grant and Lincoln.

Thus gathering material from many sources, they began modelling in clay the face and figure of General Grant, aiming to express as faithfully as might be his likeness and character at a period somewhat prior to the ending of the war. During the later years of his life, under presidential honors and freedom from activity in the field, Grant's face lost that clean-cut quality, that alertness of the fighter, which it had formerly possessed. It gained in gravity and dignity perhaps, but lost an indefinable something that had made his features during the war most interesting.

The general idea at which the artists aimed was to show Grant riding leisurely along, as if at the head of an army during a long day's march. In placing the figure in the saddle they made use not only of the other photographs taken at West Point, but also of photographs made there of Jesse Grant, who is the same weight and size as was his father at the close of the war.

But they also studied a living model, sitting actually in the saddle, a man of about forty-six, of soldierly build, who, being the son of a Philadelphia painter, possessed himself some sense of art. The same man served also as a model for the Lincoln statue. Most of this study was for anatomical detail; for, strange to say, each figure was first carefully and completely fashioned in the nude, and the dress put on afterward. For the sculptors find that it is impossible to make boots and coat and trousers appear in the finished statue as if there was a body inside them, unless the body is there first.


A CONSULTATION.—O'DONOVAN IS SHOWN ON THE RIGHT, IN THE CENTRE IS EAKINS, AND ON THE LEFT, EAKINS'S PUPIL, MURRAY.

Not less pains were taken in securing accuracy of dress than of face and figure. Grant is shown as a lieutenant-general,

O'DONOVAN POSING ON "BILLY" FOR EAKINS.

his grade being indicated by three buttons and a space, as seen in photographs of him taken at that time. The coat is buttoned in front, with perhaps a touch of idealization, for usually Grant left his coat carelessly open, it being his habit to pay little heed to dress. Lincoln is represented as he was just at the close of the war, shortly before his death. In his case the death-mask used by the sculptors was of especial service, since, unlike the one of General Grant, it showed none of the emaciation inevitable after a long illness. It is the one taken in Washington by Clark Mills, the sculptor, immediately after the assassination. Valuable suggestions, too, were obtained from a large photograph of Lincoln that is scarcely known to the public, but which Mr. O'Donovan regards as one of the most expressive in existence.

It has been said that Lincoln was a bad subject for the sculptor, because of his homely face and his lank, ungainly figure; but the fact is that there are few better. A sculptor worthy of the name takes as his highest work the depiction of character, and glories in his power to make dead clay and lifeless bronze shine with human attributes. To him the best of all subjects is a man of great soul, of a nature rich in those fine, large, human qualities that touch all men—pathos, tenderness, and poetic insight. Such a man preëminently was Abraham Lincoln; and a sense of the fact must have been strong in O'Donovan's mind as he fixed in clay the deep-set eyes, the strong features, the tall, spare form, striving, with the cunning of his art, to infuse into the modelling Lincoln's strange, compelling personality.

In regard to the details of Lincoln's dress there was no difficulty, for an abundance of documents gave the sculptors ample data. He sits with head turned as if toward passing troops, holding in one hand a narrow-brimmed high hat—the very hat shown in the well-known photograph of Lincoln and Allan Pinkerton, with a wide mourning band, donned probably in token of the death of his boy Ted. He wears the familiar wide-skirted broadcloth coat, buttoned together down the front with many wrinkles. The waistcoat is opened low, showing an expanse of shirt front, and a queer turn-over collar with a small cravat.

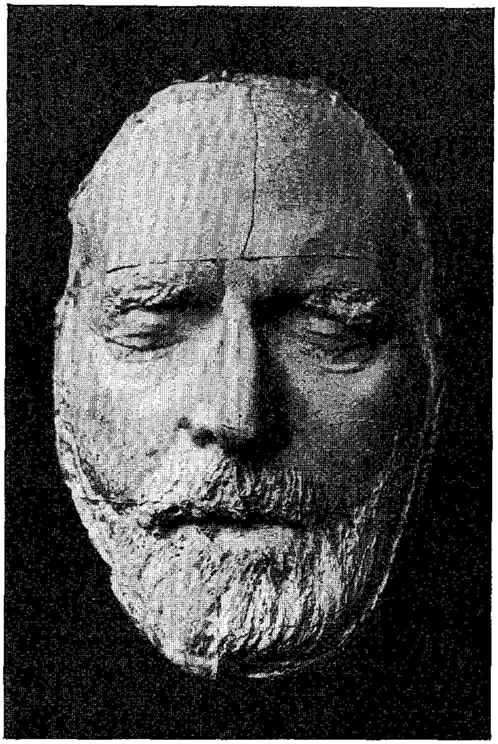
Being done first in clay, the statues were afterward reproduced in plaster. The clay used by many sculptors of the day is not the ordinary variety, but a composite clay prepared by a secret process, its special virtue being that it is in no danger of cracking, and removes the necessity of keeping it constantly sprinkled with water. The clay in one of these large statues is never a solid mass, but only a layer an inch in thickness or less, spread over a skeleton of lath braced with burlaps and iron rods. But even so the quantity of clay required is very considerable and expensive.

EAKINS AT WORK IN THE FIELD WITH "BILLY" AS A MODEL.

When the clay has been wrought under the sculptor's hands into the finished object of art, it is spread over with liquid plaster of Paris, one section at a time. Every portion of the clay figure having been thus reproduced in shells of plaster varying in thickness from one to two or three inches, these shells are united together and duly strengthened with braces, forming what is known as the plaster negative. It is a hollow mould of the statue with every detail reproduced on the inside, but reversed. Now, in order to get the plaster positive which will be sent to the bronze foundry, it is only necessary to pour into this negative mould more liquid plaster, first covering the inner surfaces with boiled soap, or a mixture of soap and oil, to prevent the plaster poured in from adhering to the hardened plaster. The mould is not filled with liquid plaster, but receives only such a quantity that, by tipping the negative back and forth in all directions, the fresh plaster will be distributed in a layer of the desired thickness over the whole interior. There is quite a knack in doing this; and also in mixing the plaster to just such consistency that when it sets it will show a high degree of hardness and give out a clear, metallic ring when struck.

When the inner layer of plaster has set, it is separated from the outer layer, or negative, by chipping off the latter, thus leaving exposed the plaster positive, which is a perfect reproduction of the clay model, except that it is appreciably larger; for, unlike bronze, plaster expands in changing from the liquid to the solid state, it being a curious fact that the two expansions which occur in forming the plaster negative and positive exactly counteract the single contraction experienced by the bronze in cooling. So it happens, very conveniently, that the sculptor in doing his work need be in no way influenced by the fact that bronze contracts one-eighth of an inch to the foot, but may make his clay model of exactly the size desired in the finished statue.

The statues of Grant and Lincoln having been thus completed in plaster, but in several parts for convenience in casting, these parts were conveyed with the greatest care to the bronze foundry. I doubt if New York has any industry at once so full of interest, and so little understood, as this of the bronze moulders. To get on well here, one should know French, for most of the workmen come from France, to which country, with the exception of Japan, the world looks for the highest skill in this art. Some of them, before coming to New York, worked for years in the famous Fonderie Barbédienne in Paris. Very proud they are of their skill; and the foreman, whom everybody calls Dominick, although his name is Dominick Demeslay, smilingly showed me a first-prize medal awarded him as far back as 1869, at the Paris Exhibition, for fine work in bronze.


DEATH-MASK OF GENERAL GRANT, MADE BY KARL GERHARDT.

At the back of the building is the foundry proper, one long, high room, lighted from the sides by mud-splashed, iron-barred windows, while through the pointed roof, all of glass, and kept clean by the rain, come down floods of light. It is a place of heavy beams, and heavy brick walls hung with dusty art relics and the ponderous tools of the trade. In the summer it is cool with many draughts; in the winter the men are warmed by a big stove standing in front of a twelve-foot plaster cast of Washington, yellow with dust and shellac, one of O'Donovan's pieces. There is a prevailing color of dull red from the sand used in moulding, many tons of which are heaped up in one corner, boarded off so as not to encroach too much upon the workmen's space.

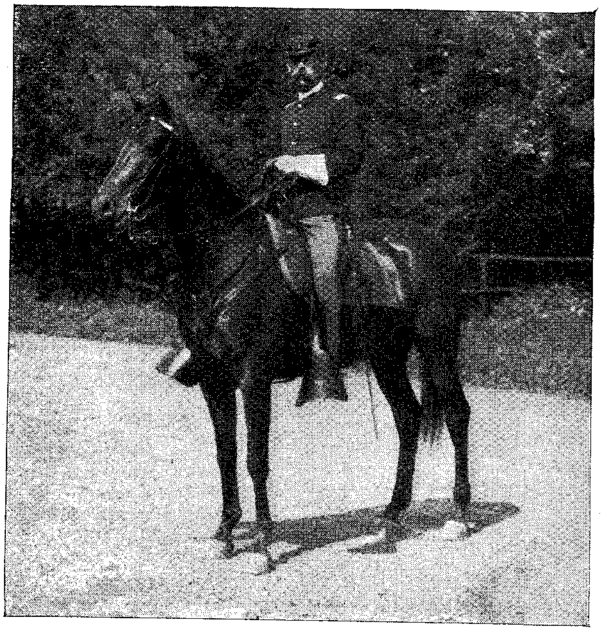
Down the centre stretches a row of benches, over which bend red-faced workmen in blue overalls, whose appearance suggests medical students making anatomical studies in the dissecting room. One man is working at an arm, another at a leg, another at a bust, the dull white of the plaster being not unlike the ghastly corpse tint. In reality, these men are with deft hands transferring to the red sand the forms of the plaster models.

JESSE GRANT POSING AT WEST POINT FOR THE FIGURE OF HIS FATHER.

The men work silently for the most part, scraping, scraping, with bended heads, taking away the sand little by little, almost grain by grain, to such an extent is this a labor of patience. That twelve-foot Washington took a whole year of one man's work before the mould had reached completion. Days will pass when the men do nothing but tamp down the sand around the plaster model, packing it in tightly with unceasing strokes, a little at a time, until it is right. I have watched three workmen standing for hours on a huge flask, as they call the iron frames that hold the moulds, pressing down the red sand with their feet, and driving it down with heavy iron tools broadened at the head for that purpose. They were doing this over a *bas-relief* nine feet long by six feet wide, and many tons of the sand had to be packed in in this way, a basin-full at a time.

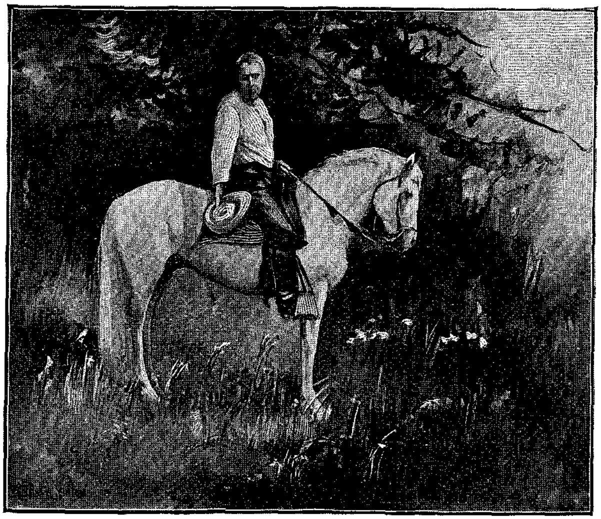
The foundrymen say that no satisfactory article has ever yet been written, not even in the encyclopædias, on the moulding and casting of bronze statues. This is largely due to the intricacy of the processes, and the endless detail that must needs be understood and faithfully presented. One is forced to take refuge in generalities, singling out for special notice some of the more dramatic phases of the work. There is no lack of these. To give a brief outline of the process, one may say that the moulds of large statues are made in two parts, the outer covering, made by packing the sand around the plaster model, and an inner core, also of hard-packed sand, which preserves the general shape of the plaster model, but is appreciably smaller, so that when placed inside the outer mould of sand there remains between the two parts a space varying from one-eighth to three-eighths of an inch. It is this space which is filled by the molten bronze, whose thickness is greater or less, according to the distance left between the core and the outer mould of sand. No core is used in *bas-reliefs*, the bronze being poured between two horizontal surfaces of sand, the upper one bearing a reproduction of the sculptor's work.

It is easy enough to indicate all this, but not so to do it. A thousand difficulties present themselves at every step of the execution. If the sand is too damp or too dry, it will not retain the impression of the model; unless the core and the outer mould are braced in exactly the right way, the whole thing will go to pieces when the metal is poured in; unless air-vents are arranged in just the right places through the mould,

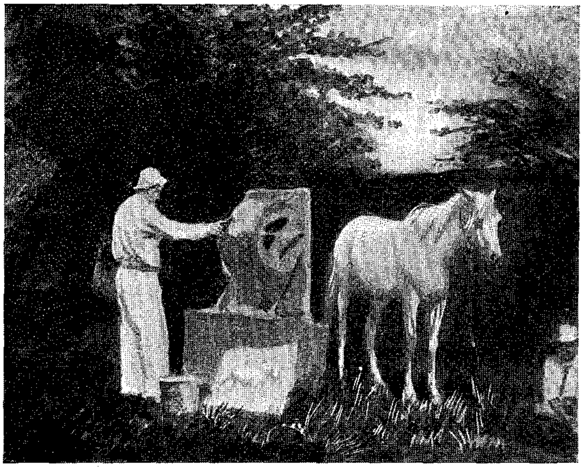


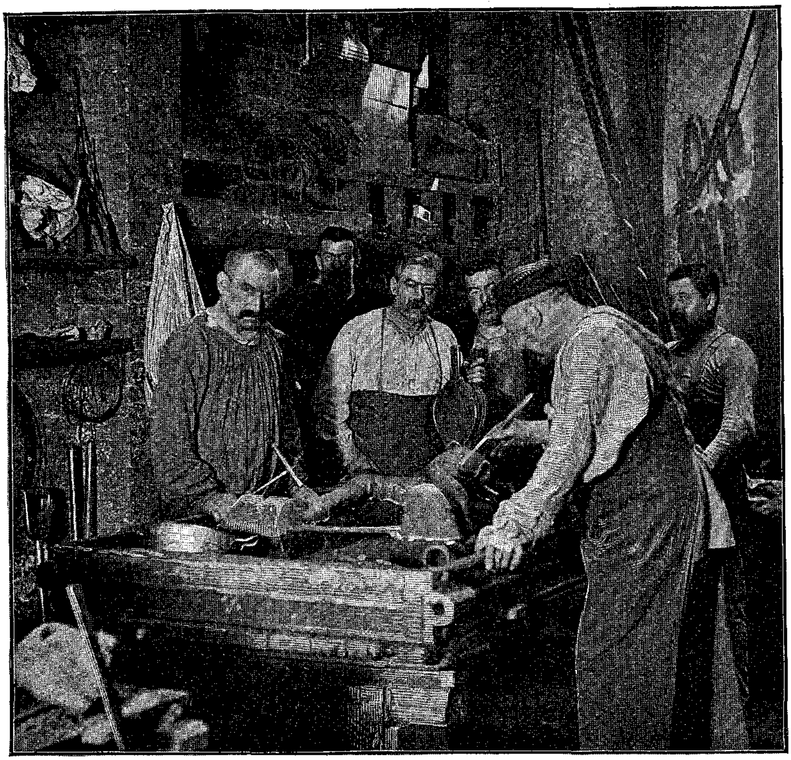
CAPTAIN CRAIG, CAVALRY INSTRUCTOR AT WEST POINT.

bubbles will form in the bronze and the casting will be spoiled; unless every part of the mould is baked to a sufficient degree of hardness in the oven, moisture will remain and rending gases be generated with the first touch of the liquid bronze; in short, unless a hundred things are done in exactly the right way, with neither too much nor too little, nor too long nor too short, the whole casting will be spoiled and months of labor go for naught. For seven months the workmen were busy with the Grant and Lincoln statues. The largest mould ever made in the foundry was the one for the body of Grant's horse, which required a flask ten feet by five, and three and a half feet high; the entire weight, when the iron frames were clamped around the well-braced sand, being not less than twelve tons.


EAKINS POSING ON "BILLY" FOR O'DONOVAN.

The last touch having been given to the mould, the sand being properly baked, the core being firmly braced, the inlets through the sand for the bronze being properly arranged, as well as the outlets for the air, and the whole surface of sand where the metal will touch it having been brushed over with black-lead to give a harder and smoother surface, the two parts of the massive iron frame that supports and encloses it all are clamped solidly together, and everything is ready for the pouring. But first the heavy flask must be lifted and set down nearer the furnaces. No easy task is this, for some of the flasks with their loads weigh as much as two elephants—say ten or twelve tons. And now one understands the purpose of the curious railroad arrangement overhead, with its double platform stretching across the whole width of the foundry, and resting on wheels that run on tracks supported by twin beams forty feet in length. These beams are built into the walls of the foundry and rest upon heavy brick columns. A first glance at this queer aërial hand-car, as it seems, shows a confusion of wheels at either end geared together for a purpose that presently becomes clear. It is merely to allow the workmen, without great effort, to move the ponderous crane with its heavy block and tackle, and its heavier load, to any point in the length or width of the foundry. This they do by pulling on endless chains that hang down from the wheels, and roll the great mass in any desired direction. Meantime, on the platform ten feet in the air, two men, with hands on the iron handles of the big windlass, raise and lower, as is needed, flasks of any weight up to fourteen tons; indeed, such is the enormous gain in power of the pulley that a single man could manœuvre such a load, were it not that some accident or act of carelessness might result in his letting the handle slip, and the flask go crashing downward. Imagine the shock to an ordinary building should fourteen tons


EAKINS AT WORK WITH "BILLY" FOR A MODEL.



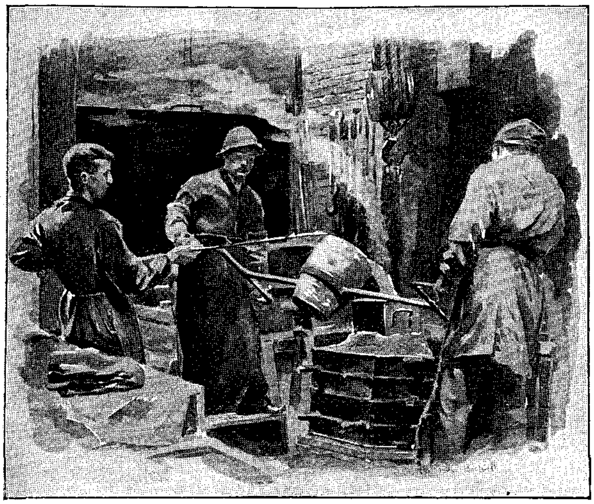
MAKING A MOULD FOR THE BRONZE CASTING.

Interior of the National Fine Art Foundry in East Twenty-Fifth Street, New York. Most of the workmen are French.

fall to the floor from the height of a man's head. Once in his experience Dominick has known such an accident to happen, and he says the shock was like that of an earthquake. The same crane is used in handling the big plaster casts as they are received at the foundry, for even plaster is very heavy, especially while it is still damp from the hands of the worker. I saw a *bas-relief* of a battle scene one day that weighed nearly a ton.

The crane is also used in lifting various parts of the mould from the benches where they have been finished, and swinging them over to the iron truck which rolls them into the big oven, down at the end of the foundry by the furnaces, where the dampness is baked out of the sand in a long heating. This part of the preparation is most important, for should the molten bronze on being poured into a mould come in contact with any moisture, there would be such quick formation of steam and gases as would not only ruin the casting, but might cause an explosion. Therefore every part of the finished mould is left for hours in the oven to harden and grow dry, and under this process the sand becomes almost as hard as stone. It is usually at night that this drying process goes on. The iron car, eight feet long, and more than half as wide, with its load of well-wrought sand, hard packed, but still damp, is rolled into the oven—a brick-lined room ten feet long, eight feet high, and six feet wide—and left there all night over two barrels of charcoal burning under a forced draught in the fire-pit at the bottom. Long before morning, the huge iron shutter that drops to the floor and closes the oven is red-hot, and to peep through a crack at the side and see the space within shimmering with gases, and luminous with heat, suggests some rough crematory. Still more weird is the fancy called up by the appearance of the adjoining brick walls which stretch away to the left as far as the furnaces, hung with iron rods bent into incomprehensible shapes, as if designed for use in some chamber of horrors. Really these queerly twisted rods are but the skeletons for the cores used in the moulds.

Four or five hours before a pouring, the men begin melting the copper in crucibles which are about the size of ordinary water-buckets and made of a preparation of plumbago that prevents the molten metal from adhering to the surfaces. Each one of these crucibles weighs about forty pounds, and into each are thrown a hundred pounds or more of bright little bricks of pure copper. Loaded thus, the crucibles are carried by the men to the extreme end of the foundry, where six iron covers about eighteen inches in diameter mark the location of six furnaces built underneath the floor. Although the covers fit tight with a good weight of metal, one sees by the bright glow through the cracks that the fires are burning fiercely below. Into each of the six furnaces a single crucible is lowered, the furnace, when the iron cover is removed, throwing up withering heat and a dazzle of light into the workmen's faces. The crucibles are left on their beds of white-hot charcoal until, in their turn, they grow first red, then white, and the copper becomes like water within. Then, when the time is right, Dominick, skilled in the mysteries of blending metals, orders the covers pushed back, and with accurate hand lets fall into each crucible small chunks of tin and zinc, the exact quantity used being a precious secret of the foundry, a part of its treasure, like the workmen's skill in moulding the sand. It is sufficient to know that the bronze alloy is ninety per cent. pure copper, the additions of tin and zinc varying with the individual preference of each founder.


POURING THE MOLTEN BRONZE INTO THE MOULD.

No sooner do the bits of strange metal strike the molten copper than they melt away like pieces of snow thrown into boiling water. They only serve to slightly cool the fiery mass, which is now brought to even greater heat than at first by means of charcoal thrown into the crucibles, where it floats and burns white-hot like the rest upon the swimming bronze. To test the heat the workmen thrust in iron tools from time to time, long pokers they look like, and if any particle of the metal in the crucible sticks to the end when these are drawn out, it is seen that the bronze is still too thick, and must be given greater heat. When the pokers come out as clean as they went in, the men know that the bronze is ready for pouring.

Now all is ready—the metal, the mould, and the men, who stand about in strange dress waiting the word from Dominick. They are about to heave at a great load while scorched with such heat as few men could endure. Long pieces of carpet shield their bodies in front like thick aprons, while their arms, and hands, and even their shoes are wrapped in folds of canvas. Already their necks and faces show red with black streaks over their jerseys, and under the wide-brimmed felt hats, whose brims pull down as shields almost to their chin. Now, as a last precaution, each one dashes himself or his fellow with water; and then with a quick glance about him, Dominick, directing everything from a little distance, calls out, "Ready." Sometimes he says it in English, sometimes in French, for among the lifters there are Americans as well as Frenchmen.

Back goes the first cover, and braving the heat, Patrick Molloy thrusts down the huge iron tongs with nippers on the ends, big enough to encircle the crucible. Six feet long they are, these tongs, their two handles being joined midway by a heavy chain with an iron ring in the middle. To this ring John Power fastens an iron hook that hangs from the block and tackle above, and then hauls away, while Molloy clasps the crucible with the tongs and guides its course.

"Montez," calls out Dominick, "assez, ça y est."

The white-hot crucible, heavy with its load of fire, hangs a moment in mid-air, and is swung around and lowered into the shank, a heavy implement consisting of a circle of iron just large enough to receive and hold the tapering crucible, with double iron handles at either end three feet in length, so as to keep the men who lift as far as may be from the frightful heat. The shank is manned now by Constant Graffin and John Vion, whose muscles stand out as they move with their three-hundred-pound load, for the shank weighs forty pounds, and the bronze in the crucible at least two hundred pounds. Resting the glowing crucible on the ground, they tip it sideways, while Molloy, using another iron tool, skims off from the surface of the molten bronze the charcoal and impurities. Let them hold steady now, for it would go hard with some one should a careless movement spill that bucketful of bronze, as befell once, in 1890, when one of these very men, John Vion, had seventy pounds of molten brass poured over his right foot, caught in a treacherous grating—poured slowly for full two minutes before his comrades could rescue him; and sickening scars tell how cruel the metal was.

Like quicksilver the bronze shines now, cleaned of its dross, and the shank-bearers carry it to the nearest mould and stand ready to pour.

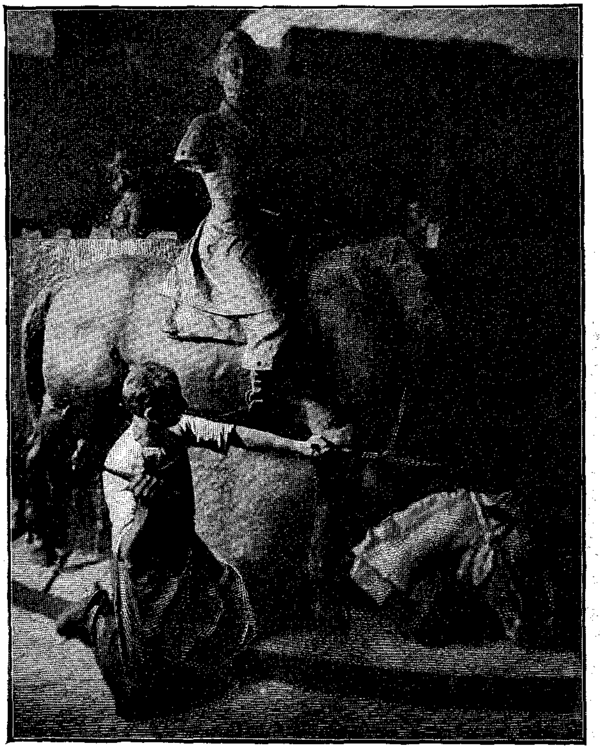
"All right," cries Dominick; and from the mouth of the crucible a heavy stream of bronze—it looks like a rope of fire—goes spitting into the openings in the sand. On the surface of the metal burn greenish flames; and from above the crucible, grown scarlet, rise grayish fumes, that spread through the foundry and take one in the throat. Four men work in the pouring—two at the shank, one hauling back the crucible from beneath with an iron implement and helping in the tipping, and the fourth keeping back from the outlet any impurities that may still remain. Dominick leans over, eyes intent on the glowing stream, ready to give the word. Five men in a circle of fire, suffering but enduring, sweat starting from every pore, faces red and black, heads turned sideways to save their eyes as much as may be —here, indeed, is a study in color!

"Hold up," calls out Dominick, "assez." And the men, nothing loath, withdraw. If there is bronze still in the crucible, they pass on to the next mould and pour it there; if not, they leave the empty crucible and return to the furnaces for another. In turn, all six are lifted and emptied, the men working quickly, as may be believed. Ten minutes suffice for even a large pouring, say a ton of bronze, for as much as that is sometimes required in statues of great size. In O'Donovan's twelve-foot Washington, not less than twenty-five hundred pounds of bronze were used.

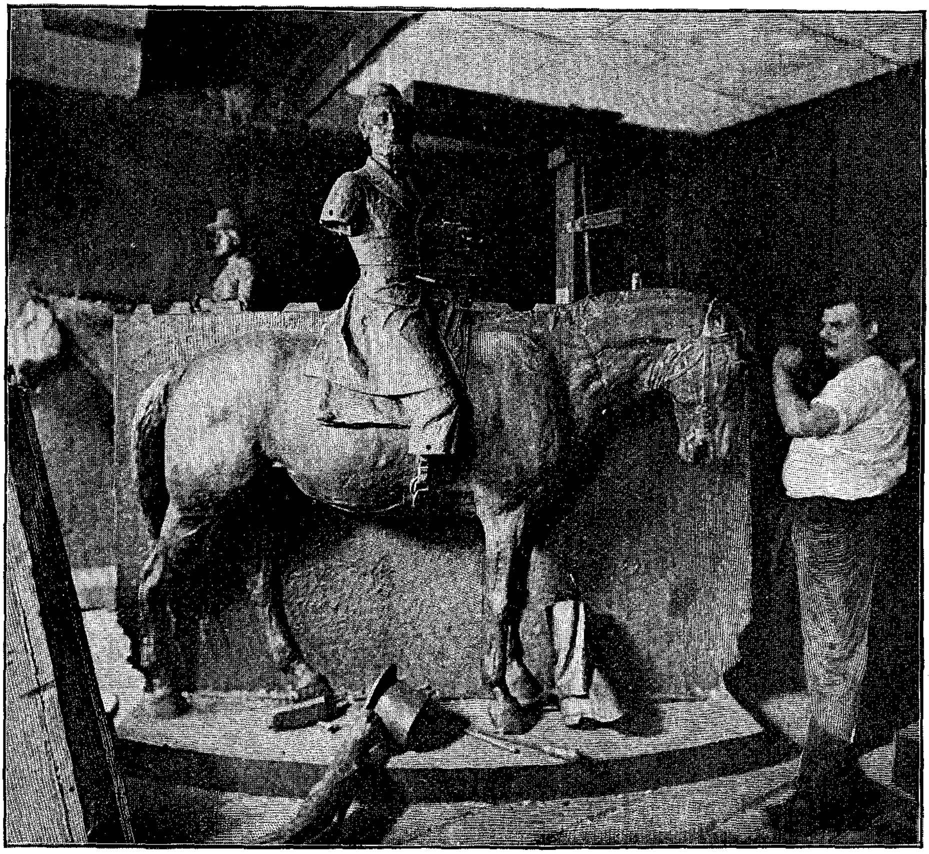
In each pouring I noticed that a white powder formed on the surface of the liquid bronze, this being due, of course, to its contact with the air. The workmen call this powder *calamine de cuivre*, and they attribute to it precious properties for curing affections of the eyes, and sometimes collect small quantities for friends or members of their families.

After a pouring, the bronze is left in the moulds until it has cooled sufficiently to allow them to be opened, the time required for this varying according to the size of the pieces. Small moulds may be safely taken apart within half an hour; while large ones, like those of the Lincoln and Grant statues, must be left untouched over night. Very curious is the appearance of a bronze casting immediately after the mould has been opened. Its surface is variegated with many colors, delicate tints of rose and silver-gray, deep purples, and blendings of green and yellow. This unexpected coloring is due to the rapid oxidation of the surface bronze while cooling. Could an artist preserve these colors and control their arrangement, some beautiful effects might be obtained.

What is done with the bronze pieces after taking them from the moulds, and chipping



SETTING UP THE BRONZE CASTING OF THE LINCOLN STATUE AND RIVETING THE SECTIONS TOGETHER.



SETTING UP THE BRONZE CASTING OF THE LINCOLN STATUE AND RIVETING THE SECTIONS TOGETHER. A SECOND VIEW.

away the bits of metal that filled the inlets and now adhere like tentacles, is to place them in "pickle" over night in a bath composed of vitriol and water. The bronze comes out of this the next morning clean and bright, and shining like gold. Then it is brought upstairs to the finishing department, where the seams are chiselled off and the matting process is gone through with; the mats being spikes of the best stub steel, which are struck against the bronze wherever any roughness shows, to bring back each perfect detail of the sculptor's modelling.

Next, the various portions of the casting are put together, there being as many as six or seven sections in large statues like the ones in question. In fastening the rivets, no particle of iron or steel is used, but only the best of bronze, so that every portion of the finished work shall offer equal resistance to the disintegrating influence of the atmosphere; and, as a further precaution against this danger, the finished statue is subjected to a process of "bronzing," as it is called, or oxidizing, which gives to the surface a uniform color, setting the tone that is to be preserved through centuries. Each founder has his own secret of "bronzing," the process consisting usually of applications of sulphur and acids until the desired coloring has been obtained. Then, to hold this fast and keep it from the air, the surface is spread over with a solution of beeswax, so thin as to be quite invisible, but sufficient for the purpose. It is claimed that if this process of bronzing is repeated every few years, statues may be preserved for an indefinite time without suffering any impairment in the beauty of their coloring or the surface finish. Each year will see them take on a deeper, richer coloring—that fine dark brown with golden glints in it that reminds one of the mellow coloring of a meerschaum pipe. Unless such precautions are taken, statues exposed to the air in all seasons will suffer sad changes in the lapse of time, turning black in places, while in other parts they will show an unpleasant mottling, taking on tints of green or reddish brown or soiled yellow, according to the quality of the air to which they are exposed.

GRANT AT PILOT KNOB.

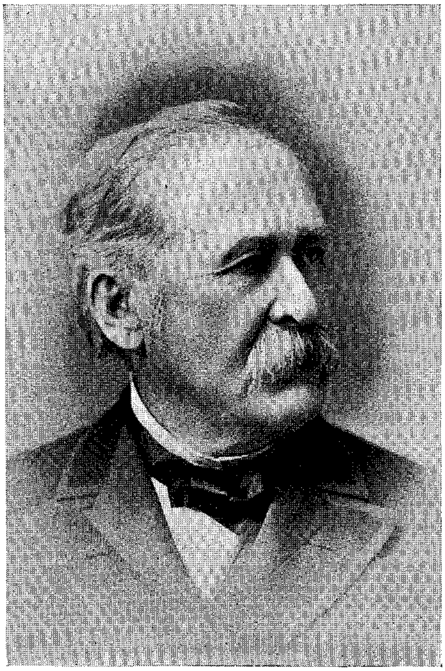
REMINISCENCE OF AN EARLY INTIMATE FRIEND OF GRANT'S.

By General John M. Thayer.

THE population of the Territory of Nebraska as shown by the national census of 1860 was a trifle over twenty-eight thousand. When President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for three hundred thousand men, I addressed a letter to General Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War, asking that one regiment be appointed to Nebraska. The request was complied with. We then set to work to raise the one regiment. We found it a very difficult task to secure one thousand men out of a population of twenty-eight thousand; but the task was accomplished, the necessary number secured, the officers were chosen, and the regiment was mustered into the service of the United States as the First Nebraska infantry. It was my good fortune to be commissioned as its colonel.

General Frémont was then in command of the Western department, which embraced Nebraska Territory, with his headquarters at St. Louis. Having procured arms for the regiment at Fort Leavenworth, I then telegraphed General Frémont that the command was ready for the field and asked for orders to come to the front. He was only too glad to get the regiment, and telegraphed me to come with it to St. Louis forthwith.

After I had been there several days Frémont sent for me, and, on my reporting to him, said he desired me to proceed to Pilot Knob that night with the regiment, adding that his scouts had just reported to him that the Confederate General Hardee (the author of Hardee's Tactics, which had been in use in the United States army and which we were then using), was marching northward with seven thousand men with the view of attacking Pilot Knob, which was then occupied by General Grant with three regiments, and that he desired to reënforce Grant as rapidly as possible. Pilot Knob—which, strictly speaking, was only a railroad station, the town being called Ironton—was then the end of the Iron Mountain Railroad, eighty miles south of St. Louis, and was regarded as one of the most important outposts in defence of St. Louis. If it should fall into the hands of the enemy, together with possession of the railroad, the safety of St. Louis would be seriously threatened.



GENERAL JOHN M. THAYER,

Defender of Nebraska against the Indians, twice governor of the State and a prominent general in the war.

A train of thirty-nine cars was made ready and the regiment was put aboard. We left St. Louis at midnight and arrived at Pilot Knob in the early gray of the morning. Inquiring for General Grant's headquarters, I was informed they were on the outskirts of the village, distant about a mile. Under a guide I made my way to a small unpainted farmhouse in front of which a sentinel was pacing his beat. A body of troops were camped in a field opposite. Upon my asking for Grant the sentinel pointed to the door of a room inside (the front door being open), and said, "Walk in."

HOW GRANT APPEARED IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR.

Entering, I found a man of small stature, with an ordinary felt hat upon his head, sitting at a small pine table writing and smoking a clay pipe. He received me very pleasantly and asked me to be seated while he finished writing his communication, which occupied some fifteen minutes or more. He then turned to me and asked several questions as to my regiment, its discipline, strength, etc., expressing great surprise that the small territory of Nebraska (small in population, though large in geographical extent), eight hundred miles up the Missouri River, on the borders of civilization, had been able to raise a regiment of a thousand men and send it to the front for the defence of the country; and he added, "How strangely the course of the people of the South in plunging into a fratricidal war contrasts with the course of your people; and when I read of officers of the army and navy, educated by the government at West Point and Annapolis, and under a solemn vow to be the defenders of the flag against all foes whatsoever, domestic or foreign, throwing up their commissions, going South and taking service under the banner of treason, it fills me with indignation. I have been educated by the government to be its defender, and my life is freely offered, if the sacrifice is needed." He was not only a soldier in the highest degree from a military standpoint, but was imbued with the loftiest and purest patriotism.

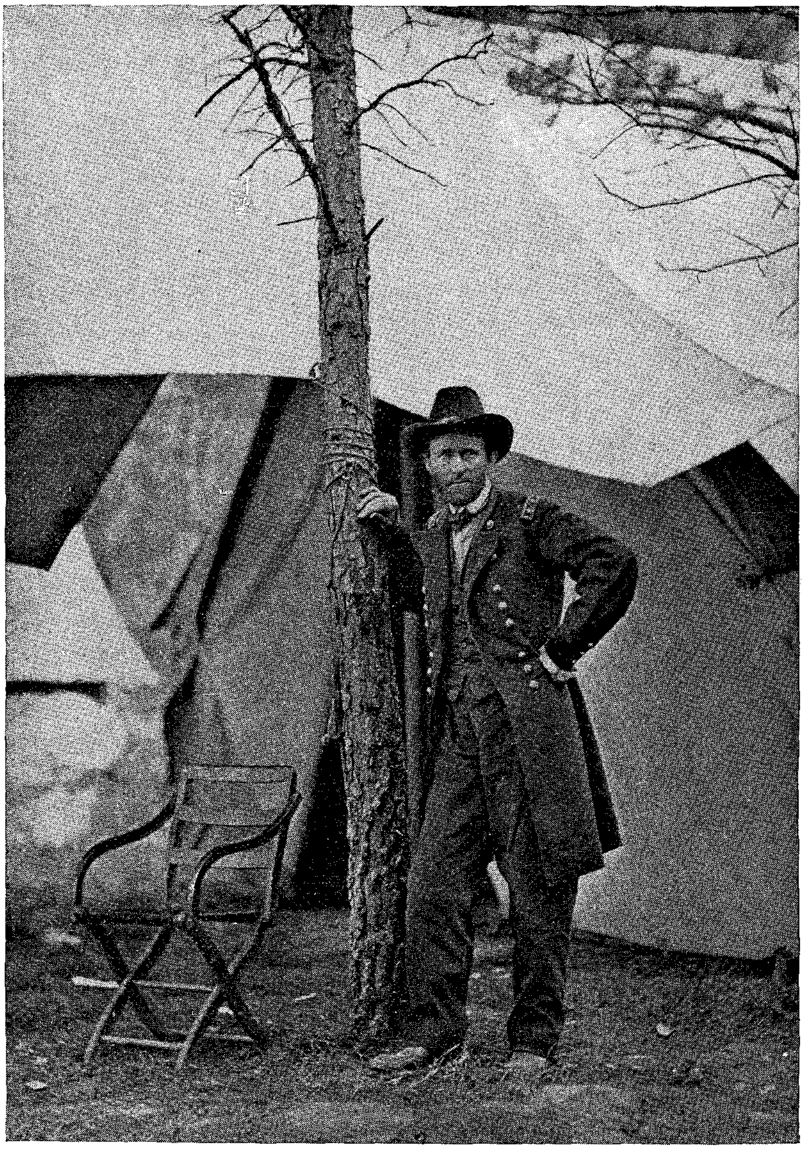
Grant was dressed in a suit of army blue flannel, very similar to the blue suits worn nowadays by the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, without any straps upon his shoulders, or any sign of rank about him. The complete absence of anything like show or ostentation was readily noticeable. I took a chair nearly opposite to the general, and almost immediately found myself scrutinizing that impassive face, the firm-set jaw, his calm and self-composed demeanor. Everything about him indicated unusual firmness and self-reliance. The more I studied him, the more interested I became.

Having now come under his command, and knowing he possessed the advantage of a military education, which I did not, and had had the experience of one war, while my experience was confined to defending the frontier of Nebraska in an irregular warfare against hostile Indians from 1855 to 1860, it was but natural that I should try to form some kind of an impression as to the manner of man he was. Thus I scanned him closely, and my conclusion at once was that here was a man who would be heard from.

As I arose to leave him, he suggested where to put my regiment into camp, and said he would visit us in the afternoon. About four o'clock he rode into camp on that clay-bank horse which became a familiar figure on several battlefields afterwards, and the officers of the regiment were presented to him. His calm, composed manner, united with a soldierly bearing, but entirely free from any pride or hauteur of command, impressed all of them very favorably. From that day I was brought into daily association with him while he remained at Pilot Knob, and the more I saw of him the stronger did my attachment to him become; for from that time on a friendship grew between us which became stronger with the years and was never dimmed nor interrupted till the soul of the great conqueror passed on. I may remark here—though I do it with hesitation, fearing it may have the appearance of boasting of my intimate relations with Grant—that it was my privilege to be favored with his confidence to an unusual degree. I was with him much during three periods of keen, bitter disappointment and great mental suffering resulting from the treatment he received from superior officers, and during these periods he knew he had my undivided friendship and devotion. One of them I will now describe.

GRANT'S SUDDEN RELIEF FROM COMMAND AT PILOT KNOB.

General Grant was rapidly reënforced by Frémont, so that he was able to take the field against Hardee, and was about to march on Greenville, twenty-five miles away, where the former then was with his forces, when General B. M. Prentiss of Illinois arrived at Ironton with orders to take command of that district, thus relieving Grant. Why he was thus summarily displaced by another he could not divine. Nothing had occurred to mar the friendly relations between him and Frémont, and the latter had not indicated any dissatisfaction with the course he was pursuing. He felt severely the humiliation of being thus recalled from his command, for which there was no apparent justification; and he



GENERAL GRANT BEFORE HIS HEADQUARTERS.

From a photograph by Brady.

was thoroughly cast down and dejected by the wholly unexpected change in his military position. It seemed to me he felt it more than the circumstances warranted. But, aside from the mortification he endured, there was another reason which added greatly to his disappointment and discomfiture. While preparing to move against Hardee and drive him out of that section or capture him, he was also preparing, when he had disposed of Hardee, to move across to Cape Girardeau with the purpose of crossing the Mississippi and establishing himself at Cairo, thus making that the base of future operations. I learned afterwards that at the very time of which I am writing Grant had in his mind the plans of campaigns on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers and down the Mississippi to Vicksburg, which he subsequently carried through. The fact of his being taken away from that theatre of the war added largely to his chagrin and disappointment.

The night after the arrival of Prentiss, Grant ordered an engine and one car to take him to St. Louis, and invited me to accompany him. We were the only occupants of the car. He was silent nearly the whole of the way, apparently brooding over his situation. We left Pilot Knob a little after midnight, reached St. Louis about the break of day, and repaired to the Planters House for breakfast. At nine o'clock he went to headquarters to report. In about three-quarters of an hour he returned and found me walking back and forth on the sidewalk in front of the hotel, and joined me, appearing more dispirited than before. He said he had received no satisfaction from Frémont as to why he was recalled, but that Frémont proposed to send him to Jefferson City to take command there. Having given some expression to his disappointment that his plans and hopes had been thus frustrated, after a pause he said:

"I do not want to go to Jefferson City. I do not want to go any further into Missouri. But of course I must obey orders."

He talked with me freely in regard to this trouble which had come upon him. He did not exhibit an angry spirit, did not utter a harsh word; but his feelings seemed to be deeply wounded. It was characteristic of Grant to put implicit confidence in one whom he believed to be his true friend, and it appeared to be a relief to him to talk with me of his trouble.

While thus walking back and forth, he said: "I wish I could get a leave of absence for five days, to enable me to go to Galena." Then turning to me with almost childlike simplicity he said, "Do you suppose General Frémont would give me such a leave?"

I replied, "I can conceive of no reason why he should not. There is no military movement of any magnitude on foot at present." Still taking a turn back and forth I added, "General, if I were in your place I would go back and ask him for the leave."

Reflecting on it for a few minutes, he then said: "I believe I will adopt your suggestion and will make the application."

GRANT MAKES AN IMPORTANT VISIT TO GALENA.

He immediately returned to headquarters and sought the leave. In a short time he was back at the hotel with a much more cheerful expression upon his countenance, and said he had obtained the desired order and should leave for Galena that night.

His family were living at Galena, and it was natural to me to believe his desire to see them prompted the visit. But little did I realize the vast consequences to him and to the country which would result from his securing that leave of absence and his making that visit at that particular time. Foreseeing that the great events of the war must inevitably take place east of the Mississippi River, and west of the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge as well as east of those mountains, he knew if he went further into Missouri he might be side-tracked in that State for six months, perhaps, or it might be for a year or more. He felt if he should remain there three months or so he would lose the important opportunity of his life. He would be taken away from the great theatre of the war; he would be absent from the fields where vast conflicts were to take place and brilliant victories were to be won, and would have no part or lot in them. Hence his aversion to being sent there. But after his leave expired he proceeded to Jefferson City, though he felt assured he would remain there but a short time, which proved to be the case.

His trip to Galena had produced results. In about ten days after he arrived at Jefferson City orders reached him from Frémont to repair to St. Louis without delay to receive special instructions. Reaching that city, he found his special instructions were to proceed to Ironton and assume command of the Southeast District of Missouri, which embraced a portion of southern Illinois, including Cairo.

Grant was thus restored to his old command from which he had been so abruptly removed a few weeks before. He now found himself on the right road to Cairo, a point he had been so anxious to reach and which was to be the starting point of the grand campaign which he had already planned and was soon to inaugurate.

THE TURNING-POINT IN GRANT'S CAREER.

That little period of time when we were walking back and forth in front of the Planters Hotel embraced the turning-point in Grant's career; and when he went back and asked for the leave of absence that he might go to Galena, and obtained it, he by that act settled his whole future military life. Had he remained in Missouri three or four months after the time of his arrival at Jefferson City to take command, the world in all probability would never have heard of the U. S. Grant whom it honors to-day. He would have filled a respectable position in Missouri, would have done his whole duty wherever he was, but he would have been absent from the scene where he could show of what stuff he was made. General Charles F. Smith, an associate of Grant's at West Point and an excellent officer, would have been in the lead at Cairo and southward till his death, just before the battle of Shiloh.

I supposed at the time, as I have said, that Grant's anxiety to visit Galena was prompted by a desire to see his family, but I subsequently learned that he had another object in view. Hon. Elihu B. Washburn, a strong and influential friend of President Lincoln and the member of Congress from that district, lived at Galena. When Grant was helping to organize a company of volunteers at Galena, and later when he went to Springfield and tendered his services to Governor Yates, Washburn had observed his activity and the good judgment displayed by him, and gave him his friendship and support. I found his real purpose in going to Galena was to secure the influence of Mr. Washburn in helping him on the way to Cairo, and he did not ask in vain; for in a brief space of time the order went from Washington to Frémont to place Grant in command of the District of Southeast Missouri, which included Cairo.

"A MAN BY THE NAME OF GRANT" CONSIDERED IN A CABINET MEETING.

Some time after the war I heard the following statement from Montgomery Blair, who was Postmaster-General under Mr. Lincoln: "One day in cabinet meeting Lincoln turned to the Secretary of War and said: 'Did we not receive a communication some time last spring from a man by the name of Grant, out at Springfield, Illinois, forwarded by Governor Yates, laying out a plan of campaign down the Mississippi?' The Secretary replied that he believed that such a paper was received. The President requested him to have it looked up, which was done, and it was read in cabinet meeting. It made a strong impression on all the members, Lincoln remarking that at the time it was received it had impressed him favorably; but in the multiplicity of cares it had been forgotten till now, when he had just received a communication from Representative Washburn of Illinois, calling his attention to General Grant and suggesting that he be sent to Cairo. Lincoln then said, 'Mr. Secretary, send an order to General Frémont to put Grant in command of the District of Southeast Missouri.'"

The desire of Grant's heart was now accomplished. He was in the position to commence that series of campaigns which, as they were unfolded, attracted the attention and admiration of the military critics of the civilized world, and meant Cairo, Paducah, Fort Henry, Fort Donaldson, Nashville, Memphis, and Vicksburg.

THE GLACIER STREAM.

BY MRS. T. H. HUXLEY.

THE glacier stream comes striding down
With roar and spring from echoing steeps,
Straight from the heights of yon snow crown,
Where, 'twixt ridged walls of gray and brown,
A serpent glacier downward creeps.

Bound fast in cold lies yonder snow,
In deep ravines, by rocky towers;
The sun's touch comes, and 'neath its glow
With shock of life transmuted flow,
In rushing streams, the crystal flowers.

O Love! Thou art that frozen snow;
Thy spirit sleeps, nor seeks its goal.
Be mine the love to shed the glow,
To loose the stream of feeling's flow,
And wake to life and light thy soul!

THE CAT AND THE KING.

A STORY.

By Stanley J. Weyman,

Author of "A Gentleman of France," "My Lady Rotha," etc.

IT was in the spring of the year 1609 that at the king's instance I had a suite of apartments fitted up for him at the Arsenal, that he might visit me whenever it pleased him, without putting my family to inconvenience. He honored me by using these rooms, which consisted of a hall, a chamber, a wardrobe, and a closet, two or three times in the course of that year, availing himself of my attendants and cook. On the occasion of his last visit he had been staying at Chantilly, and came to me from Lusarche, where he lay the intervening night. My coaches went to meet him at the gates a little before noon, but he did not immediately arrive; and being at leisure, and having assured myself that the dinner of twelve covers, which he had directed to be ready, was in course of preparation, I went with my wife to inspect his rooms and satisfy myself that everything was in order.

They were in charge of La Trape, a man of address and intelligence. He met me at the door and conducted us through the rooms with an air of satisfaction; nor could I find the slightest fault, until my wife, looking about her with a woman's eye for minute things, paused by the bed in the chamber, and directed my attention to something on the floor.

She stooped over it. "What is this?" she asked. "Has something been——"

"Upset here?" I said, looking also. There was a little pool of white liquid on the floor beside the bed.

La Trape uttered an exclamation of annoyance, and explained that he had not seen it before, that it had not been there five minutes earlier, and that he did not know how it came to be there now.

"What is it?" I said, looking about for some pitcher that might have overflowed, but finding none. "Is it milk?"

"I don't know, your excellency," he answered. "But it shall be removed at once."

"See that it is," I said. "Are the boughs in the fireplace fresh?" For the weather was still warm, and we had not lit a fire.

"Yes, your excellency; quite fresh."

"Well, see to that, and remove it," I said, pointing to the mess. "It looks ill."

And with that the matter passed from my mind; the more completely as I heard at that moment the sound of the king's approach, and went into the court-yard to receive him. He dined well, and after dinner amused himself with seeing the young men ride at the ring, and even rode a course himself with his usual skill; that being, if I remember rightly, the last occasion on which I ever saw him take a lance. After supper, pronouncing himself tired, he dismissed all, and retired with me to his chamber. Here we had some talk; but about eleven o'clock he yawned, and, after thanking me for a reception which, he said, was quite to his mind, he bade me go to bed.

I was half way to the door when he called me back. "Why, Grand Master," he said, pointing to the little table by the head of the bed on which his night drinks stood, "you might be going to drown me. Do you expect me to drink all these in the night?"

"I think that there is only your posset, sire," I said, "and the lemon-water, which you generally drink."

"And two or three other things?"

"Perhaps they have given your Majesty some of the Arbois wine that you were good enough to——"

"Tut-tut!" he said, lifting the cover of one of the cups. "This is not wine. It may be a milk-posset."

"Yes, sire; very likely," I said drowsily.

"But it is not," he answered, when he had smelled it. "It is plain milk. Come, my friend," he continued, looking drolly at me, "have you turned leech, or I babe in arms, that you put such strong liquors before me? However, to show you that I have some childish tastes left, and am not so depraved as you have been trying to make me out for the last hour, I will drink your health in it. It would serve you right if I made you pledge me in the same liquor."

The cup was at his lips when I sprang forward and, heedless of ceremony, caught his arm. "Pardon, sire!" I cried, in sudden agitation. "If that is milk, I gave no order that it should be placed here, and I know nothing of its origin. I beg that you will not drink it until I have made some inquiry."

"They have all been tasted?" he asked, still holding the cup in his hand, with the lid raised, but looking at it gravely.

"They should have been," I answered. "But La Trape, whom I made answerable for that, is outside. I will go and question him. If you will wait, sire, a moment——"

"No," Henry said. "Have him here."

I gave the order to the pages who were waiting outside, and in a moment La Trape appeared, looking startled and uncomfortable. Naturally, his first glance was given to the king, who had taken his seat on the edge of the bed, but still held the cup in his hand. After asking the king's permission, I said: "What drinks did you place on the table, here, sirrah?"

He looked more uncomfortable at this, but he answered boldly enough that he had served a posset, some lemon-water, and some milk.

"But orders were given only for the lemon-water and the posset," I said.

"True, your excellency," he answered. "But when I went to the pantry hatch, to see the under-butler carry up the tray, I found that the milk was on the tray; and I supposed that you had given another order."

"Possibly Madame de Sully," the king said, looking at me, "gave the order to add it?"

"She would not presume to do so, sire," I answered sternly. "Nor do I in the least understand the matter. But at one thing we can easily arrive. You tasted all of these, man?"

La Trape said he had.

"You drank a quantity, a substantial quantity of each, according to the orders given to you?" I persisted.

"Yes, your excellency."

But I caught a guilty look in his eyes, and in a gust of rage I cried out that he lied. "The truth!" I thundered, in a terrible voice. "The truth, you villain! You did not taste all?"

"I did, your excellency; as God is above, I did!" he answered. But he had grown pale, and he looked at the king in a terrified way.

"You did?"

"Yes."

Yet I did not believe him, and I was about to give him the lie again, when the king intervened. "Quite so," he said to La Trape, with a smile. "You drank, my good fellow, of the posset and the lemon-water, and you tasted the milk, but you did not drink of it. Is not that the whole truth?"

"Yes, sire," he whimpered, breaking down. "But I—I gave some to a cat."

"And the cat is no worse?"

"No, sire."

"There, Grand Master," the king said, turning to me, "that is the truth, I think. What do you say to it?"

"That the rest is simple," I answered grimly. "He did not drink it before, but he will drink it now, sire."

The king, sitting on the bed, laughed and looked at La Trape, as if his good nature almost led him to interpose. But after a moment's hesitation he thought better of it, and handed me the cup. "Very well," he said; "he is your man. Have your way with him. After all, he should have drunk it."

"He shall drink it now, or be broken on the wheel!" I said. "Do you hear, you?" I continued, turning to him in a white heat of rage at the thought of his negligence, and the price it might have cost me. "Take it, and beware that you do not drop or spill it. For I swear that that shall not save you!"

He took the cup with a pale face, and hands that shook so much that he needed both to support the vessel. He hesitated, too, so long that had I not possessed the best of reasons for believing in his fidelity I should have suspected him of more than negligence. The shadow of his tall figure seemed to waver on the tapestry behind him, and with a little imagination I might have thought that the lights in the room had sunk. The soft whispering of the pages outside could be heard, and a stifled laugh; but inside there was not a sound. He carried the cup to his lips, then he lowered it again.

I took a step forward.

He recoiled a pace, his face ghastly. "Patience, excellency," he said hoarsely. "I shall drink it. But I want to speak first."

"Speak!" the king answered.

"If there is death in it, I take God to witness that I know nothing, and knew nothing. There is some witch's work here; it is not the first time that I have come across this devil's milk to-day. But I take God to witness I know nothing. Now it is here I will drink it——"

He did not finish the sentence, but, drawing a deep breath, raised the cup to his lips. I saw the apple in his throat rise and fall with the effort he made to swallow, but he drank so slowly that it seemed to me that he would never drain the cup. Nor did he; for when he had swallowed, as far as I could judge from the tilting of the cup, about half of the milk, Henry rose suddenly, and, seizing it, took it from him with his own hand.

"That will do," the king said. "Do you feel ill?"

La Trape drew a trembling hand across his brow, on which the sweat stood in beads; but instead of answering he remained silent, gazing fixedly before him. We waited and watched, and at length, when I should think three minutes had elapsed, he changed his position for one of greater ease, and I saw his face relax. The unnatural pallor faded, and the open lips closed. A minute later he spoke. "I feel nothing, sire," he said.

The king looked at me drolly. "Then take five minutes more," he said. "Go, and stare at Judith there, cutting off the head of Holofernes"—for that was the story of the tapestry—"and come when I call you."

La Trape went to the other end of the chamber. "Well," the king said, inviting me by a sign to sit down beside him, "is it a comedy or a tragedy, my friend? Or, tell me, what was it he meant when he said that about the other milk?"

I explained, the matter seeming so trivial now that I came to tell it—though it had doubtless contributed much to La Trape's fright—that I had to apologize.

"Still it is odd," the king said. "These drinks were not here at that time, of course?"

"No, sire; they have been brought up within the hour."

"Well, your butler must explain it." And with that he raised his voice and called La Trape back, who came looking red and sheepish.

"Not dead yet?" the king said.

"No, sire."

"Nor ill?"

"No, sire."

"Then begone. Or, stay!" Henry continued. "Throw the rest of this stuff into the fireplace. It may be harmless, but I have no mind to drink it by mistake."

La Trape emptied the cup among the green boughs that filled the hearth, and hastened to withdraw. It seemed to be too late to make further inquiries that night; so after listening to two or three explanations which the king hazarded, but which had all too fanciful an air in my eyes, I took my leave and retired.

I found it impossible to sleep, and spent the greater part of the night in a fever of fears and forebodings. The responsibility which the king's presence cast upon me lay so heavily upon my waking mind that I could not lie; and long before the king's usual hour of rising I was at his door, inquiring how he did. No one knew, for the page whose turn it was to sleep at his feet had not come out; but while I stood questioning, the king's voice was heard, bidding me enter. I went in and found him sitting up with a haggard face, which told me, before he spoke, that he had slept little better than I had. The shutters were thrown wide open, and the cold morning light poured into the room with an effect rather sombre than bright, the huge figures on the tapestry looming huger from a drab and melancholy background, and the chamber presenting all those features of disorder that in a sleeping-room lie hid at night, only to show themselves in a more vivid shape in the morning.

The king sent his page out, and bade me sit by him. "I have had a bad night," he said, with a shudder.

Seeing the state in which he was, I could think of nothing better than to rally him, and even laugh at him. "You think so now, sire," I said. "It is the cold hour. By and by, when you have broken your fast, you will think differently."

"But, it may be, less correctly," he answered; and as he sat looking before him with gloomy eyes, he heaved a deep sigh. "My friend," he said mournfully, "I want to live, and I am going to die."

"Of what?" I asked gayly.

"I do not know; but I dreamed last night that a house fell on me in the Rue de la Ferronnerie, and I cannot help thinking that I shall die in that way."

"Very well," I said. "It is well to know that."

He asked me peevishly what I meant.

"Only," I explained, "that, in that case, as your Majesty need never pass through that street, you have it in your hands to live forever."

"Perhaps it may not happen there—in that very street," he answered.

"And perhaps it may not happen yet," I rejoined. And then, more seriously, "Come, sire," I continued, "why this sudden weakness? I have known you face death a hundred times."

"But not after such a dream as I had last night," he said, with a grimace—yet I could see that he was already comforted. "I thought that I was passing along that street in my coach, and on a sudden, between Saint

Innocent's Church and the notary's—there is a notary's there?"

"Yes, sire," I said, somewhat surprised.

"I heard a great roar, and something struck me down, and I found myself pinned to the ground, in darkness, with my mouth full of dust, and an immense beam on my chest. I lay for a time in agony, fighting for breath, and then my brain seemed to burst in my head, and I awoke."

"I have had such a dream, sire," I said dryly.

"Last night?"

"No," I said, "not last night."

He saw what I meant, and laughed; and being by this time quite himself, left that and passed to discussing the strange affair of La Trape and the milk. "Have you found, as yet, who was good enough to supply it?" he asked.

"No, sire," I answered; "but I will see La Trape, and as soon as I have learned anything, your Majesty shall know it."

"I suppose he is not far off now," he suggested. "Send for him. Ten to one he will have made inquiries, and it will amuse us."

I went to the door and, opening it a trifle, bade the page who waited send La Trape. He passed on the message to a crowd of sleepy attendants, and quickly, but not before I had gone back to the king's bedside, La Trape entered.

Having my eyes turned the other way, I did not at once remark anything. But the king did; and his look of astonishment, no less than the exclamation which accompanied it, arrested my attention. "Saint Gris, man!" he cried. "What is the matter? Speak!"

La Trape, who had stopped just within the door, made an effort to do so, but no sound passed his lips; while his pallor and the fixed glare of his eyes filled me with the worst apprehensions. It was impossible to look at him and not share his fright, and I stepped forward and cried out to him to speak. "Answer the king, man," I said. "What is it?"

He made an effort, and with a ghastly grimace, "The cat is dead!" he said.

For a moment we were all silent. Then I looked at the king, and he at me, with gloomy meaning in our eyes. He was the first to speak. "The cat to whom you gave the milk?" he said.

"Yes, sire," La Trape answered, in a voice that seemed to come from his heart.

"But still, courage!" the king cried. "Courage, man! A dose that would kill a cat may not kill a man. Do you feel ill?"

"Oh, yes, sire," La Trape moaned.

"What do you feel?"

"I have a trembling in all my limbs, and ah—ah, my God, I am a dead man! I have a burning here—a pain like hot coals in my vitals!" And, leaning against the wall, the unfortunate man clasped his arms round his body, and bent himself up and down in a paroxysm of suffering.

"A doctor! a doctor!" Henry cried, thrusting one leg out of bed. "Send for du Laurens!" Then, as I went to the door to do so, "Can you be sick, man?" he asked. "Try!"

"No, no; it is impossible!"

"But try, try! When did this cat die?"

"It is outside," La Trape groaned. He could say no more.

I had opened the door by this time, and found the attendants, whom the man's cries had alarmed, in a cluster round it. Silencing them sternly, I bade one go for Monsieur du Laurens, the king's physician, while another brought me the cat that was dead.

The page who had spent the night in the king's chamber fetched it. I told him to bring it in, and ordering the others to let the doctor pass when he arrived, I closed the door upon their curiosity, and went back to the king. He had left his bed and was standing near La Trape, endeavoring to hearten him; now telling him to tickle his throat with a feather, and now watching his sufferings in silence, with a face of gloom and despondency that sufficiently betrayed his reflections. At sight of the page, however, carrying the dead cat, he turned briskly, and we both examined the beast, which, already rigid, with staring eyes and uncovered teeth, was not a sight to cheer any one, much less the stricken man. La Trape, however, seemed to be scarcely aware of its presence. He had sunk upon a chest which stood against the wall, and, with his body strangely twisted, was muttering prayers, while he rocked himself to and fro unceasingly.

"It's stiff," the king said in a low voice. "It has been dead some hours."

"Since midnight," I muttered.

"Pardon, sire," the page who was holding the cat said; "I saw it after midnight. It was alive then."

"You saw it!" I exclaimed. "How? Where?"

"Here, your excellency," the boy answered, quailing a little.

"What? In this room?"

"Yes, excellency. I heard a noise about—I think about two o'clock—and his Majesty breathing very heavily. It was a noise like a cat spitting. It frightened me, and I rose from my pallet and went round the bed. I was just in time to see the cat jump down."

"From the bed?"

"Yes, your excellency. From his Majesty's chest, I think."

"Are you sure that it was this cat?"

"Yes, sire; for as soon as it was on the floor it began to writhe and roll and bite itself, with all its fur on end, like a mad cat. Then it flew to the door and tried to get out, and again began to spit furiously. I thought that it would awaken the king, and I let it out."

"And then the king did awake?"

"He was just awaking, your excellency."

"Well, sire," I said, smiling, "this accounts, I think, for your dream of the house that fell, and the beam that lay on your chest."

It would have been difficult to say whether at this the king looked more foolish or more relieved. Whichever the sentiment he entertained, however, it was quickly cut short by a lamentable cry that drove the blood from our cheeks. La Trape was in another paroxysm. "Oh, the poor man!" Henry cried.

"I suppose that the cat came in unseen," I said, "with him last night, and then stayed in the room?"

"Doubtless."

"And was seized with a paroxysm here?"

"Such as he has now," Henry answered; for La Trape had fallen to the floor. "Such as he has now," he repeated, his eyes flaming, his face pale. "Oh, my friend, this is too much! Those who do these things are devils, not men. Where is du Laurens? Where is the doctor? He will perish before our eyes."

"Patience, sire," I said. "He will come."

"But in the meantime the man dies."

"No, no," I said, going to La Trape, and touching his hand. "Yet he is very cold." And turning, I sent the page to hasten the doctor. Then I begged the king to allow me to have the man conveyed into another room. "His sufferings distress you, sire, and you do him no good," I said.

"No, he shall not go," he answered. "Ventre Saint Gris! man, he is dying for me! He is dying in my place. He shall die here."

Still ill satisfied, I was about to press him further, when La Trape raised his voice, and feebly asked for me. A page who had taken the other's place was supporting his head, and two or three of my gentlemen, who had come in unbidden, were looking on with scared faces. I went to the poor fellow's side and asked what I could do for him.

"I am dying," he muttered, turning up his eyes. "The doctor! the doctor!"

I feared that he was passing, but I bade him have courage. "In a moment he will be here," I said; while the king, in distraction, sent messenger on messenger.

"He will come too late," the sinking man answered. "Excellency?"

"Yes, my good fellow," I said, stooping that I might hear the better.

"I took ten pistoles yesterday from a man to get him a scullion's place, and there is none vacant."

"It is forgiven," I said, to soothe him.

"And your excellency's favorite hound Diane," he gasped. "She had three puppies, not two. I sold the other."

"Well, it is forgiven, my friend. It is forgiven. Be easy," I said kindly.

"Ah, I have been a villain," he groaned. "I have lived loosely. Only last night I kissed the butler's wench, and——"

"Be easy, be easy," I said. "Here is the doctor. He will save you yet."

I made way for Monsieur du Laurens, who, having saluted the king, knelt down by the sick man and felt his pulse, while we all stood round, looking down on the two with grave faces. It seemed to me that the man's eyes were growing dim, and I had little hope. The king was the first to break the silence. "You have hope?" he said. "You can save him?"

"Pardon, sire, a moment," the physician answered, rising from his knees. "Where is the cat?"

Some one brought it, and Monsieur du Laurens, after looking at it, said curtly: "It has been poisoned."

La Trape uttered a groan of despair. "At what hour did it take the milk?" the physician asked.

"A little before ten last evening," I said, seeing that La Trape was too far gone for speech.

"Ah! And the man?"

"An hour later."

Du Laurens shook his head, and was preparing to lay down the cat, which he had taken in his hands, when some appearance led him to examine it again and more closely. "Why what is this?" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, as he took the body to the window. "There is a large swelling under its chin."

No one answered.

"Give me a pair of scissors," he continued; and then, after a minute, when they had been handed to him, and he had removed the fur, "Ha!" he said gravely, "this is not so simple as I thought. The cat has been poisoned by a prick with some sharp instrument."

The king uttered an exclamation of incredulity. "But it drank the milk," he said. "Some milk that——"

"Pardon, sire," du Laurens answered positively. "A draught of milk, however drugged, does not produce an external swelling with a small blue puncture in the middle."

"What does?" the king asked, with something like a sneer.

"Ah, that is the question," the physician answered. "A ring, perhaps, with a poison-chamber and hollow dart."

"But there is no question of that here," I said. "Let us be clear. Do you say that the cat did not die of the milk?"

"I see no proof that it did," he answered. "And many things to show that it died of poison administered by puncture."

"But, then," I answered, in no little confusion of thought, "what of La Trape?"

He turned, and with him all eyes, to the unfortunate equerry, who still lay seemingly moribund, with his head propped on some cushions. Monsieur du Laurens advanced to him and again felt his pulse, an operation which appeared to bring a slight tinge of color to the fading cheeks. "How much milk did he drink?" the physician asked after a pause.

"More than half a pint," I answered.

"And what besides?"

"A quantity of the king's posset and a little lemonade."

"And for supper? What did you have?" the leech continued, addressing himself to his patient.

"I had some wine," he answered feebly; "and a little Frontignac with the butler, and some honey-mead that the gypsy wench gave me."

"The gypsy wench?"

"The butler's girl of whom I spoke."

Monsieur du Laurens rose slowly to his feet, and, to my amazement, dealt the prostrate man a hearty kick, bidding him at the same time to rise. "Get up, fool! Get up," he continued harshly, yet with a ring of triumph in his voice; "all you have got is the colic, and it is no more than you deserve. Get up, I say, and beg his Majesty's pardon."

"But," the king remonstrated in a tone of anger, "the man is dying."

"He is no more dying than you are, sire," the other answered. "Or, if he is, it is of fright. There, he can stand as well as you or I."

And, to be sure, as he spoke, La Trape scrambled to his feet, and with a mien between shame and doubt stood staring at us, the very picture of a simpleton. It was no wonder that his jaw fell and his impudent face burned; for the room shook with such a roar of laughter, at first low, and then, as the king joined in it, swelling louder and louder, as few of us had ever heard. Though I was not a little mortified by the way in which we had deceived ourselves, I could not help joining in the laugh, particularly as the more closely we reviewed the scene in which we had taken part, the more absurd seemed the jest. It was long before silence could be obtained; but at length Henry, quite exhausted by the violence of his mirth, held up his hand. I seized the opportunity.

"Why, you rascal!" I said, addressing La Trape, who did not know which way to look, "where are the ten crowns of which you defrauded the scullion?"

"To be sure," the king said, going off into another roar. "And the third puppy?"

"Yes," I said, "you scoundrel; and the third puppy?"

"Ay, and the gypsy girl?" the king continued. "The butler's wench, what of her? And of your evil living? Begone, begone, rascal!" he continued, falling into a fresh paroxysm, "or you will kill us in earnest. Would nothing else do for you but to die in my chamber? Begone!"

I took this as a hint to clear the room, not only of La Trape himself, but of all; and presently only I and du Laurens remained with the king. It then appeared that there was still a mystery, and one which it behooved us to clear up, inasmuch as du Laurens took the cat's death very seriously, insisting that it had died of poison administered in a most sinister fashion, and one that could not fail to recall to our minds the Borgian popes. It needed no more than this to direct my suspicions to the Florentines who swarmed about the queen, and against whom the king had let drop so many threats. But an indisposition under which I was suffering, but which excitement had for a time kept at bay, began to return upon me, and I was presently glad to drop the subject and retire to my own apartments, leaving the king to dress.

Consequently, I was not with him when the strange discovery which followed was made. In the ordinary course of dressing, one of the servants, going to the fireplace to throw away a piece of waste linen, thought that he heard a rat stir among the boughs. He moved them, and in a moment a small snake crawled out, hissing and darting out its tongue. It was killed, and then it at once occurred to the king that he had the secret of the cat's death. He came to me hot-foot with the news, and found me with du Laurens, who was in the act of ordering me to bed.

I confess that I heard the story almost with apathy, so ill was I. Not so the physician. After examining the snake, which, by the king's orders, had been brought for my inspection, he pronounced that it was not of French origin. "It has escaped from some snake-charmer," he said.

The king seemed to be incredulous.

"I assure you that I speak the truth, sire," du Laurens persisted.

"But how then did it come in my room?"

"That is what I should like to know, sire," the physician answered severely; "and yet I think that I can guess. It was put there, I fancy, by the person who sent up the milk to your chamber."

"Why do you say so?" Henry asked.

"Because, sire, all snakes are inordinately fond of milk."

"Ah," the king said slowly, with a change of countenance, and a shudder which he could not repress; "and there was milk on the floor in the morning."

"Yes, sire; on the floor, and beside the head of your bed."

But at this stage I was attacked by a fit of illness so severe that I had to break in on the discussion, and beg the king to withdraw. The sickness increased on me during the day, and by noon I was prostrate, neither taking interest in anything, nor allowing others, who began to fear for my life, to divert their attention. After twenty-four hours I began to mend, but still several days elapsed before I was able to devote myself to business; and then I found that, the master-mind being absent, and the king, as always, lukewarm in the pursuit, nothing had been done to detect and punish the criminal.

I could not rest easy, however, with so abominable a suspicion attaching to my house, and as soon as I could bend my mind to the matter I began an inquiry. At the first stage, however, I came to an *impasse*; the butler, who had been long in my service, cleared himself without difficulty, but a few questions discovered the fact that a person who had been in his department on the evening in question was now to seek, having, indeed, disappeared from that time. This was the gypsy girl whom La Trape had mentioned, and whose presence in my household seemed to need the more elucidation the farther I pushed the inquiry. In the end I had the butler punished; but though my agents sought the girl through Paris, and even traced her to Meaux, she was never discovered.

The affair, at the king's instance, was not made public; nevertheless, it gave him so strong a distaste for the Arsenal that he did not again visit me, nor use the rooms I had prepared. That later, when the first impression wore off, he would have done so, is probable; but, alas! within a few months the malice of his enemies prevailed over my utmost precautions, and robbed me of the best of masters; strangely enough, as all the world now knows, at the corner of that very Rue de la Ferronnerie which he had seen in his dream.

THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE" IN THE DRAFT RIOTS.

THE STORY OF A MEMBER OF THE STAFF WHO ASSISTED IN ARMING THE "TRIBUNE" OFFICE.

By James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke").

IN July, 1863, General Lee had invaded Pennsylvania, John Morgan was riding roughshod over Ohio, and President Lincoln had called for another half million of men to aid in suppressing the Southern Confederacy. Congress had passed an injudicious law exempting from the operation of the draft all who should pay into the treasury the sum of three hundred dollars. Discontent was almost universal, and it was systematically fomented, especially in New York City, by a class of "pot-house politicians," who, haranguing in barrooms and on street corners, declared that the draft was unconstitutional, that no allowance had been made for seven thousand men who had recently been sent from New York City to repel Lee's advance into Pennsylvania, and that it bore with peculiar oppressiveness upon the poor man. Blind to the gathering storm, the government, after denuding New York City of all but three hundred troops, went on with the enrolment; and on Saturday, the 11th of July, began the draft in the Ninth District. Twelve hundred and thirty-six names were drawn, but no trouble occurred. Early in the morning of Sunday, though, throngs of excited men began to crowd the hotels and barrooms in the locality where the draft was to continue on the morrow. Gathering in little knots, they denounced the conscription, and openly talked of attacking the drafting officers. Mingling among them were men in common, and in some instances shabby, clothing, but whose speech indicated cultivation, and whose hands showed them unused to labor. They advised concert of action, and the gathering together of clubs, fence-rails, stones, rusty guns, and every variety of offensive weapon, to be secreted in convenient places, in readiness for a grand outbreak on the morrow. In the evening excited crowds paraded the streets, singing and shouting; but towards midnight they dispersed, leaving New York to its usual quiet.

About three o'clock on the following morning (Monday), Sidney Howard Gay, the managing editor of the "Tribune," having finished his work on Monday's paper, left his office in the dingy building then standing on the corner of Spruce and Nassau Streets, and boarded a street car to go to his up-town lodgings. The driver on the platform said to him: "Stirrin' times, sir. Fa'th, an' ye'll have something to talk about to-morrow."

"How so? What do you mean?"

"Nothing; only a mob will resist the draft to-morrow, and New York will see the biggest riot in history."

Mr. Gay went to his lodgings, and slept quietly until nine o'clock on the following morning. Then he arose, took a hasty breakfast, and went out upon the avenue. The stores were closed, the streets deserted, but excited crowds were gathered on every corner. This recalled to him the words of the car-driver. Evidently a storm was brewing, and, it might be, it was about to break in a torrent of bloody rain on the defenceless city. His post was with the "Tribune"; so he boarded a street car, and two hours before his usual time entered his office, two miles away, all unconscious of the high havoc already reigning in the upper part of the city.

Soon tidings came in to him that the enrolment offices had been sacked and burned, and all uptown was in the control of an infuriated mob. Meanwhile, an excited crowd had gathered in Printing House Square, that was being harangued by a Virginian named Andrews, who denounced the "Tribune" in violent language, and raised his hands with threatening gestures to those who were looking down from the windows of the editorial rooms. While he did so, there rose every now and then from the crowd a cry

Note.—It is proper to state that many of the facts incorporated in this article were derived from Sidney Howard Gay, and that it was read to him by his daughter, during his last illness, who then made, at his dictation, several additions to it. It may therefore be regarded as the joint production of Mr. Gay, Mr. James Parton, and the writer.

of: "Down with the 'Trybune'!" "Down with the old white coat what thinks a naygar as good as an Irishman."

These ominous storm gatherings Mr. Gay reported to Mr. Greeley on his arrival, soon afterwards, in the editorial rooms, adding: "The authorities have taken no steps for our defence. The 'Evening Post' has armed its building; we must do the same, if it is to be saved. This is not a riot, but a revolution."

"It looks like it," said Mr. Greeley; "it is just what I have expected, and I have no doubt they will hang *me;* but I want no arms brought into the building. We must rely upon the authorities, and submit to our fate, if no help comes from them."

PROTECTION SOUGHT FOR THE "TRIBUNE" OFFICE.

Saying this, he put his arm within that of the editor of the "Independent," who was present, and went away to his dinner. Crowds of excited people were in Printing House Square, but the two editors passed them in safety. An hour or two later Mr. Gay set out to find Mr. George Opdyke, the mayor, and to demand of him the protection of the authorities; but while he was in pursuit of that official, one of those trifling incidents occurred which now and then save nations and printing offices.

Two gentlemen, having heard uptown of the danger threatening the "Tribune," had left their homes to give it warning, and they met in the business office of the great newspaper. There they learned from Mr. Samuel Sinclair, the publisher, that Mr. Greeley had gone away, enjoining that no arms should be provided to defend the premises. Neither of them had any pecuniary interest in the establishment, but both felt that a blow aimed at the "Tribune" was aimed equally at free speech; and one of them said to the other: "The 'Tribune' editor is wrong; let us arm the building on our own responsibility."

This proposition was assented to, and the two gentlemen—one of whom was James Parton the biographer, the other the writer of this sketch—repaired at once to the police and military headquarters. At the central police station, in Mulberry Street, they found a body of one hundred and ten policemen drawn up on the sidewalk. These men they induced Commissioner Acton to order to proceed at once, under Inspector "Dan" Carpenter, to Printing House Square; and then they repaired to the headquarters of General Wool, at the St. Nicholas Hotel. They found the old veteran—then in his eightieth year—surrounded by Mayor Opdyke and a score of other officials, all of whom were in a state bordering on consternation. They demanded of the old general a hundred muskets with which to arm the "Tribune" building, but he objected on the ground that, taken from any of the armories, the muskets would surely be seized by the rioters; yet, the visitors persisting in their demand, he finally gave a requisition for the required arms on the commandant at Governor's Island. With this in my hand, I at once set out for the island, while Mr. Parton returned to report progress at the "Tribune" office.

While there he witnessed an attack of the mob on the building, during which it was for all of five minutes at their mercy—the squad of a hundred and ten police having been drawn off by a false report from Wall Street. In this brief time the mob gutted the first story and set fire to the building, but it was driven off, before it had fully accomplished its purpose, by the opportune return of Inspector Carpenter's men, who soon extinguished the fire and completely cleared Printing House Square of the rioters. Meanwhile, Mr. Gay had heard that the mayor was at General Wool's headquarters, and, repairing there, he demanded of him and the general muskets to arm the "Tribune," but he met with a curt refusal. The general said that he had already given an order to a couple of importunate gentlemen from either the "Tribune" or the "Herald" office; but he should give no more, as the arms might fall into the hands of the rioters. The confusion in the streets had gotten into the head of the old general, and he had done what no one else ever did—confounded the "Tribune" with the "Herald."

THE MOB ATTACKS THE "TRIBUNE" BUILDING.

As he went down Broadway, Mr. Gay heard that the "Tribune" building had been sacked and burned; but he kept on his way, and in half an hour reached the office, not long after the police had driven off the rear guard of the rioters. Entering the lower story he came upon a scene which beggared description. In the five minutes they were in possession, the mob had accomplished the most thorough destruction. Not a fixture nor an article of furniture remained in its proper position. Gas-burners had been twisted off, counters torn up, doors and windows battered in;

and, in the centre of the room, two charred spots, littered over with paper cinders, showed where fire had been kindled to reduce the building to ashes.*

Ascending to the upper stories he found the editorial rooms silent and deserted by all save one of the corps—the brave George W. Smalley, who, a year before, had ridden through the fire of Antietam by the side of Hooker. The composing-rooms had only four tenants—Amos J. Cummings, then a practical printer, lately a member of Congress for New York City, his brother, and two other printers. In the pressroom were only Patrick O'Rouke, the senior pressman, and Thomas N. Rooker, the veteran foreman of the "Tribune" establishment. Out of a force of about one hundred and fifty men, only seven were at their posts. But if the whole number had stood their ground, what could they, unarmed, have done against an infuriated mob of five thousand?

But Mr. Gay did not waste time on the subject, for it was already eight o'clock at night; and before daybreak forty thousand copies of his journal had to be in press, and borne on the four winds to every quarter of the country. Looking down on the street he saw that the mob had fully dispersed, and quietly sallying out, he rallied a dozen of his printers. With this small force he began work. But soon, one by one, the others fell in, and in half an hour the types were clicking, and the monstrous press was rumbling, as if only quiet reigned over the great city.

But the handful of police who had so opportunely scattered the rioters were unable to long keep the mob out of Printing House Square, and soon again the sinister-looking ruffians began to gather in front of the "Tribune" building. They were evidently bent on reducing it to ashes before morning; but the managing editor determined to stand his ground, and die game, if need were, right there among his editorials.

Nine o'clock came, and still the mob kept increasing. All Nassau Street and Spruce Street and Printing House Square, and the skirts of the park, and Chatham Street as far up as French's Hotel, had become one swaying sea of battered hats, lit by the flaring glare of the street lamps, and flecked with the foam of, perhaps, ten thousand human faces. At half-past nine a reporter named Bowerman bounded up the long stairway, and, out of breath, entered the office of the managing editor. He had mixed with the mob, he said, and eleven o'clock was the hour fixed upon for the final assault upon the "Tribune" building. He reported that a considerable portion of the rioters were armed and drilled, and the police could no more make head against them than a feather can withstand a whirlwind. Mr. Gay put his pen over his ear, and looked down at the fast-gathering mob, and then went on with his writing.

---

* I will here introduce the following notes on the incidents under review, kindly furnished me a short time before his death by my associate, Mr. Parton.—J. R. G.

"On Monday," writes Mr. Parton, "about four o'clock, my wife and I were strolling down Fourteenth Street, in that languid state of mind which writers know who have spent a long morning at the desk. Near the corner of Fifth Avenue we were startled from our state of vacancy by a large stone falling upon the pavement before us, which was followed by a yell of many voices, and the swift galloping past of a horse with a black man on his back. We saw streaming down Fifth Avenue a crowd of ill-dressed and ill-favored men and boys, each carrying a long stick or piece of board, and one or two of them a rusty musket. They were walking rapidly, and without order, on the sidewalk and in the street, and extended, perhaps, a quarter of a mile; in all there may have been two hundred of them. The stone which had called our attention to sublunary things was aimed by one of these scoundrels at the negro, who owed his escape from instant death to his being on horseback.

"Having heard nothing of the riots of that morning, we were puzzled to account for the presence of this motley crew in a region usually so serene, until one of them cried out as he passed: 'There's a three-hundred-dollar fellow.' When the main body had gone by, I asked one of the stragglers where they were going. The reply was: 'To the "Trybune" office.' . . .

"It occurred to me that by taking an omnibus I could get ahead of the gang, and give warning at the office threatened—about a mile and a half distant. . . .

"At the 'Tribune' office everything wore an aspect so little unusual that I felt ashamed to tell my story. The windows and doors were all open, and the business office was nearly empty, the editorial rooms quite so, and there was no crowd around the building. The reporters and editors were absent collecting details of the riot.

"While I was suggesting the propriety of shutting up the office as a precautionary measure, Mr. Gilmore came in, to whom I stated what I had seen and heard. He was fully alive to the situation, and proposed that we should go to the chief of police and to General Wool, and see what was prepared for the protection of the office during the night. We went. At police headquarters we found a squad of more than a hundred men drawn up on the sidewalk, who, we were assured, would march to the office and remain on guard there. This seemed sufficient; but to make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Gilmore insisted on our going to General Wool. We found the general at the St. Nicholas Hotel, with the mayor and a staff. Mr. Gilmore procured from him an order on the ordnance officer at Governor's Island for one hundred muskets and the requisite ammunition. He started immediately for the island, and I, satisfied that the 'Tribune' was safe, walked leisurely to the office to report progress.

"It was about seven in the evening when I reached it. The appearance of the neighborhood had changed. The office was closed and the shutters were up. A large number of people were in the open space in front of it, talking in groups, but not in a loud or excited manner. Not a policeman was to be seen. Upon getting into the office I found only two or three persons there, neither of whom knew anything about the body of police detailed to guard the premises, nor had they heard of any measures taken to defend it. Their official position made it their duty to stand by the ship, and there they were, helpless and alone. Crossing over to the police station in the City Hall, in search of the promised squad, I found one policeman in charge, who said that a hundred and ten men had, indeed, come down to that station, but that, upon a rumor of a riot in the First Ward, they had immediately marched away again. As Mr. Gilmore could not possibly get back with the arms under two hours, the office was no safer than before. . . .

"Little by little the crowd gathered more closely about the office, and became more compact. . . . Gradually the threats became louder and much more frequent. At last a stone was thrown, which hit one of the shutters and fell upon the pavement close to the building. This was greeted by a perfect yell of applause, and then, for the first time, I felt that the office was in danger.

"I ran over to the police station in the City Hall. A few policemen were there, to whom I said: 'The mob are beginning to throw stones at the "Tribune" office. Five men can stop the mischief now; in ten minutes a hundred cannot.' It happened that the number of men present was six, five of whom very promptly drew their clubs and repaired to the scene. . . . They went boldly along the sidewalk, and gained a position between the office and the crowd. The firing totally ceased for a minute or two, and the mob slunk away from the police, as fearing, possibly, revolvers. Very soon, however, the smallness of the force became apparent; no revolvers were shown, and the stones again began to batter against the shutters and smash the windows. The mob surged forward, those in front being pushed upon the clubs of the policemen, who were soon overpowered and thrust aside. Then the mob rushed at the lower shutters and doors. There was a loud banging and thumping of clubs, and in an exceedingly short time, amid the most frantic yells of the multitude, the main door was forced, and the mob poured into the building. I supposed then that the 'Tribune' was gone. But, at that moment, the report of a pistol was heard, fired somewhere in front of the building, whether from one of the windows or from a policeman below I know not. Instantly the whole crew of assailants took to flight, and 'Printing House Square' was as empty as it usually is at two o'clock in the morning. It was like magic."

A HUNDRED MUSKETS FOR THE "TRIBUNE"—HOW THEY WERE OBTAINED.

The situation seemed desperate. But at that very moment the writer of this sketch, who three hours before had set out to get the muskets from Governor's Island, entered the apartment. My greeting of the managing editor was somewhat laconic. "I have a hundred muskets," I said, "to arm this building. They are a few blocks off. Have as many police as you can muster ready to guard the dray when it comes up Spruce Street from Franklin Square." This was all I said, and then turning about, I went, two steps at a time, down the stairway. Soon the huge boxes were hoisted into the building.

Parting from Mr. Parton at the headquarters of General Wool, I had mounted to the top of an omnibus, and made my way with all possible speed to the Battery. The route was obstructed with vehicles, and it was past seven o'clock before I reached the South Ferry. There, to my consternation, I was told that not a boat could be procured to convey me to Governor's Island. Every boatman had knocked off work two hours before, and disappeared from the locality, probably to reënforce the mob which was then raising high havoc in the upper part of the city.

I must, however, cross to the island; and going rapidly along the docks, I at last came upon an old longshoreman, in a rugged tarpaulin and greasy trousers, quietly smoking a pipe on the taffrail of a low fore-and-aft schooner, from whose stern a small boat was dangling. "Old man," I said to him, "I have a ten-dollar greenback in my pocket that is yours, if you will jump into that boat and row me at once to Governor's Island."

"Can't do it, sir," answered the man; "the captain is away. Couldn't do it for ten times the money; but you can get a boat at the Battery."

"Well, come along and show me where. I'll pay you well for your trouble."

The old fellow sprang upon the dock, and led the way at a pace I was troubled to keep up with, and soon we were at the signal station at the head of the Battery. Here, moored to the stairs, were a half-dozen boats, but not a human being was anywhere visible. The only course was to confiscate one of these craft, and I proceeded to do it without ceremony. In a very few minutes I was seated in the stern of the boat, with my feet ankle-deep in water, and the old man was pushing the leaky craft out into the river. "Now, old fellow," I said, "an extra dollar if you're there in a quarter of an hour."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the old man, stretching himself to the oars, and shooting the boat out into the current.

It was already dark, and the tide was running swiftly; but within a quarter of an hour we were at Governor's Island. Springing ashore, I counted out the hire of the confiscated boat by the lamp of a small steamer which was moored at the landing, and then hurried off to the office of the commandant. No light was burning in the office; in fact, the whole island seemed deserted. I shouted several times, but no one answered, and at last I went back towards the landing. There I found a young officer with his arm in a sling, and to him I explained my business. The young man set off at once, at the top of his speed, for the commandant's house, and soon that gentleman appeared at the landing. The whole island, with its immense store of arms and ammunition, was defended only by him, twelve privates, and the wounded lieutenant; the remainder of the garrison having gone to the city to reënforce the troops engaged with the rioters.

Ordering the small steamer that was moored to the dock to "up with the steam," the commandant directed his men to get out the arms and ammunition; and in less than an hour the enormous boxes were trundled on board, and the steamer was on its way to the Battery. The moon was down, and a thick veil of clouds hid the stars; but a deep glow lit up the whole northern horizon. Here and there, great banks of lurid light were rising on the night—the reflection of half a hundred conflagrations. Evidently the upper part of the city was in a blaze; and perhaps the commandant was right—the cargo of muskets might only serve to arm the rioters.

As the boat touched the pier I sprang ashore, and was accosted by the old man who had ferried me over to the island. "I saw the boat a-coming," he said, "and come down to warn you. The 'Trybune' is burned to the ground, and a mob of ten thousand is emptin' all the banks in Wall Street. If ye go up, every musket 'll be taken."

The captain of the steamer coincided in this opinion, and for a moment I hesitated. Then, looking at the sky, and seeing no fire in the region of the park, I turned to the old sailor and asked: "Can you get me a trusty man and a wagon? I'll pay you well for your trouble."

"I've had pay enough," said the old man. "I'm at your orders the rest of to-night free gratis;" and at once he set off to find a drayman. In about ten minutes he returned with a dray and an Irishman, who expressed a readiness, for a consideration, to drive his dray, freighted with fire-brands, into the hottest part of the infernal regions; and in a quarter of an hour the vehicle was loaded, and he had taken the reins of his animal. Then I took the old sailor aside, and said to him:

"Old man, I can trust you, or I'm no judge of faces. These are muskets to arm the 'Tribune' building. I must go ahead to see that the coast is clear, and I want you to take this revolver and ride along with the drayman. See that he goes directly up Pearl Street, and stops at the corner of Franklin Square, and does not exchange a word with any one."

HORACE GREELEY.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the old man, his eyes glowing like coals in the gas-light; "I'll stand by ye, sir, if you *are* a black Republican."

Then I mounted to the top of an omnibus to go up Broadway, and, looking back, saw the heavily-loaded dray creeping slowly around the south side of Bowling Green on the way to its destination.

It was now nearly ten o'clock, and I was still uncertain whether the "Tribune" building were not already a heap of ashes. My way was slow, for the street was a turbulent river of men and wagons; but at last I came abreast of the park, and saw the well-known sign, and a flame of gas-light streaming down from the upper windows. A dense mass of men, hooting, shouting, and yelling, filled every open space around the building.

The Spruce Street entrance was bolted and barred, but I made myself heard, and entering the building announced the reënforcement. This done, I made my way to Franklin Square, where the dray was just pulling up at the street corner. Requesting the Irishman to get down, I took the reins, and started the jaded horse towards Printing House Square. Soon after we turned into Spruce Street some thirty policemen emerged from the shadow of the opposite warehouse, and quietly formed a cordon around the slow-paced vehicle. Not a word was said, but it was evident that they knew their business. As they went on, brandishing their clubs, the crowd parted, and in ten minutes, amid the jeers, groans, and yells of the mob, the huge boxes were hoisted into the second story of the "Tribune" building.

THE "TRIBUNE" OFFICE ARMED, BUT NOT PROTECTED.

The fortress was now armed, but the peril was not over. About a score of gentlemen, hearing that the building was in danger, had come in with revolvers, rifles, or the first weapon they could lay hands on; and the garrison then numbered, all told, perhaps a hundred and twenty-five men, every one of them determined to sell his life at its highest market value. But could they resist an attack from the fierce, tumultuous mob that was then surging in black waves all around the building? This question was in my mind as I turned to ascend to the fourth story, thinking, as I did so, of being roasted like a live eel upon a gridiron. Close behind me was the old longshoreman, and I said to him: "Old man, you have done enough for to-night. You had better go home. Every man that stays in this building may be in eternity before morning."

"I know, sir; but I told you I was at your orders for the rest of to-night. I never go back on my word."

Little more was said, and the old man followed me up the stairway.

The view from the upper windows would have made the most incorrigible free-thinker a convert to the orthodox theology. There was no need of texts or arguments; for the doctrines were all there—total depravity, and the devil and his angels, shouting, and hooting, and yelling, in living reality on the pavement. A hundred muskets discharged among the rioters would have no more effect than a bundle of fire-crackers let off among so many boys on a Fourth-of-July morning. The discharge would only inflame their blood and rouse them to greater fury.

I had come to this conclusion, when my arm was touched lightly by a reporter, who asked me to step into the room of the managing editor. The arms had been unboxed, and the hundred guns and ammunition had been ranged on the long table in the library. The reporter, a keen, inquisitive Yankee from Connecticut, had assisted in the operation, and, taking it into his head to load one of the muskets, had discovered that the cartridge was not adapted to the barrel. He tried several and found them all misfits. The armorer at Governor's Island, in the haste of getting the arms ready, had put up the wrong ammunition, and the muskets were absolutely useless. With admirable discretion the young man had mentioned the mischief to no one but the managing editor.

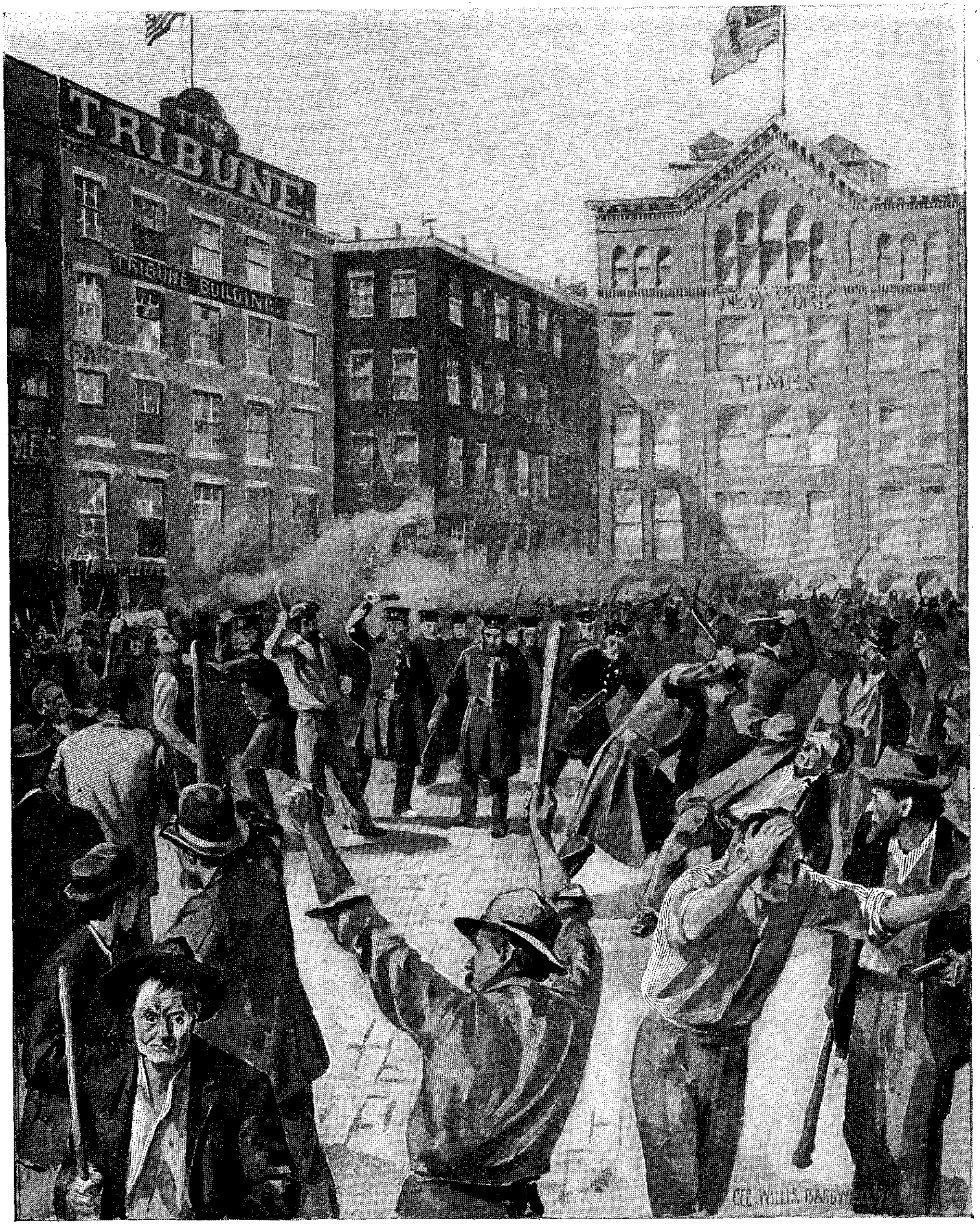
Evidently the building was completely at the mercy of the rioters; but what force cannot do, strategy can sometimes accomplish. The mob had seen the huge cases hoisted into the building; and a hundred muskets boxed up, each gun with forty rounds of ammunition, looks, to any but a military eye, like a complete arsenal. "*You* can get out safely," said I to the old longshoreman. "They'll not think you belong to the 'Tribune.' Go over to the police office in the park, give my compliments to Inspector Carpenter, and tell him that the mob intend to attack the building at eleven o'clock; and suggest to him to let some of his men mix with the crowd, and talk together of how we are loaded up to the muzzle. That may keep them off over night. And, old fellow, when you get out, stay out."

The old man wedged his way safely through the throng, and in fifteen minutes the mob seemed to sway to and fro, as if moved by some invisible force; and soon little knots of the more savage-looking were seen, here and there, to talk earnestly together.

So the night wore away until the City Hall clock told that the hour fixed upon for the attack was closely approaching. Outside all again had become noise and tumult; but inside everything was as staid as a Quaker meeting. The volunteers were standing idly at their guns; the printers were clicking busily away at their types; the reporters were writing rapidly at their desks, each one stripped to his shirt-sleeves, and with here and there a loaded revolver beside him; and Mr. Gay, with his spectacles on his nose, was perched on a tall stool in his *sanctum*, inditing an editorial that branded the mob as the rear-guard of Lee's army, as coolly as if those muskets were loaded, or the riot had gone into history, and he were scoring it at the safe distance of half a century.

THE MOB'S SECOND ATTACK AND THE BRAVE REPULSE.

But suddenly this quiet was broken—as suddenly as the air is rent by the first rush of a hurricane. Coming up as if from the very bowels of the earth, a long yell echoed through every corner of the building. It was the signal of attack—so, at least, it sounded to the hearers. Every man on the



THE FIRST ASSAULT ON THE "TRIBUNE" BUILDING.—RIOTERS REPULSED BY A HANDFUL OF POLICE.

fourth floor caught up his rifle or revolver, and took his appointed station by the windows, and a moment of intense suspense followed.

Streaming from Broadway into the park was a gang of about three hundred ruffians, mostly in red shirts, shouting and yelling like fiends. In the flaring light of the park it could be seen that every one of them was armed, and that, though they moved on the double-quick, their step had the precision of trained soldiers. They were the fiery nucleus of the entire riot, which, wheresoever it had moved, had spread devastation. Fresh from the sack and burning of the Shakspeare Hotel, they had come to crown their night's work with the spoil and destruction of the "Tribune." It was for them that the mob below had waited, and the long yell they had sent up was a shout of welcome. On they came like the rushing wind, straight across the park, direct for the "Tribune" building. As they came nearer their pace increased, and clear and loud their tread sounded, like blow after blow upon the cover of a coffin. They were within a hundred feet of the nearest park gate when, suddenly, a tall man sprang from the shadow of the high iron fence which then encircled the park, and waving his club, shouted: "Up, boys, and at them!"

There have been beautiful sights in the heavens above, and on the earth beneath; but to none of that small garrison, watching there with bated breath, was anything ever more beautiful than that charge of Inspector Carpenter and his glorious squad of only one hundred and ten. They fell on the rioters like a thunder-bolt, and, surprised and panic-stricken, the ruffians went down before them as dry leaves go down before a November tornado. In precisely three minutes by a chronometer watch the thing was done, and those of the three hundred who were not on the ground dead or helpless, were fleeing wildly in all directions. Accounts differ, and the number killed cannot be accurately stated; but the police had orders to "Hit their temples, strike hard, and take no prisoners," and they followed their instructions.

This work was no sooner over than we heard the inspector's voice again: "About face, men! Form outside!" and in less time than it takes to tell it, the hundred and ten blue-coats seemed to grow together into a solid body—about twenty men front and five or six deep—on the hither side of the park fence. Then once more rang out the voice of the "metropolitan war horse," Dan Carpenter: "Keep together, men—steady, now forward, double-quick, and give them fury!"

Then—one hundred and ten welded, as it were, into one—they moved on, mowing a broad swath through the dense mass of rioters as far down Nassau Street as Beekman, then up Beekman to Park Row, at the point of starting, scattering the crowd of probably ten thousand like frightened deer—all but those they left on the ground killed or badly wounded. Twenty-two were borne away dead; the wounded were never counted, but they must have been many, for no less than a thousand blows were dealt by that compact squad on its deadly journey.

Not long after this the clouds, which had been gathering all the evening and night, broke over our heads, and the rain came down from the merciful heavens, driving the ruffians to their holes, and leaving Printing House Square to its wonted quiet till the sun shone down on it on the morrow.

Thus did the "Tribune" weather the first day of the storm that shook the great city. The police did their work nobly; the unloaded muskets were not without their influence, but more effective than either was the down-pouring rain from heaven.

ANOTHER DAY OF DANGER—THE "TRIBUNE'S" DEFENCES STRENGTHENED.

It was about four o'clock on Tuesday morning when Mr. Gay and I stretched ourselves upon a couple of hard-bottom settees in the editorial rooms, for some much-needed sleep. How it was with the others in the building I do not know; but I am very sure that I myself felt no concern about anything underneath the moon, until some one shook me by the shoulder on the following day, and announced that my breakfast had come in from the Astor House.

Over our morning coffee Mr. Gay and I discussed the situation. We had the whole field in view, for the brave reporters, at the risk of their lives, had mingled with the rioters, witnessed their atrocities, and ascertained that it was their fixed intention to raze the "Tribune" building to the ground. It followed, as an obvious corollary, that if the "Tribune" would preserve its existence, it must set up as an independent nationality, with war-making powers. In other words, it must arm itself to the very teeth, and, looking for no outside aid, resist the rioters to the last extremity.

This decided upon, Mr. Gay returned to his post, and I took a cab, and with all possible speed made my way to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. There I found the venerable Admiral Paulding, and, making known to him the situation, I asked for such arms as would do the most effective execution upon the rioters.

There was a pleasurable gleam in the old veteran's eyes as he said: "It's bomb-shells, young man—bomb-shells and hand-grenades—and I'll give you enough of both to send ten thousand of those rascals to the devil to-night."

Soon two heavy wagons were loaded with hand-grenades, and then about fifty forty-pound shells were brought out, and the admiral, with his own hands, adjusted the fuses so that the shells would explode when they struck the pavement. Then he instructed me how to handle the death-dealing missiles. I had watched, with a kind of amused admiration, the belligerent zeal of the white-haired admiral, and when the vehicles were ready to set out, I said to him: "I thank you very much for these arms; but I hope to return them all to you when this trouble is over."

"Don't you do it, young man," said the old admiral; "don't return one of them. Plant every one of them in Printing House Square to-night. If you do, there never will be another riot in New York."

At the "Tribune" office, on my return, I found affairs in a state of astonishing activity. Colonel Julius W. Adams, of the Eighth Long Island Regiment, had taken command, and was proving himself to be, like the rain of the previous night, a "special providence" for the protection of the old building. Cool, brave, determined, and of remarkable skill and resources, he saw exactly what to do, and before noon of that Tuesday had done it.

As has been said, the lower story lay all exposed, with broken doors and battered windows. Soon every opening upon it was densely barricaded with bales of printing-paper, thoroughly saturated with water, and a hose was attached to the huge boiler below, so that the whole floor could be deluged with scalding steam in an instant. Had the paper rampart been carried, not a man who entered there would have lived to get out. The second story had, at one of the windows, a howitzer, heavily charged with grape and cannister, and at the others huge piles of hand-grenades. The third story was armed in a similar manner; and in the larger editorial rooms were ranged, in a grim semi-circle, near one of the front windows, Admiral Paulding's bomb-shells, of which I was in special command.[*] These, with a brace or two of muskets, now capped and loaded, at every window, a hundred and fifty determined men, and Henry Ward Beecher's Sharp's revolving rifle—sent by him, with his "compliments to the rioters"—completed the armament of the building; while across the way, in the second story of the "Times" building, was a rifle battery of twenty-five barrels, manned by sailors sent from the Navy Yard by Admiral Paulding.

A long trough had been provided to throw the bomb-shells into the middle of the street, and away from the "Tribune" building, and the letting off of one of these shells was to be the signal for a general fusillade from both the "Times" and "Tribune" buildings. Every man had his appointed station, and each floor its designated commander, the second floor being under Midshipman Adams—a son of the colonel—who had been trained to load and fire cannon with great rapidity.

When every arrangement had been made I sat down to a light lunch in the room of the managing editor, and over it related to him the details of my interview with Admiral Paulding. "That is too good to be lost," said Mr. Gay. "Suppose you put it into a short editorial for to-morrow's 'Tribune,' and add an invitation to the mob to come on, if they want what Garfield calls 'Hail Columbia';" and this I did.

MR. GREELEY APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

Into this arsenal Mr. Greeley came a little after noon on the second day of the riots, and, entering the larger editorial room, he gazed around at the loaded muskets ranged at each one of the windows, and at the crowd of strange gentlemen stripped to their shirt-sleeves and "ready for the fray;" and then his eye fell upon the semi-circle of bomb-shells near the front window. "What are these, Mr. Gilmore?" he asked of me, as I sat near by, smoking my after-lunch cigar.

"Brimstone pills for those red ragamuffins down there on the sidewalk."

"But I wanted no arms brought into the building," said the philosopher, with a grieved expression.

"Oh, yes; but that was yesterday. Now this building is under martial law, and in full possession of these linen-shirted gentlemen, Colonel Adams commanding."

Without further remark Mr. Greeley went to his room, and all the rest of the day was deep in his editorials. Before he had finished his last leader, friends had repeatedly gone to him to urge his leaving the building, and shortly before dark General Busteed came in, and reported to him that the crowd, which was rapidly augmenting, evidently meant business, and that it would be absolute madness for him to stay longer; but he quietly replied: "I am not quite through; I will go in a few minutes."

---

[*] In a letter to the writer of this paper Mr. Cummings refers as follows to this event:

House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C., *April* 6, 1893.

My dear Gilmore:—I had forgotten about our fighting, bleeding, and dying together in the "Tribune" office during the draft riot; but true it is, as you say. It all comes back to me as vividly as though it were yesterday. One thing there I shall never forget. It was the big, round shells that you brought over from the Navy Yard, and the wooden troughs that were to run out from the windows to roll the shells out on the heads of those who should again attack the office. If one of those shells had dropped upon the pavement I think it would have blown out the front of the building. I wish you would mention the fact that I was not the only compositor, but one of four, who remained in the composing-room. The other three were my brother, Sylvester Bailey, and Peter Hackett. I took command. We barricaded the doorway with "turtles"—of course you know what a "turtle" is. We piled the composing-stones with lead and "shooting-sticks"—you know what a "shooting-stick" is—and if that gang had ever come up that circular iron stairway, there would have been enough lead spilt to have furnished a regiment with bullets for a month.

Yours truly,

Amos J. Cummings.

At last, when eight o'clock had arrived, Colonel Adams came to Mr. Gay and myself, saying: "Mr. Greeley ought to go. The mob knows he is here, and if he stays it is likely they will attack us. The consequence will be a good deal of useless slaughter."

"Order a close carriage, and insist upon his leaving," said Mr. Gay, scarcely turning about from his writing.

The carriage being ordered, Colonel Adams and I approached Mr. Greeley, who an hour or two before had removed from his own to the large editorial room, as if to make his presence as conspicuous as possible.

Throughout these riots Mr. Greeley showed a very high order of bravery. Strictly defined, it may not have been either physical or moral courage, for neither of these qualities is destitute of prudence; but it certainly was an intellectual courage which mounted to the heroic. He knew that he was marked out as a special victim by at least ten thousand ruthless ruffians, who, had they laid hands on him, would have given him a short shrift and a short rope from the nearest lamp-post; and yet he came and went as usual, and with no regard whatever for his personal safety. He evidently felt that the trial day of his life had come, and had made up his mind to meet it like a man.

Approaching him now, I said: "Mr. Greeley, a carriage will be here instantly. We want you to leave the office."

"I'm not quite ready; I'll go in a few minutes," was his quiet answer.

"But, sir, we insist upon your going *now*. A hundred and fifty of us are risking our lives to defend this building, and you have no right to add to our danger."

At this he rose slowly to his feet, and, with his peculiar smile, said: "But why order a carriage, Mr. Gilmore? I can go just as well in a street car."

"Nonsense, sir," I replied; "you couldn't get to a car. Look down there and see the kind of crowd that surrounds the building."

He looked down, and saw what might have made a man of iron nerve feel disinclined for any nearer acquaintance.

"Well, they *are* a hard-looking set," he said, drawing on his coat. "Where could those fellows have come from?"

He was smuggled into the carriage, the door was closed, and he was well on his way down Spruce Street before the crowd appeared to notice that the Spruce Street door had been opened. As I was about to rëenter the building I felt a light touch on my arm, and, turning round, saw the old longshoreman who had rowed me over to Governor's Island. "Well, are you alive yet, old gentleman?" I asked jocosely.

"Yes, yer honor," was the answer, "and I want ye to let me into the building. I told ye I'd see the dance out, and ye'll have warm work before morning."

The old man had done essential service the night before, and at once it occurred to me to employ him again in a similar manner. So I drew him inside, and, closing the door, told him that it was Mr. Greeley he had just seen driving away in a carriage, that he was by that time beyond the reach of the mob, and that the building was then so thoroughly armed that the first discharge from it would slay a thousand of the rioters. It would be a Christian deed if he would mix with the mob and tell them this, for he might thus stave off an attack and save many human lives.

All night long the mob surged and howled around the building, but they forbore an assault upon it. On Wednesday morning the "Tribune" announced editorially that it was prepared for an encounter with the mob, and warned the rioters of the terrible slaughter that would follow an attack upon the building. This, no doubt, held the ruffians at bay; but for two days longer they had control of the blood-deluged city, and during the whole of that time there was no telling at what hour some insane freak might hurl them in tremendous force against the "Tribune" building. So the garrison stood to its guns, prepared for an encounter at any moment. For four days and nights Mr. Gay and I never left the "Tribune" editorial apartments, except for my brief visit to Admiral Paulding.

Mr. Greeley always regarded these New York riots as the turning-point in the war for the Union. He once said to me: "It was a tidal wave struck first at Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Helena, and Port Hudson, and dealt its last and worst blow right here—in the 'Tribune' office and this city of New York, where the ideas and vital aims of the Rebellion are more generally prevalent than even in South Carolina. If it had not been successfully resisted here, it would have swept over the North and broken the Union into fragments."

FABLES.

THE YELLOW PAINT.—THE HOUSE OF ELD.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

I.

THE YELLOW PAINT.

IN a certain city, there lived a physician who sold yellow paint. This was of so singular a virtue that whoso was bedaubed with it from head to heel was set free from the dangers of life, and the bondage of sin, and the fear of death forever. So the physician said in his prospectus; and so said all the citizens in the city; and there was nothing more urgent in men's hearts than to be properly painted themselves, and nothing they took more delight in than to see others painted. There was in the same city a young man of a very good family, but of a somewhat reckless life, who would have nothing to say to the paint. "To-morrow were soon enough," said he; and when the morrow came he would still put it off. So he might have continued to do until his death; only, he had a friend of about his own age and much of his own manners; and this youth, taking a walk in the public street, with not one fleck of paint upon his body, was suddenly run down by a watercart and cut off in the heyday of his nakedness. This shook the other to the soul; so that I never beheld a man more earnest to be painted; and on the very same evening, in the presence of all his family, to appropriate music, and himself weeping aloud, he received three complete coats and a touch of varnish on the top. The physician (who was himself affected even to tears) protested he had never done a job so thorough.

Some two months afterwards, the young man was carried on a stretcher to the physician's house.

"What is the meaning of this?" he cried, as soon as the door was opened. "I was to be set free from all the dangers of life; and here have I been run down by that selfsame watercart, and my leg is broken."

"Dear me!" said the physician. "This is very sad. But I perceive I must explain to you the action of my paint. A broken bone is a mighty small affair at the worst of it; and it belongs to a class of accident to which my paint is quite inapplicable. Sin, my dear young friend, sin is the sole calamity that a wise man should apprehend; it is against sin that I have fitted you out; and when you come to be tempted, you will give me news of my paint!"

"Oh!" said the young man, "I did not understand that, and it seems rather disappointing. But I have no doubt all is for the best; and in the meanwhile, I shall be obliged to you if you will set my leg."

"That is none of my business," said the physician; "but if your bearers will carry you round the corner to the surgeon's, I feel sure he will afford relief."

Some three years later, the young man came running to the physician's house in a great perturbation. "What is the meaning of this?" he cried. "Here was I to be set free from the bondage of sin; and I have just committed forgery, arson and murder."

"Dear me," said the physician. "This is very serious. Off with your clothes at once." And as soon as the young man had stripped, he examined him from head to foot. "No," he cried with great relief, "there is not a flake broken. Cheer up, my young friend, your paint is as good as new."

"Good God!" cried the young man, "and what then can be the use of it?"

"Why," said the physician, "I perceive I must explain to you the nature of the action of my paint. It does not exactly prevent sin; it extenuates instead the painful consequences. It is not so much for this world, as for the next; it is not against life; in short, it is against death that I have fitted you out. And when you come to die, you will give me news of my paint."

"Oh!" cried the young man, "I had not understood that, and it seems a little disappointing. But there is no doubt all is for the best; and in the meanwhile, I shall be obliged if you will help me to undo the evil I have brought on innocent persons."

"That is none of my business," said the physician; "but if you will go round the corner to the police office, I feel sure it will afford you relief to give yourself up."

Six weeks later, the physician was called to the town gaol.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried the young man. "Here am I literally crusted with your paint; and I have broken my leg, and committed all the crimes in the calendar, and must be hanged to-morrow; and am in the meanwhile in a fear so extreme that I lack words to picture it."

"Dear me," said the physician. "This is really amazing. Well, well; perhaps, if you had not been painted, you would have been more frightened still."

II.

THE HOUSE OF ELD.

So soon as the child began to speak, the gyve was riveted; and the boys and girls limped about their play like convicts. Doubtless it was more pitiable to see and more painful to bear in youth; but even the grown folk, besides being very unhandy on their feet, were often sick with ulcers.

About the time when Jack was ten years old, many strangers began to journey through that country. These he beheld going lightly by on the long roads, and the thing amazed him. "I wonder how it comes," he asked, "that all these strangers are so quick afoot, and we must drag about our fetter."

"My dear boy," said his uncle, the catechist, "do not complain about your fetter, for it is the only thing that makes life worth living. None are happy, none are good, none are respectable, that are not gyved like us. And I must tell you, besides, it is very dangerous talk. If you grumble of your iron, you will have no luck; if ever you take it off, you will be instantly smitten by a thunderbolt."

"Are there no thunderbolts for these strangers?" asked Jack.

"Jupiter is long-suffering to the benighted," returned the catechist.

"Upon my word, I could wish I had been less fortunate," said Jack. "For if I had been born benighted, I might now be going free; and it cannot be denied the iron is inconvenient, and the ulcer hurts."

"Ah!" cried his uncle, "do not envy the heathen! Theirs is a sad lot! Ah, poor souls, if they but knew the joys of being fettered! Poor souls, my heart yearns for them. But the truth is they are vile, odious, insolent, ill-conditioned, stinking brutes, not truly human—for what is a man without a fetter?—and you cannot be too particular not to touch or speak with them."

After this talk, the child would never pass one of the unfettered on the road but what he spat at him and called him names, which was the practice of the children in that part.

It chanced one day, when he was fifteen, he went into the woods, and the ulcer pained him. It was a fair day, with a blue sky; all the birds were singing; but Jack nursed his foot. Presently, another song began; it sounded like the singing of a person, only far more gay; at the same time there was a beating on the earth. Jack put aside the leaves, and there was a lad of his own village, leaping and dancing and singing to himself in a green dell, and on the grass beside him lay the dancer's iron.

"Oh!" cried Jack, "you have your fetter off!"

"For God's sake, don't tell your uncle!" cried the lad.

"If you fear my uncle," returned Jack, "why do you not fear the thunderbolt?"

"That is only an old wives' tale," said the other. "It is only told to children. Scores of us come here among the woods and dance for nights together, and are none the worse."

This put Jack in a thousand new thoughts. He was a grave lad; he had no mind to dance himself; he wore his fetter manfully and tended his ulcer without complaint. But he loved the less to be deceived or to see others cheated. He began to lie in wait for heathen travellers, at covert parts of the road, and in the dusk of the day, so that he might speak with them unseen; and these were greatly taken with their wayside questioner, and told him things of weight. The wearing of gyves (they said) was no command of Jupiter's. It was the contrivance of a white-faced thing, a sorcerer, that dwelt in that country, in the Wood of Eld. He was one like Glaucus that could change his shape, yet he could be always told; for when he was crossed, he gobbled like a turkey. He had three lives, but the third smiting would make an end of him indeed; and with that his house of sorcery would vanish, the gyves fall, and the villagers take hands and dance like children.

"And in your country?" Jack would ask.

But at this the travellers, with one accord, would put him off, until Jack began to suppose there was no land entirely happy. Or, if there were, it must be one that kept its folk at home; which was natural enough.

But the case of the gyves weighed upon him. The sight of the children limping stuck in his eyes; the groans of such as dressed their ulcers haunted him. And it came at last in his mind that he was born to free them.

There was in that village a sword of

heavenly forgery, beaten upon Vulcan's anvil. It was never used but in the temple, and then the flat of it only; and it hung on a nail by the catechist's chimney. Early one night Jack rose, and took the sword, and was gone out of the house and the village in the darkness.

All night he walked at a venture; and when day came, he met strangers going to the fields. Then he asked after the Wood of Eld and the house of sorcery; and one said north, and one south; until Jack saw that they deceived him. So then, when he asked his way of any man, he showed the bright sword naked; and at that the gyve on the man's ankle rang, and answered in his stead; and the word was still *Straight on.* But the man, when his gyve spoke, spat and struck at Jack, and threw stones at him as he went away; so that his head was broken.

So he came to that wood, and entered in, and he was aware of a house in a low place, where funguses grew, and the trees met, and the steaming of the marsh arose about it like a smoke. It was a fine house, and a very rambling; some parts of it were ancient like the hills, and some but of yesterday, and none finished; and all the ends of it were open, so that you could go in from every side. Yet it was in good repair, and all the chimneys smoked.

Jack went in through the gable; and there was one room after another, all bare, but all furnished in part so that a man could dwell there; and in each there was a fire burning where a man could warm himself, and a table spread where he might eat. But Jack saw nowhere any living creature; only the bodies of some stuffed.

"This is a hospitable house," said Jack; "but the ground must be quaggy underneath, for at every step the building quakes"

He had gone some time in the house when he began to be hungry. Then he looked at the food, and at first he was afraid; but he bared the sword, and by the shining of the sword, it seemed the food was honest. So he took the courage to sit down and eat, and he was refreshed in mind and body.

"This is strange," thought he, "that in the house of sorcery there should be food so wholesome."

As he was yet eating, there came into that room the appearance of his uncle, and Jack was afraid because he had taken the sword. But his uncle was never more kind, and sat down to meat with him, and praised him because he had taken the sword. Never had these two been more pleasant together, and Jack was full of love to the man.

"It was very well done," said his uncle, "to take the sword and come yourself into the House of Eld; a good thought and a brave deed. But now you are satisfied; and we may go home to dinner arm in arm."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Jack. "I am not satisfied yet."

"How!" cried his uncle. "Are you not warmed by the fire? Does not this food sustain you?"

"I see the food to be wholesome," said Jack, "and still it is no proof that a man should wear a gyve on his right leg."

Now at this the appearance of his uncle gobbled like a turkey.

"Jupiter!" cried Jack, "is this the sorcerer?"

His hand held back and his heart failed him for the love he bore his uncle; but he heaved up the sword and smote the appearance on the head; and it cried out aloud with the voice of his uncle; and fell to the ground; and a little bloodless white thing fled from the room.

The cry rang in Jack's ears, and his knees smote together, and conscience cried upon him; and yet he was strengthened, and there woke in his bones the lust of that enchanter's blood. "If the gyves are to fall," said he, "I must go through with this; and when I get home, I shall find my uncle dancing."

So he went on after the bloodless thing. In the way, he met the appearance of his father; and his father was incensed, and railed upon him, and called to him upon his duty, and bade him be home, while there was yet time. "For you can still," said he, "be home by sunset; and then all will be forgiven."

"God knows," said Jack, "I fear your anger; but yet your anger does not prove that a man should wear a gyve on his right leg."

And at that the appearance of his father gobbled like a turkey.

"Ah, heaven," cried Jack, "the sorcerer again!"

The blood ran backward in his body and his joints rebelled against him for the love he bore his father; but he heaved up the sword, and plunged it in the heart of the appearance; and the appearance cried out aloud with the voice of his father, and fell to the ground; and a little bloodless white thing fled from the room.

The cry rang in Jack's ears, and his soul was darkened; but now rage came to him;

"I have done what I dare not think upon," said he. "I will go to an end with it, or perish. And when I get home, I pray God this may be a dream and I may find my father dancing."

So he went on after the bloodless thing that had escaped; and in the way he met the appearance of his mother, and she wept. "What have you done?" she cried. "What is this that you have done? Oh, come home (where you may be by bedtime) ere you do more ill to me and mine; for it is enough to smite my brother and your father."

"Dear mother, it is not these that I have smitten," said Jack; "it was but the enchanter in their shape. And even if I had, it would not prove that a man should wear a gyve on his right leg."

And at this the appearance gobbled like a turkey.

He never knew how he did that; but he swung the sword on the one side, and clove the appearance through the midst; and it cried out aloud with the voice of his mother, and fell to the ground; and with the fall of it, the house was gone from over Jack's head, and he stood alone in the woods, and the gyve was loosened from his leg.

"Well," said he, "the enchanter is now dead and the fetter gone." But the cries rang in his soul, and the day was like night to him. "This has been a sore business," said he. "Let me get forth out of the wood, and see the good that I have done to others."

He thought to leave the fetter where it lay, but when he turned to go, his mind was otherwise. So he stooped and put the gyve in his bosom; and the rough iron galled him as he went, and his bosom bled.

Now when he was forth of the wood upon the highway, he met folk returning from the field; and those he met had no fetter on the right leg, but behold! they had one upon the left. Jack asked them what it signified; and they said, that was the new wear, "for the old one was found to be a superstition." Then he looked at them nearly; and there was a new ulcer on the left ankle, and the old one on the right was not yet healed.

"Now may God forgive me!" cried Jack, "I would I were well home."

And when he was home, there lay his uncle smitten on the head, and his father pierced through the heart, and his mother cloven through the midst. And he sat in the lone house and wept beside the bodies.

MORAL.

Old is the tree and the fruit good,
Very old and thick the wood.
Woodman, is your courage stout?
Beware! the root is wrapped about
Your mother's heart, your father's bones;
And like the mandrake comes with groans.

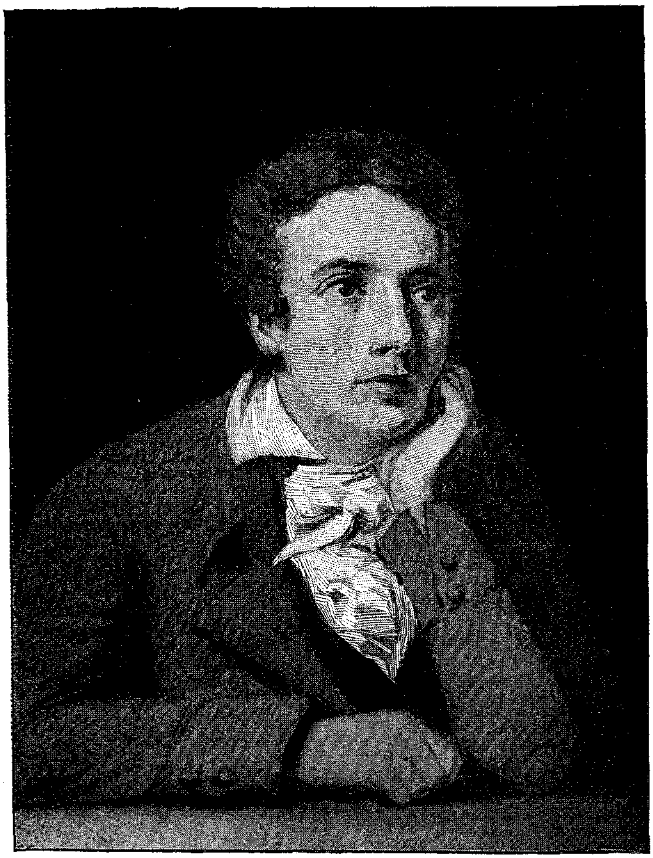
THE REAL JOHN KEATS.

A CHARACTER SKETCH APROPOS OF THE CENTENARY OF THE POET'S BIRTH.

By John Gilmer Speed.

Note.—The author of this paper is the grandson of John Keats's brother, George Keats, who emigrated to the United States and settled in Kentucky. By this relationship he has come into possession of many valuable original letters and manuscripts bearing on the life of his illustrious grand-uncle. Most of the pictures which illustrate the paper are from originals owned by him, notably the Severn portraits. He has also edited the standard edition of Keats's letters.—Editor.

JOHN KEATS was born on the 29th of October, 1795; so that this is the centennial year of the young English poet, who, on his deathbed, requested that this epitaph should be put on the stone that marked his grave: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." In a letter to his publisher, written a year before his death, in his twenty-sixth year, he said: "I think I shall be among the English poets after my death." And so he is; for his poetry has been growing in popularity ever since, and the poets and critics of this and the preceding generation have placed him in the very front rank, while all who have knowledge of English letters consider him to have been one of the most remarkable of men and geniuses. It is a singular fact, however, that, notwithstanding the reversal of the judgment passed by the "Blackwood" and the "Quarterly" reviews in 1818, when the "slip-shod Endymion" was given to the



JOHN KEATS.

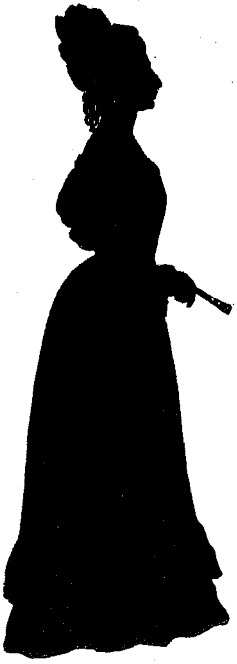
From the original portrait from life by Severn, owned by Mr. J. G. Speed.

world, the world at large still holds to the view promulgated by the cynical Byron and the sympathetic Shelley, and others of Keats's contemporaries, that the adverse criticisms of his poetry killed the young poet—that he was "snuff'd out by an article." Contrary evidence has been accessible ever since 1848, when the "Life, Letters and Literary Remains of John Keats, edited by Richard Moncton Milnes" (Lord Houghton), was published. During the past twenty years, in the several biographies and the completer editions of Keats's letters, much corroborative, together with much new evidence, has been published; and it has been shown that Keats was manly and brave, and not more affected by the fierce and vulgar assaults of Lockhart in "Blackwood" and Gifford in the "Quarterly" than any other sensitive man would have been. It has been shown also that he died of tuberculosis, which had begun before these attacks were published. Consumption, indeed, appears to have been a family disease, as his mother died of it in 1810, his brother Tom in 1818, and his brother George in 1842. Still the world has clung to the old view, which goes to prove that the world really prefers what is sensational to what is true.

What has been written of the private life of Keats illustrates with striking clearness the impropriety of publishing to the world a too intimate view of the domestic privacy of every man and woman who does anything great or remarkable. These publications provoked and justified the exclamation of Tennyson that he thanked heaven he knew nothing of the life of Shakespeare. Keats the man has suffered so greatly on account of the lack of reticence on the part of his personal friends and early admirers that at this time it seems to me only proper that everything known of him should be so put before the world that he may be seen as he actually was, even though in the first instance the world had no business to know more than he disclosed in his published writings and by his public acts.

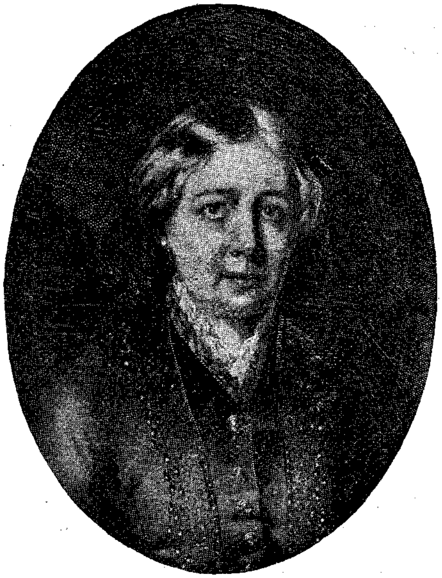
PARENTAGE AND YOUTH.

John Keats was born in London of obscure parentage. His father was from Devonshire, and was first heard of in the extensive livery stables of John Jennings in Finsbury, where, at the age of twenty, he was head hostler. He married Mr. Jennings's daughter, and succeeded to the business when his father-in-law retired with a fortune of thirteen thousand pounds, a comfortable competency at that time for a person in his walk of life. Thomas



SILHOUETTE OF FANNIE BRAWNE, THE BETROTHED OF KEATS.

Keats, the father of the poet, was probably of better origin than his employment in London would indicate, and it is quite likely that he came of the same Devon family as the gallant Admiral Sir Richard Godwin Keats of the "Superb," afterwards governor of Greenwich Hospital. The family of the poet never made any claim to such relationship, and the fact that both of these Keatses came from Devonshire would not have been recalled by the poet's biographers were it not interesting to account in some way for the notable gentility of John Keats and his brothers. And even the father, the head hostler who married his master's daughter, made an excellent impression when he visited the school of the Rev. John Clarke at Enfield to see his sons who were educated there. Charles Cowden Clarke, the son of this schoolmaster and schoolmate of the Keats boys, said that it was always remarked that the father was not an ordinary man, but that he was a man of intelligence and conduct "of so remarkably fine a common sense and native respectability that I perfectly remember the warm terms in which his demeanor used to be canvassed by my parents." If the poet's character, taste, and disposition were in the least an inheritance, it is thought that they came to him in large part from his father. In 1804 Thomas Keats was killed by a fall from his horse, and his widow, with her four children, three sons and a daughter, went to live with her mother in Church Street, Edmonton. It was the first intention to send the sons to Harrow, but after Thomas Keats's death they were continued at Mr. Clarke's.



FANNY KEATS DE LLANOS, SISTER OF JOHN KEATS.

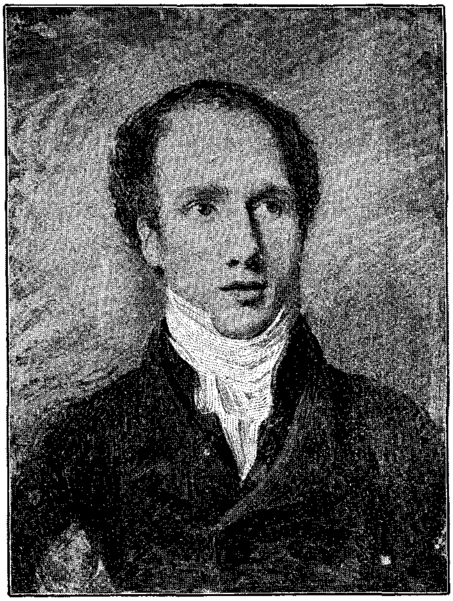
From the original portrait from life by her son Juan Keats de Llanos, owned by Mr. J. G. Speed.

Some of the lads who were at school with John Keats have left recollections of him. He was small, but very symmetrical in form, and with a face of such beauty that all who saw him were charmed by his appearance. Mere good looks do not go far with school-boys, but they have a certain effect. It was not beauty that made John Keats the most popular boy in Mr. Clarke's school, but his love of fun, his rollicking sense of humor, and above all his fondness for fighting. In his boyhood he appeared to like a fight for its own sake, and to fairly revel in an encounter when the battle was for what he esteemed a good cause. One of his schoolmates, Edward Holmes, author of the "Life of Mozart," has recorded this of Keats:

"Keats in his childhood was not attached to books. His penchant was fighting. He would fight any one—morning, noon, and night, his brother among the rest. It was meat and drink to him. His favorites were few; after they were known to fight readily, he seemed to prefer them for a sort of grotesque and buffoon humor. He was a boy whom any one, from his extraordinary vivacity and personal beauty, might easily fancy would become great—but rather in some military capacity than in literature. You will remark that this taste came out rather suddenly and unexpectedly. In all active exercises he excelled. The generosity and daring of his character, with the extreme beauty and animation of his face, made, I remember, an impression on me; and, being some years his junior, I was obliged to woo his friendship, in which I succeeded, but not till I had fought several battles. This violence and vehemence—this pugnacity and generosity of disposition—in passions of tears or outrageous fits of laughter—always in extremes—will help to paint Keats in his boyhood. Associated as they were with an extraordinary beauty of person and expression, these qualities captivated the boys, and no one was more popular."

The accounts given of Keats by other school-fellows, including his brother George, the grandfather of the present writer, are quite to the same effect. Charles Cowden Clarke has said of this period at school:

"He was not merely the favorite of all as a pet prize-fighter, for his terrier courage; but his high-mindedness, his utter unconsciousness of a mean motive, his placability, his generosity, wrought so general a feeling in



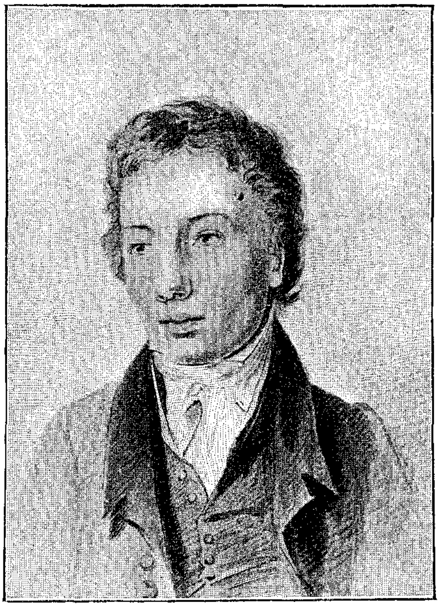
GEORGE KEATS, BROTHER OF JOHN KEATS.

From the original portrait from life by Severn, owned by Mr. J. G. Speed.

his behalf that I never heard a word of disapproval from any one, superior or equal, who had known him."

APPRENTICED TO A SURGEON.

In 1810 Keats's mother died of a rapid consumption. It is related of him—he was then fifteen years old—that "he sat up whole nights with her in a great chair, would suffer nobody to give her medicine or even cook her food but himself, and read novels to her in her moments of ease." After she was gone "he gave himself up to such impassioned and prolonged grief (hiding himself in a nook under the master's desk) as awakened the liveliest pity and sympathy of all who saw him." The grandmother, wishing to assure the future of her orphaned grandchildren, executed a deed of trust, giving a large share of her own estate, and put them under the guardianship of two trustees, Mr. Rowland Smith, merchant, and Mr. Richard Abbey, wholesale tea-dealer in Pancras Lane. Mr. Abbey at once assumed the active responsibilities of the trust and guardianship, both of which he conducted with signal unwisdom and tactless stubbornness. His first act was to withdraw John Keats from school and apprentice him to a surgeon named Hammond, at Edmonton, for a period of five years. There is no record of opposition on the part of the lad, in whom the passion for the pleasures of literature was but newly awakened. But this passion was by no means stifled by his new occupations, and he often walked over from Edmonton to Enfield to borrow books and talk them over with his friend and literary mentor, Charles Cowden Clarke. It was at the surgery that he finished his translation of the Æneid, and it was during one of his holidays from there that he was introduced to Spenser by Clarke, who read to him the "Epithalamion" in the afternoon and lent him the "Faerie Queene" to take away the same evening. These were momentous happenings for Keats, as Spenser opened a new world to him, through which, Clarke says, he went "ramping like a young colt." Keats said more than once during the last two years of his life that it was to the inspiration of the "Faerie Queene" that his first notion of attempting to write was due; and his earliest attempt at versification was made in the lines, "Imitation of Spenser," printed in his first volume of poems. This was in 1813. It was two years later than this, however, before he showed anything that he had written to Clarke. Then he gave him the sonnet entitled, "Written on the day that Mr. Leigh Hunt left prison."



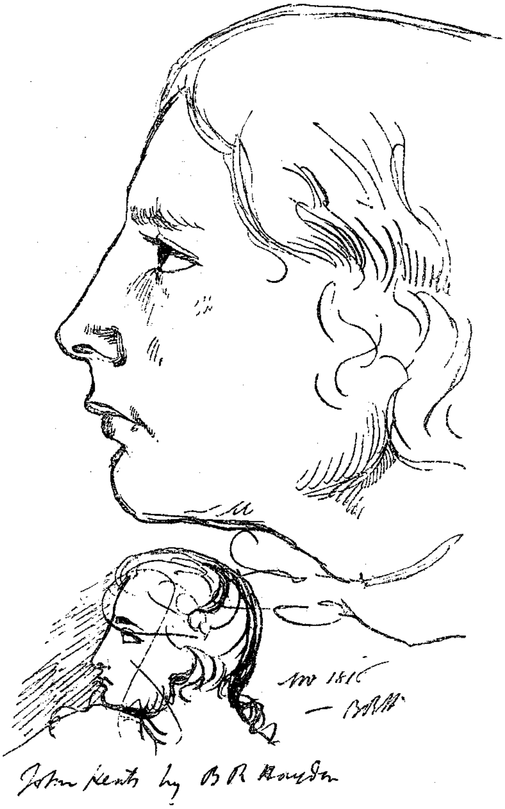
TOM KEATS, BROTHER OF JOHN KEATS.

After a sketch in water-colors by Severn.

"This was the first proof I had received," said Clarke, thirty years afterwards, "that he had committed himself in verse; and how clearly do I recollect the conscious look and hesitation with which he offered it! There are some momentary glances by beloved friends that fade only with life." Previous to this, only his brothers knew that he had written serious verses. That year Clarke came to London to live, and Keats soon found him out in his lodgings in Clerkenwell, where they often read together with youthful eagerness. One of their first books was Chapman's Homer. After a night over it Clarke found, when he went to breakfast in the morning, that Keats, who had not left him till the small hours, had still found time to write and despatch the now famous sonnet, "On first looking into Chapman's Homer." It was here that Keats for the first time approved himself a poet, and though this sonnet is so well known as to be almost hackneyed, it must be copied here:

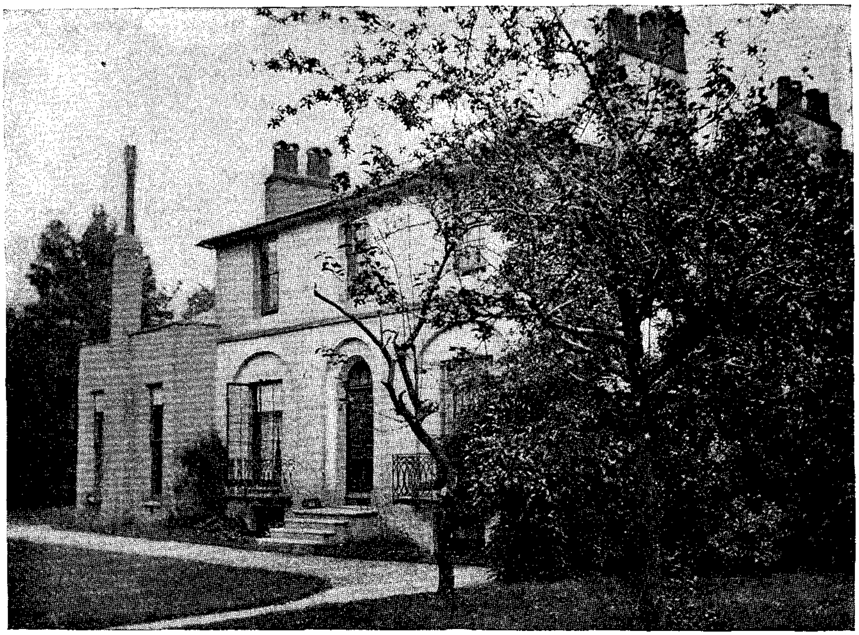
"Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
  And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
  Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,
  That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
  Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
'Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
  When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
  He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
  Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Our young poet was now in his twentieth year when, by the alchemy of genius, he transformed these stray reminiscenses of schoolboy reading into the perfection of appropriate poetry. Before this there had been several changes in Keats's method of life. A year before the expiration of his term of apprenticeship he had quarreled with Mr. Hammond and had left him. The cause of the quarrel has not been recorded; but, in a letter to his brother George, in speaking of the renewal of the bodily tissues, he said: "Seven years ago it was not this hand which clenched itself at Hammond." Considering this expression, together with the pugnacity of Keats's disposition and the further fact that Hammond allowed the indentures to be cancelled, it seems tolerably certain that there was something of a row in the Edmonton surgery. This estranged Keats from his guardian, Mr. Abbey, and they were never friends again. Indeed, Mr. Abbey's enmity went so far, as will presently be seen, that at a time of dire distress he withheld money that belonged to Keats and that would have made his affairs entirely comfortable to the end of his days. From Edmonton Keats went to London, and continued the study of his profession as a student at the hospitals. For two years and a half—that is, from his nineteenth to his twenty-second year—he continued the study of medicine, but at the same time his passion for poetry was always growing stronger. He passed his medical examinations with credit and was appointed an assistant at Guy's Hospital. Operations that he performed in 1816 proved that he was no bungler, but his heart was not in the work. He felt that he was not fit for the responsibilities of the profession, as his mind wandered more and more to other things. "The other day during the lecture," he told his friend Clarke, "there came a sunbeam into the room, and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairyland." To another friend he said of the abandonment of his study of medicine and surgery, which happened in 1817: "My last operation was the opening of a man's temporal artery. I did it with the utmost nicety; but reflecting on what passed through my mind at the time, my dexterity seemed a miracle, and I never took up the lancet again."


Nov 1816
— BRH
John Keats by B R Haydon

JOHN KEATS.

After a pen sketch from life by B. R. Haydon.



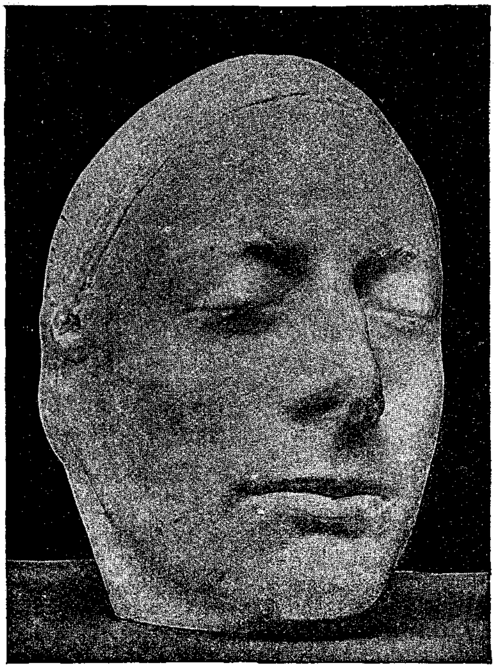
THE HOUSE AT WELL WALK, HAMPSTEAD, IN WHICH KEATS AND HIS BROTHERS LIVED.

THE WRITING OF "ENDYMION."

During this period Keats lived with his two brothers in the Poultry and in Cheapside. He not only wrote verses, but formed acquaintance with other young men of literary taste and occupations. His decision to adopt for himself a literary career and to give up surgery, on which so much time and money had been spent, filled the tea-selling soul of Mr. Abbey with increased horror for the singular being whose property he held in trust. Though Keats received no encouragement from the family guardian, his acts were enthusiastically approved by his brothers and the circle of young literary men of which from the beginning he was the centre. These friends persuaded Keats to offer his youthful verses to the public; and their encouragement resulted in the volume of 1817, which was published by one of the members of the circle. Before this Keats had met, through Cowden Clarke, Leigh Hunt, and the influence of that amiable but second-rate man was readily discernable in the poems of this early volume which is now so eagerly sought by collectors. Indeed, the opening sonnet of the book was inscribed, with the book itself, to Leigh Hunt. This intimacy with Leigh Hunt was of advantage to Keats, no doubt, but it carried with it grave penalties. Hunt was considered to be the high priest of cockney poetry; and Keats, a man infinitely stronger and a poet of incomparably greater powers, soon came to be looked upon as his chief acolyte. The first book attracted no attention even from those who ridiculed the cockney school of poetry, but it was warmly and enthusiastically praised by Keats's friends, among whom were Shelley, Reynolds, Severn, Charles Wells, B. R. Haydon, Charles Wentworth Dilke, Charles Cowden Clarke, and of course Leigh Hunt. These friends resented the public inattention; but this did not seem to worry Keats in the least, for he was now intent on producing a long poem which should put his powers to the test and prove that he was capable of a sustained effort. He therefore planned "Endymion" and went to the Isle of Wight to begin it. This experiment had been made on the recommendation of Haydon, the painter, who insisted that he would work better in solitude. Keats found that this was not the case and in a few weeks went to Margate, where he made good progress on his poem. It was while here that Keats began to have trouble about money. Mr. Abbey informed him that the interest on his share of the trust fund had been insufficient to pay the expenses of his medical studies and that, therefore, his capital had been seriously encroached upon. Advances, however, had also been made recently to both George and Tom Keats, and as Mr. Abbey had conducted the business most wastefully, the affairs of the Keats family were not in first-class condition. Under these circumstances we find John Keats discounting his expectations from literature, for he received from Messrs. Hessey and Taylor, who were to publish "Endymion," an advance on the poem, though it was not half finished.

After a little sojourn at Canterbury, Keats with his two brothers took up his abode at Well Walk, Hampstead. Here he lived near to Leigh Hunt and also to Charles Wentworth Dilke, then a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, but afterwards for many years editor and chief owner of the "Athenæum." Next to Dilke lived Charles Brown, with whom Keats became quickly intimate. Brown was a very close friend for the remainder of Keats's life. His unwisdom and lack of reticence, his jealousy of the other of Keats's friends who presumed to speak with either knowledge or authority, resulted in a great measure in the deplorable incursions into the private affairs of a man who kept his own counsel upon all occasions when a discussion of his concerns would have been unpleasant or undignified. In these incursions of Brown's, that positive person saw things which he did not understand, and forthwith he proceeded to spread stories against George Keats. These stories Lord Houghton and Charles Wentworth Dilke thought they had long since set at rest; but within a few years William Sharp has seen fit, in editing the letters of Joseph Severn, to revive these stories upon the authority of the letters of the jealous Brown, written three-quarters of a century ago. In the autumn of 1817 "Endymion" was finished, and that winter Keats appears to have done little other literary work save to revise the proof-sheets of his poem, and to write dramatic criticisms for the "Champion," in the stead of his friend Reynolds, who was absent from London. About this time he attended a dinner in company with Horace Smith and some other fashionable wits of the time. His head was not turned by this attention, for in a letter he said of them: "They only served to convince me how superior humor is to wit in respect to enjoyment. These men say things which make one start, without making one feel; they are all alike; their manners are alike; they all know fashionables; they have all a mannerism in their very eating and drinking, in their mere handling a decanter. They talked of Kean and his low company. 'Would I were with that company instead of yours,' said I to myself."

During Christmas week of 1817, he was invited by Haydon to sup with Wordsworth. Besides Wordsworth, Charles Lamb and several others were present. Lamb got tipsy and played some practical jokes on a dull member of the company. These did not amuse Keats, but struck him as only rude and unkind. Later, Wordsworth invited Keats to dine with him. At this dinner Keats recited for the older poet the Hymn to Pan, from "Endymion." Wordsworth coolly remarked: "A pretty piece of paganism;" and Keats winced under the frigidity.

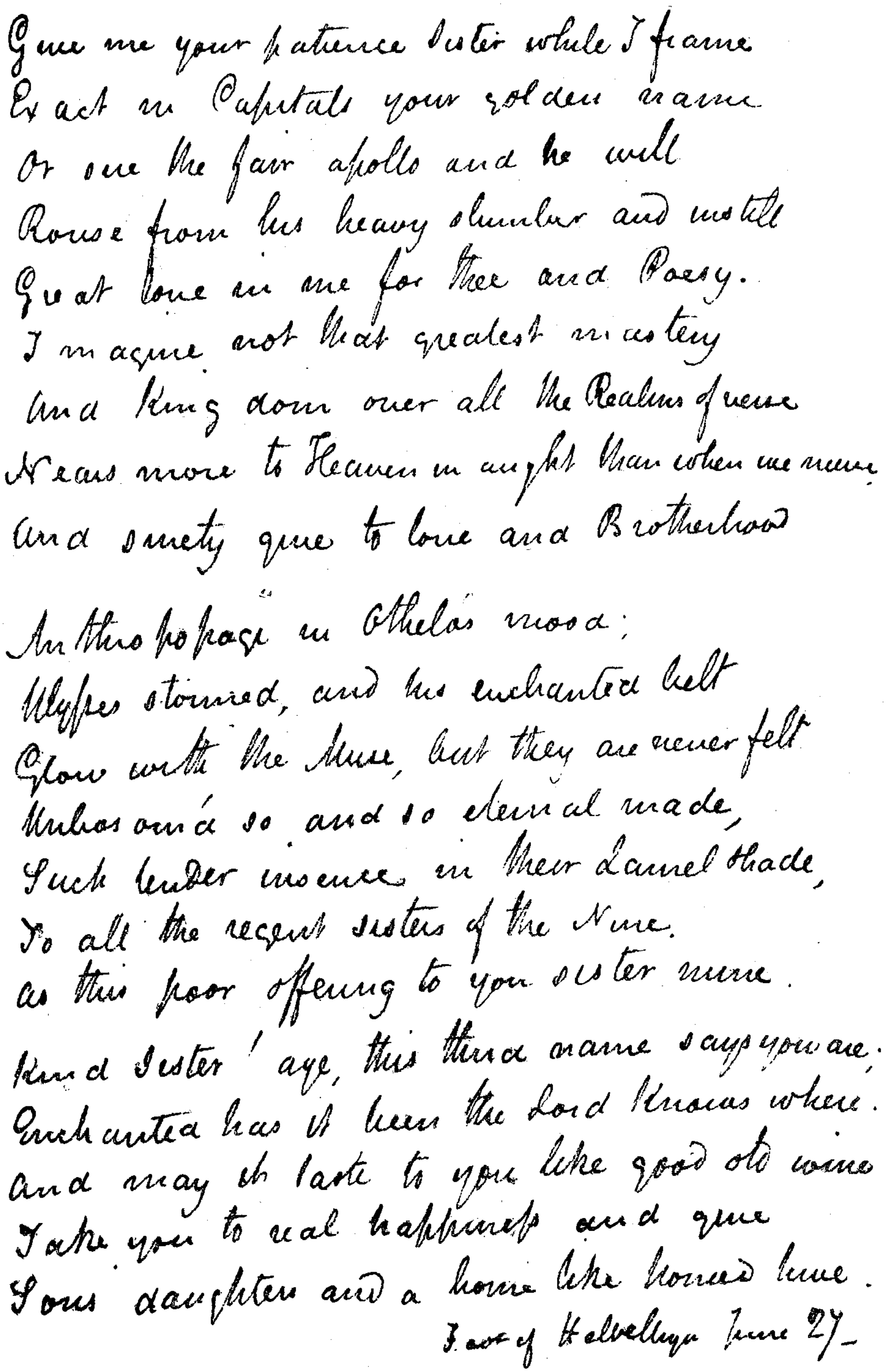


LIFE MASK OF JOHN KEATS.

Moulded by Keats's friend, the artist B. R. Haydon.

THE FIRST BREAK IN KEATS'S HEALTH.

During this time, George Keats had determined to emigrate to America, in the hope of bettering his own and the family fortunes. Before setting out, in the early summer of 1818, he was married to Georgiana Augusta Wiley, the daughter of a naval officer. It was to this lady that Keats wrote the acrostic which is reproduced with this article in facsimile. At this time, also, Severn, the artist who was with Keats at the last in Rome, made the miniature portraits of John, George, and Tom Keats, reproduced in this article. These George Keats brought to America with him, and they have been in the possession of his family ever since. John Keats, together with his friend Brown, accompanied his brother and sister-in-law to Liverpool, and



Give me your patience sister while I frame
Exact in Capitals your golden name
Or sue the fair apollo and he will
Rouse from his heavy slumber and instill
Great love in me for thee and Poesy.
Imagine not that greatest mastery
And kingdom over all the Realms of verse
Nears more to Heaven in aught than when we nurse
And surety give to love and Brotherhood

"Anthropophagi" in Othello's mood;
Ulysses stormed, and his enchanted belt
Glow with the Muse, but they are never felt
Unbosom'd so and so eternal made,
Such tender incense in their Laurel shade,
To all the regent sisters of the Nine.
as this poor offering to you sister mine.

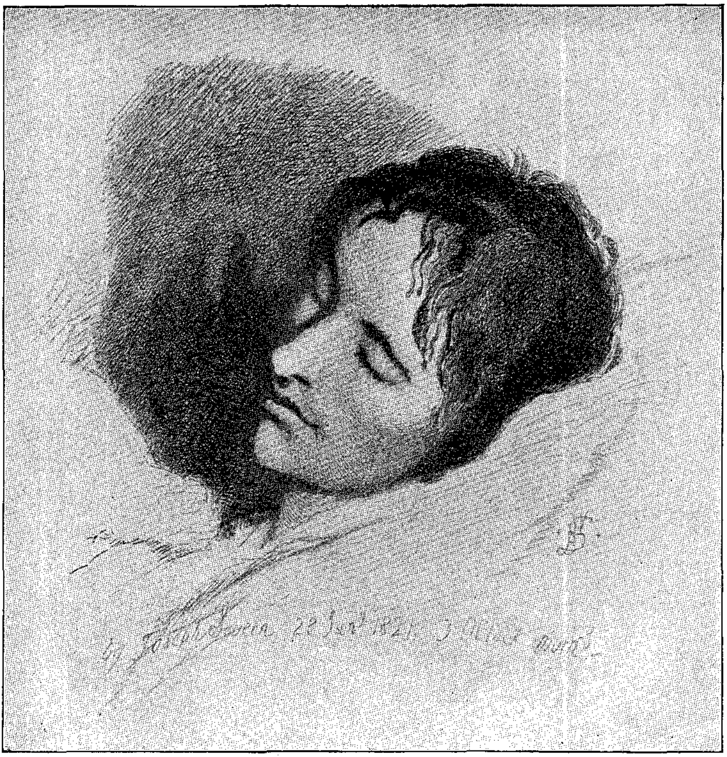
Kind Sister! aye, this third name says you are;
Enchanted has it been the Lord knows where.
And may it taste to you like good old wine
Take you to real happiness and give
Sons daughters and a home like honied hive.

Foot of Helvellyn June 27 –

AN ACROSTIC SENT BY JOHN KEATS TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW GEORGIANA AUGUSTA KEATS IN AMERICA.

Facsimile from the original, owned by Mr. John Gilmer Speed.

saw them off towards the end of June. The leave-takings over, Keats and Brown began a walking tour through the north of England and Scotland. An account of this tour may be found in the journal-letter he kept for his brother. From the exposure and exertion of this Scotch tour may be traced the beginnings of Keats's ill health. In the journal-letter alluded to, he records that he had a "slight sore throat," and had to rest a day or two at Oban. Thence they pushed on to Fort William, made the ascent of Ben Nevis, and so on to Inverness. The sore throat had in the meantime been getting worse, and feverish symptoms set in. The doctor consulted at Inverness forbade him continuing the tour, and accordingly he took ship from the port of Cromarty for London. He improved on the journey, but the premonitory symptoms of consumption, first noticed at Oban and then more seriously considered at Inverness, never afterwards left him.



KEATS ON HIS DEATH-BED.

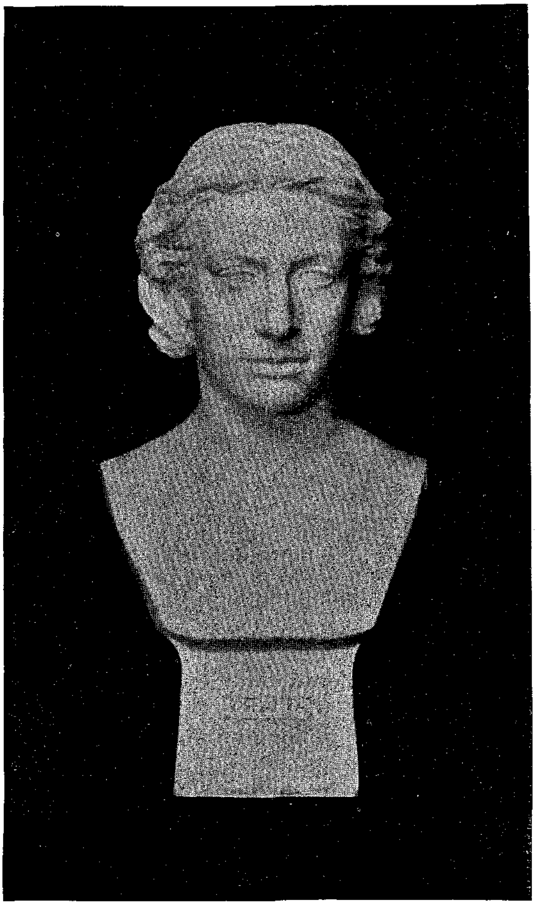
After a pen sketch by Severn.

It is interesting to note that these symptoms had appeared before the attacks on "Endymion" had been published. It was not long after his return to London before "Blackwood" and the "Quarterly" opened upon him. The article in "Blackwood" on the "Cockney School of Poetry" was printed in the August number of the magazine, and Leigh Hunt and many other of Keats's friends were sure that it was the work of Scott's biographer, Lockhart. The article was coarse and offensive in its personal allusions to the poet, but there was no criticism in it worthy of the name. It did not please Keats, of course, but it did not hurt him particularly; for he had already, in his preface to the poem, himself written the best criticism which has ever appeared on that youthful work. He said: "Knowing within myself the manner in which this poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public. What manner I mean will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished. The two first books, and indeed the two last, I feel sensible are not of such completion as to warrant their passing the press; nor should they if I thought a year's castigation would do them any good; it will not: the foundations are too sandy. It is just that this youngster should die away: a sad thought for me, if I had not some hope that while it is dwindling I may be plotting, and fitting myself for verses fit to live.

"This may be speaking too presumptuously, and may deserve a punishment; but no feeling man will be forward to inflict it; he will leave me alone, with the conviction that there is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object. This is not written with the least atom of purpose to forestall criticisms, of course, but from the desire I have to conciliate men who are competent to look, and who do look with a zealous eye, to the honor of English literature.

"The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted; thence proceeds mawkishness, and all the thousand bitters which those men I speak of must necessarily taste in going over the following pages."

This critical preface not only did not forestall criticism, but appears to have provoked rather than to have conciliated the men who then conducted the great literary reviews. The publication in "Blackwood" was followed by an even more savage attack in the "Quarterly," written by Gifford, who in his article professed to have been unable to read beyond the first canto. The friends of Keats came to his defence; but some of them, notably Leigh Hunt, did not admire "Endymion" enthusiastically, and it was the man rather than his work that they now rallied round. His conduct under the lash was manly and dignified, and had not serious illness followed so close upon these criticisms, his friends, who are really blameworthy in the matter, never would have started the cry of murder against Lockhart and Gifford. To his publisher, Mr. Hessey, Keats wrote about this time: "I cannot but feel indebted to those gentlemen who have taken my part. As for the rest, I begin to get a little acquainted with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic of his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what 'Blackwood' or the 'Quarterly' could possibly inflict; and also when I feel that I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary reperception and ratification of what is fine."



JOHN KEATS.

From a bust by Miss Whitney, now in Hampstead church.

Probably no man who has ever with his own writing attracted the attention of the reviewers, has failed to feel somewhat as Keats felt when he wrote this; but few men have been called on as he was to express such feelings while so young. He then was twenty-three, his brother Tom was dying of consumption, he was himself in failing health, his fortune was all but exhausted, and in addition he was for the first time in love with a woman.

KEATS'S LOVE AFFAIR.

Tom Keats was slowly dying in Hampstead during the autumn of 1818. John was his constant nurse, and the strain upon him was most severe. The end did not come till the first week in December. During this sad time he began "Hyperion." He also met Miss Fanny Brawne at the Dilkes', and though her presence at first irritated him, he soon became completely fascinated by her. It was just before this that he wrote to a friend that he was certain he did not have a right feeling towards women because they fell so far beneath his boyish imagination. He also wrote to his brother and sister in America, saying that he would never marry. "The roaring of the wind is my wife," he wrote, "and the stars through the window panes are my children; the mighty abstract idea of Beauty in all things I have stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness. An amiable wife and sweet children I contemplate as part of that Beauty, but I must have a thousand of those particles to fill up my heart. I feel more and more every day, as my imagination strengthens, that I do not live in this world alone, but in a thousand worlds. No sooner am I alone than shapes of epic greatness are stationed around me, and serve my spirit the office which is equivalent to a king's body-guard; then 'Tragedy in sceptred pall comes sweeping by.' According to my state of mind, I am with

Achilles shouting in the trenches, or with Theocritus in the vales of Sicily; or throw my whole being into Troilus, and repeating those lines, 'I wander like a lost soul upon the Stygian bank, staying for wharfage,' I melt into the air with a voluptuousness so delicate that I am content to be alone. These things, combined with the opinion I have formed of the generality of women, who appear to me as children to whom I would rather give a sugarplum than my time, form a barrier against matrimony that I rejoice in."

But it was only a little while before Keats was completely a slave to his passion for a woman. Of this woman no portrait other than the silhouette reproduced with this article has been preserved. Severn said that she resembled the draped figure in Titian's picture of "Sacred and Profane Love." Mr. Sidney Colvin, Keats's best and most recent biographer, from this silhouette and what he had heard, constructs this description of her: "A brisk and blooming very young beauty, of the far from uncommon English hawk blonde type, with aquiline nose and retreating forehead, sharp-cut nostril and gray-blue eye, a slight, shapely figure rather short than tall, a taking smile, and good hair, carriage, and complexion—such was Fannie Brawne externally." Though she was inexperienced and self-confident, she was constant and kind to her lover in spite of prospects which soon grew very dark. She never, however, fully realized what manner of man he was, though some of the things said by his friends, who did not approve of her or of his frenzy of passion for her, were most unkind and entirely unjustified. As I have been guilty in previous writings of repeating at least one such unkind remark, I most cheerfully acknowledge that better evidence has convinced me that she loved Keats dearly, and when he was dead tenderly cherished his memory.

During the winter of 1818–19 Keats was much harassed. The death of Tom moved him deeply; and the absence of his brother George, upon whose sturdier nature he had been in the habit of relying in his moments of despondency, was a sore trial to him. His own health was bad, and he was exposed to the anticipations of poverty just when wealth seemed more desirable and necessary to him than ever before. But notwithstanding all these disturbing harassments he wrote "Hyperion" and "The Eve of St. Agnes," work which exhibited him at his best; work which, when published a year later, so moved Francis Jeffrey that he wrote an appreciative article in the "Edinburgh Review," which had previously been silent if not hostile. This article, by the way, dealt chiefly with "Endymion," as if to rebuke Lockhart and Gifford for their harshness. Keats also wrote, before he finally broke down the next autumn and was ordered south, "because a winter in England would surely kill him," in addition to "Hyperion" and "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Lamia," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Mark," "La Belle Dame sans Merci," and those odes which would have made him both popular and famous if he had written nothing else at all. Indeed, all of his best work, the work which fixed him in the front rank of English poets, was done after he had been "snuff'd out by an article."

In 1820 George Keats, who had not then prospered in America, came to England to receive what was remaining of his share of his grandmother's estate. This was little enough, but what he took back with him gave rise to the slander that he took also with him some of John Keats's money. It is certain that he did not do this, for Mr. Abbey, the trustee, always parted with money grudgingly, and was even more hostile to George than to John. He took what he could get from Mr. Abbey, and that was all. Had he known the true state of affairs, he would have taken more money than he did, and John Keats also would have been so provided with funds as to have had all the money he needed during the remainder of his life. At that time there was an accumulation of about five thousand pounds, which had been invested in the funds under a provision of the will of Mr. Jennings for his daughter, the mother of the Keatses. One-fourth of this John Keats was entitled to; but neither he nor George knew of its existence, and the precious trustee took no pains to inform them. Two years later George Keats took one share of this money, leaving her own share and those of John and Tom to his sister Fanny.

Towards the end of July, 1819, Keats went to the Isle of Wight, but he found the climate enervating, and after a little time came back to England and settled down at Winchester. Here he worked hard and conducted a full correspondence. He was better in the early autumn, and full of plans for the future. One plan was to go into lodgings in London and write dramatic criticisms for some paper. And so he went to College Street, Westminster, in October. But the hopes he had formed of his better health at Winchester proved illusory; so within ten days he was again domiciled with Brown at Hampstead, next door to her who was at once his joy and torment. With this return to Hampstead begins the closing chapter in the life of Keats. He was not idle, but the work he did was marked by failure of power and infirmity of purpose. It was at this time that he wrote the eighty-eight stanzas of the "Cap and Bells." On the 3d of February, 1820, he returned home in a high state of excitement, having been riding on the outside of a stage. That night he had a slight hemorrhage. "Bring me the candle," he commanded, "and let me see this blood." After regarding it steadfastly, he looked up and said with entire calmness of countenance, "I know the color of that blood—it is arterial blood. I cannot be deceived in that color. That drop of blood is my death warrant—I must die."

Keats knew his case from the first, and though he survived for twelve months, and sometimes tried to cheat himself into the belief that there was a hope of his recovery, he was anxious for the end, as his existence was but a life in death. To one of his friends he wrote during the time of a deceptive rally: "How astonishingly does the chance of leaving the world impress a sense of its natural beauties upon us! Like poor Falstaff, though I do not babble I think of green fields; I muse with the greatest affection on every flower I have known from my infancy; their shapes and colors are as new to me as though I had just created them with a superhuman fancy." He spent his time now in revising his third book for the press. This is the immortal book of poems produced from the spring of 1818 to the autumn of 1819, the one which made Jeffrey break silence in the "Edinburgh Review" in Keats's favor. "My book has had good success among the literary people," wrote Keats, a few weeks after its appearance, "and I believe has a moderate sale."

In June he suffered a relapse and was moved from his lodgings to the home of Leigh Hunt, where he was tenderly nursed. After a stay of seven weeks he moved to the Brawnes, and was ministered to by his betrothed and her mother. Shelley invited him to come to Italy and take up his residence with him at Pisa. He was touched by Shelley's invitation, but did not accept it, though he had made up his mind to try a winter in Italy "as a soldier marches up to a battery." Joseph Severn, the painter, and he sailed from London for Naples on the 18th of September. About his love Keats seldom either spoke or wrote to any save the object of it. But during this journey, there is this passage in a letter to Brown: "The very thing I wish most to live for will be the occasion of my death. I cannot help it. Who can help it? Were I in health it would make me ill—how can I bear it in my state? I wish for death every day and night to deliver me from these pains; and then I wish death away, for death would destroy even these pains, which are better than nothing. Land and sea, weakness and decline, are great separators, but Death is the great divorcer forever."

After a voyage of four weeks his ship reached the Bay of Naples and was there subjected to a ten days' quarantine. During this time Keats said that in a fit of desperation he summoned up more puns than in the whole course of his life. Indeed, he had showed himself full of a kindly cheerfulness during the whole voyage. He evidently made a successful effort to keep bright, for he imposed on his travelling companion, Severn, who wrote letters to England in a very hopeful strain. At Naples he received another letter from Shelley urging him to come to Pisa. But Keats's eyes were set on Rome, and thither he journeyed. Lodgings had been taken for him by Dr. (afterwards Sir James) Clark in the Piazza di Spagna, in the first house on the right going up the steps to Sta. Trinita dei Monti. This house is now marked by a tablet, and few English or American visitors to Rome fail to seek it. This hint was quickly taken by the caterer. For a few weeks after his arrival in Rome Keats was able to be about a little each day, but on the 10th of December he was seized with violent hemorrhages, and then he slowly and painfully wasted away, the end not coming till the 23d of February, 1821. For two months and a half life still held out, though the dying man constantly prayed for death. "About four o'clock," wrote Severn, "the approaches of death came on. 'Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy. Don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come!' I lifted him up in my arms. The phlegm seemed boiling in his throat, and increased until eleven, when he gradually sank into death, so quiet that I still thought he slept."

Three days later his body was carried, attended by several of the English in Rome, to the cemetery near the pyramid of Caius Sestius. Near this grave, a little afterwards, were deposited the heart and charred bones of Shelley. And some fifty years later were buried in a grave beside that of Keats the remains of his faithful Severn.

A MASTER OF DECEIT.

A DRUMTOCHTY STORY.

BY IAN MACLAREN,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," "Afterwards," etc.

WHEN Jamie Soutar dropped into the smithy one spring evening with an impracticable padlock, and mentioned casually that he was going to London next day, the assembled neighbors lost power of speech.

"Did ye say London, Jamie?" Hillocks was understood to have shown great presence of mind in unparalleled circumstances. "An' are ye in yir senses?"

"As sune as ye recover yir strength, smith," said Jamie, taking no notice of fatuous questions, "a'll be obleeged gin ye wud turn the key in this lock. It's a wee dour tae manage; a' hevna used ma bag sin a' gaed tae the saut water saxteen year past."

"Did ye ever hear the like?" and the smith looked round the circle for support, refusing to treat Jamie's demand as an ordinary matter of business.

"What are ye glowerin' at me for as if a' wes a fairlie?" and Jamie affected anger; "hes a Drumtochty man no as muckle richt tae see the metropolis o' the country as ither fouk, gin he can pay his fare up an' doon?

"A've been wantin' tae see the Tooer o' London, whar mony a lord hes pairted wi' his heid; an' Westminster Abbey, whar the michty dead are lyin'; an' the Hooses o' Parliament, whar they haver a hale nicht through; an' the streets, whar the soond o' feet never ceases.

"The fact is," and Jamie tasted the situation to the full, "a'm anxious tae improve ma mind, an' gin ye speak me fair a'll maybe gie the Glen a lecture in the schule hoose in the winter time, wi' a magic lantern, ye ken."

The neighbors regarded him with horror, and, after he had departed, united their wisdom to solve the mystery.

"Jamie's by himsel in the Glen," summed up Hillocks, "an' hes a wy o' his ain. Ma thocht is that he juist took a notion o' seein' London, an' noo that we've contered [opposed] him, Jamie 'ill go, gin it cost him ten notes."

On his way home Jamie gave Janet Grant a cry, who was sitting very lonesome and sad-like before her door.

"Hoo are ye, Janet? The smell o' spring's in the air, an' the buds are burstin' bonnie. Ye 'ill no hae heard that a'm aff tae London the morrow, juist for a ploy, ye ken, tae see the wonders."

As Janet only stared at him, Jamie offered explanations in atonement for his foolishness.

"Ye see a've aye hed an ambeetion tae see the big warld that lies ootside oor bit Glen, for its far-awa soon' hes been often in ma ear. A've savit a note or twa, an' a'll get a glimpse afore a' dee."

"It's a Providence, an naethin' less than an answer tae prayer," broke in Janet, in great agitation; "here hev I been murnin' that a' cudna get tae London masel, an' that a' kent naebody there, till ma heart wes weary in ma briest.

"Naethin' is sairer, Jamie, than tae ken that ane ye luve is lyin' ill amang strangers, wi' naebody o' her bluid tae speak a couthy word tae her, puir lassie, or gie her a drink. A' wes juist seein' her lyin' alane at the top of the big hoose, and wushin' she wes wi's a' in the Glen."

"Posty said something aboot Lily bein' a wee sober," Jamie remarked, with much composure, as if the matter had just come to his memory, "an' noo a' mind ye expeckit her hame for a holiday laist August. She wudna be wantin' tae traivel sae far north, a'm jalousin'."

"Traivel!" cried Janet; "naebody cares for a lang road gin it brings us tae hame; an' Lily wes coontin' she wud come up wi' the Drumtochty fouk on the first Friday o' laist August. A' wes cleanin' up the place for a month tae hae't snod, but she didna come, an' she 'ill no be here again; a' hed a feelin' frae the beginning a' wud never see Lily again.

"Her letter cam on a Thursday afternoon when I was beginnin' tae air the sheets for her bed, an' when Posty gave it, I got a turn. 'Lily's no comin'; sit doon,' a' said."

"Scarlet fever hes broken oot amang the

bairns in the family, an' she thocht it her duty tae stay and help, for the hoose wes fu' o' nurses, an' the cairryin' wes by ordinar."

"It wes a sacrifice," said Jamie. "Lily never eneuch cared for hersel; the wark wud tell on her, a'll warrant."

"Ma opeenion is that she's never got the better o' that month, an', Jamie, a' hevna likit her letters a' winter. It's little she says aboot hersel, but she's hed a hoast [cough] for sax months, an' a' gither her breath's failin'.

"Jamie, a' hevna said it tae a livin' soul, but a've hed a warnin' no langer back than laist nicht. Lily's deein', an' it wes London 'at hes killed her.

"Ye 'ill gae tae see her, Jamie; ye aye were a gude friend tae Lily, an' she likit ye weel. Write hoo she is, an' bring her back wi' you, gin she can traivel, that a' may see her again, if it be the Lord's wull."

"Dinna be feared o' that, Janet; a'll no come back withoot Lily," and Jamie's air of resolution was some consolation.

Before he left Jamie visited a sheltered nook in Tochty woods, and when he inquired for Lily Grant next day, at the door of a London West End house, there was a bunch of fresh primroses in his hand.

"Disna live here noo, did ye say? Then what hae ye dune wi' Lily? A' maun get tae the boddom o' this;" and Jamie passed into the hall, the majestic personage at the door having no strength left to resist.

"Tell yir mistress this meenut that a freend hes come frae Drumtochty tae ask news o' Lily Grant, an' wull wait till he gets them;" and Jamie's personality was so irresistible that the personage counselled an immediate audience.

"Grant's father, I suppose?" began Lily's mistress, with suspicious fluency. "No? Ah, then, some relative, no doubt! How good of you to call, and so convenient, too, for I wanted to see some of her family. She was an excellent servant, and so nice in the house; the others were quite devoted to her. But I never thought her strong. Don't you think London is trying to country girls?"

Jamie did not offer any opinion.

"One of the children caught that horrid scarlet fever, and in the beginning of August, of all times, when we were going down to Scotland. Some of the servants had left, and the child had to be nursed here; there was lots of work, and it fell on Grant.

"She was going at that very time to her home—Drum something or other; or was it Ben? It's always the one or the other, when it isn't Mac."

"Drumtochty is the name o' Lily's hame, an' her auld grandmither wes lookin' for her aifter three years' service."

"Quite so, and that's just what I said to her. 'Take your holiday, Grant, and we'll worry on somehow;' but she wouldn't go. We thought it so pretty of her, for servants are generally so selfish; and she really did wonderfully, as much as three women, do you know?"

"If it wudna hurry ye, wud ye tell me her address in London?"

"Of course; I'm coming to that, but I felt you would like to hear all about her, for we had a great idea of Grant. It was a cold it began with, and one day I heard her coughing, and told her she must positively see a doctor; but Grant was very obstinate at times, and she never went."

"It's possible that she didna ken ane. An' what cam' o' her cough?"

"It was too dreadful, and they ought not to have taken me to the room. I could not sleep all night. Grant had broken a blood-vessel, and they thought she was dying."

"Is Lily deid?" demanded Jamie.

"Oh, no; how could you fancy such a thing? But our doctor said it was a very bad case, and that she could not live above a week. We were desolated to part with her, but of course she could not remain . . . I mean we knew she would receive more attention in a hospital. So you understand . . ."

"A' dae," broke in Jamie, "fine; Lily workit for you an' yir bairns in a time o' need till a' the strength she brocht wi' her wes gane, an' then, when she wes like tae dee, ye turned her oot as ye wudna hae dune wi' ane o' yir horses. Ye've a graund hoose an' cairry a high heid, but ye're a puir meeserable cratur, no worthy tae be compared wi' the lass ye hev dune tae deith."

"You have no right . . ." but Jamie's eyes went through her and she fell away; "she can . . . have her wages for . . . two months."

"No one penny o' yir siller wull she touch beyond her lawful due; gie me the name o' the hospital, an' a'll tak care o' oor puir lass masel."

When Jamie was told at the hospital that Lily had been taken away again in the ambulance next day to the house of the visiting physician, his wrath had no restraint.

"Is there nae place in this ceety whar a freendless lassie can rest till she gaes tae her laist hame?" and Jamie set off for the physician, refusing to hear any explanation.

"Hev a' an appintment wi' Sir Andra? Yes, a' hev, an' for this verra meenut." So again he got access, for the virile strength that was in him.

"We have done all we could for her, but she has only a day to live," said Sir Andrew, a little man, with the manner of a great heart; "she will be glad to see you, for the lassie has been wearying for a sight of some kent face."

"Ye're Scotch," said Jamie, as they went up-stairs, softening and beginning to suspect that he might be mistaken about things for once in his life; "hoo did ye bring Lily tae yir ain hoose?"

"Never mind that just now," said Sir Andrew. "Wait till I prepare Lily for your coming," and Jamie owned the sudden tone of authority.

"One of your old friends has come to see you, Lily"—Jamie noted how gentle and caressing was the voice—"but you must not speak above a whisper nor excite yourself. Just step into the next room, nurse."

"Jamie," and a flush of joy came over the pale, thin face, that he would hardly have recognized, "this is gude . . . o' ye . . . tae come sae far . . . a' wes wantin' . . . tae see a Drumtochty face afore a'" . . . Then the tears choked her words.

"Ou aye," began Jamie, with deliberation. "Ye see a' wes up lookin' aifter some o' Drumsheugh's fat cattle that he sent aff tae the London market, so of course a' cudna be here withoot giein' ye a cry.

"It wes a ploy tae find ye, juist like hide-an'-seek, but, ma certes, ye hev got a fine hame at laist," and Jamie appraised the dainty bed, the soft carpet, the little table with ice and fruit and flowers, at their untold value of kindness.

"Div ye no ken, Jamie, that a'm—" but Lily still found the words hard to say at three and twenty.

"Ye mean that ye hevna been takin' care o' yirsel, an' a' can see that masel," but he was looking everywhere except at Lily, who was waiting to catch his eye. "Ye 'ill need tae gither yir strength again an' come back wi' me tae Drumtochty.

"Ye ken whar thae floors grew, Lily," and Jamie hastily produced his primroses; "a' thocht ye micht like a sicht o' them."

"Doon ablow the Lodge in the Tochty woods . . . whar the river taks a turn . . . an' the sun is shinin' bonnie noo . . . an' a birk stands abune the bank an' dips intae the water."

"The verra place, a couthy corner whar the first primroses come oot. Ye hevna forgot the auld Glen, Lily. Dinna greet, lassie, or Sir Andra 'ill be angry. Ye may be sure he 'ill dae a' he can for ye."

"He hes, Jamie, an' mair than a' can tell; a' wud like Grannie an' . . . a' the fouk tae ken hoo a've been treated . . . as if a' wes a leddy, an' his ain blude.

"When they laid me in the bed at the hospital, an' a' githered that . . . it wudna be lang, an awfu' longin' cam intae ma hert . . . for a quiet place tae . . . dee in.

"It wes a graund airy room, an' everybody wes kind, an' a' hed a'thing ye cud wish for, but . . . it gied against ma nature tae . . . wi' a' thae strangers in the room; oor hooses are wee, but they're oor ain."

Jamie nodded; he appreciated the horror of dying in a public place.

"Sir Andra cam roond an' heard the accoont, an' he saw me greetin'—a' cudna help it, Jamie—an' he read ma name at the tap o' the bed.

"'You're from my country,' he said, but he didna need tae tell me, for a' caught the soond in his voice, an' ma hert warmed; 'don't be cast down, Lily;' a' coontit it kind tae use ma name; 'we 'ill do all we can for you.'

"'A' ken a'm deein',' a' said, 'an' a'm no feared, but a' canna thole the thocht o' slippin' awa in a hospital; it wud hae been different at hame.'

"'Ye 'ill no want a hame here, Lily;' it wes braid Scotch noo, an' it never soonded sae sweet; an', Jamie"—here the whisper was so low, Jamie had to bend his head—"a' saw the tears in his een."

"Rest a wee, Lily; a'm followin'; sae he took ye tae his ain hoose an' pit ye in the best room, an' they've waitit on ye as if ye were his ain dochter; ye dinna need tae speak; a' wudna say but Sir Andra micht be a Christian o' the auld kind; a' mean, 'I was a stranger, and ye took Me in.'"

"Jamie," whispered Lily, before he left, "there's juist ane thing hurtin' me a wee; it's the wy ma mistress . . . hes treated me. A' tried tae be faithfu', though maybe a' didna answer the bells sae quick the laist sax months, . . . an' a' thocht she micht . . . hae peetied a lone cratur mair.

"It's no that a' hev ony cause o' complaint aboot wages or keep—a' wes twice raised, Jamie, an' hed a'thing a' needed—an' a'm no hurt aboot bein' cairried tae the hospital, for there were five stairs tae ma room, an' . . . it wudna hae been handy tae wait on me.

"Na, na, Jamie, a'm no onreasonable, but . . . a' houpit she wud hae come tae see me or . . . sent a bit word; gin a body's sober [weak] like me, ye like tae be remembered; it . . . minds you o' the luve o' God, Jamie," and Lily turned her face away.

"A' wes prayin' tae see a Drumtochty face aince mair, an' a've gotten that, an' gin ma mistress hed juist said, . . . 'Ye've dune as weel as ye cud,' . . . a' wudna ask mair."

"Ye hae't then, Lily," said Jamie, taking an instant resolution, "for a've been tae see yir mistress, an' a' wes fair . . . ashamed the wy she spoke aboot ye, being Drumtochty masel, an' no wantin' tae show pride.

"As sure's a'm here, she cudna find words for her thochts o' ye; it was naethin' but yir faithfulness an' yir gude wark, hoo a'body liket ye an' hoo gratefu' she wes to you. A' wes that affeckit that a' hed tae leave.

"What wud ye say, wumman, gin yon graund lady hes been twice a day at the hospital speirin' for you, kerridge an' a', mind ye; but ye ken they're terrible busy in thae places, an' canna aye get time tae cairry the messages.

"But that's no a'," for the glow on Lily's face was kindling Jamie's inspiration, and he saw no use for economy in a good work. "What think ye o' this for a luck-penny? twenty pund exact, an' a' in goud; it looks bonnie glintin' in the licht;" and Jamie emptied on the table the store of sovereigns he had brought from Muirtown bank, without shame.

"The mistress surely never sent that . . . tae me?" Lily whispered.

"Maybe a' pickit it up on the street; they think awa in the country the very streets are goud here. 'Give her this from us all,' were her verra words," said Jamie, whose conscience had abandoned the unequal struggle with his heart. "'Tell her that she's to get whatever she likes with it, and to go down to her home for a long holiday.'"

"Did ye thank her, Jamie? Nae man hes a better tongue."

"Ma tongue never servit me better; sall, ye wud hae been astonished gin ye'hed herd me," with the emphasis of one who stood at last on the rock of truth.

"A'm rael content, noo," Lily said, "but a' canna speak mair the noo, an' a've something tae say that 'ill no keep till the morn;" and Jamie promised to return that evening.

Jamie waited in the hall till the last of the famous physician's patients had gone; then he went in and said:

"When a' entered this hoose ma hert wes sair, for a' thocht a defenceless lassie had been ill-used in her straits, an' noo a' wud like tae apologeeze for ma hot words. Ye've dune a gude work the day that's no for the like of me to speak aboot, but it 'ill hae its reward frae the Father o' the fatherless."

"Toots, man, what nonsense is this you're talking?" said Sir Andrew. "You don't understand the situation. The fact is, I wanted to study Lily's case, and it was handier to have her in my house. Just medical selfishness, you know."

"A' micht hae thocht o' that," and the intelligence in Jamie's eye was so sympathetic that Sir Andrew quailed before it. "We hev a doctor in oor pairish that's juist yir marra [equal], aye practeesin' on the sick fouk, an' for lookin' aifter himsel he passes belief."

"Juist Weelum MacLure ower again," Jamie meditated, as he went along the street. "London or Drumtochty, great physeecian or puir country doctor, there's no ane o' them tae mend anither for doonricht gudeness. There's naebody 'ill hae a chance wi' them at the latter end; an' for leein' tae, a' believe Sir Andra wud beat Weelum himsel."

When Jamie returned, Lily had arranged her store of gold in little heaps, and began at once to give directions.

"Ye maun pay ma debts first, ye ken, Jamie; a' cudna . . . leave, thinkin' that a' wes awin' a penny tae onybody. Grannie aye brocht us up tae live sae that we cud look a'body in the face, and exceptin' Chairlie. . . .

"Twal shilling tae the shoemaker, an honest, weel-daein' man; mony a time he's telt me aboot John Wesley. And a poond tae the dressmaker; it's no a' for masel; there wes anither Scotch lassie, . . . but that disna maitter. Cud ye pay thae accoonts the nicht, for the dressmaker 'ill be needin' her money. . . . It wes ma tribble hindered me; . . . a' started ae day, an' the catch in ma side . . . a' hed tae come back.

"Noo, there's ma kirk, an' we maunna forget it, for a've been rael happy there. Ma sittin' wes due the beginnin' o' the month, and a' aye gied ten shillings tae the missions. An', Jamie, they were speakin' o' presentin' the minister wi' some bit token o' respect aifter bein' twenty-five years here. Pit me doon for a poond—no ma name, ye ken; that wud be forward; juist . . . 'A gratefu' servant lass.'

"Ye 'ill get some bonny han'kerchief or sic like for the nurse; it wudna dae tae offer her siller; an' dinna forget the hoosemaid, for she's hed a sair trachle wi' me. As for Sir Andra . . . naething can py him.

"Here's five pund, and ye 'ill gie't tae Grannie; she kens wha it's for; it 'ill juist feenish the debt. . . .

"Ye can haud yir tongue, Jamie. Wull ye write a line tae Chairlie, an' say . . . that a' wes thinkin' o' him at the end, an' expectin' him tae be a credit tae his fouk . . . some day; an', Jamie, gin he ever come back in his richt mind tae the Glen, ye 'ill . . . no be hard on him like ye wes laist time."

"Chairlie 'ill no want a freend gin a' be leevin', Lily; is that a'? for ye're tirin' yersel."

"There's ae thing mair, but a'm dootin' it's no richt o' me tae waste Grannie's siller on't, for a' wantit tae leave her somethin' wise-like . . . but oh, Jamie, a've taken a longin' . . . tae lie in Drumtochty kirkyaird wi' ma mither an' Grannie.

"A' ken it's a notion, but a' dinna like thae cemeteries wi' their gravel roadies, an' their big monuments, an' the croods o' careless fouk, an' the hooses pressin' on them frae every side."

"A' promised Janet," broke in Jamie, "that a' wud bring ye hame, an a'll keep ma word, Lily; gin it be God's wull tae tak yir soul tae Himsel, yir body 'ill be laid wi' yir ain fouk," and Jamie left hurriedly.

Next morning Sir Andrew and the minister were standing by Lily's bedside, and only looked at him when he joined them.

"Jamie . . . thank ye a' . . . owergude tae . . . a servant lass . . . tell them . . . at hame."

Each man bade her good-by and the minister said certain words which shall not be written.

"Thae . . . weary stairs," and she breathed heavily for a time; then, with a sigh of relief, "A'm comin'."

"Lily has reached the . . . landing," said Sir Andrew, and as they went downstairs no man would have looked at his neighbor's face for a ransom.

"A' wrote that verra nicht tae Drumsheugh," Jamie explained to our guard between the Junction and Kildrummie; "an' a'm no sure but he 'ill be doon himsel wi' a neebur or twa juist tae gie Lily a respectable funeral, for she hes nae man o' her blude tae come.

"Div ye see onything, Robert?" Jamie was in a fever of anxiety; "the Kildrummie hearse stands heich, an' it sud be there, besides the mourners."

"Kildrummie platform's black," cried Robert from the footboard; "the'ill be twal gin there be a man; ye stick by ane anither weel up the wy; it's no often a servant is brocht hame for beerial; a' dinna mind a case sin the line opened."

While they went through Kildrummie, Jamie walked alone behind the hearse as chief mourner, with a jealously regulated space of three feet between him and the neighbors; but as soon as the pine woods had swallowed up the procession, he dropped behind, and was once more approachable.

"Ye've hed a time o't," said Hillocks, treating Jamie as an ordinary man again; "wha wud hae thocht this wes tae be the end o' yir London jaunt? Sall," and Hillocks felt himself unable to grapple with the situation.

"This is juist naethin'," with vague allusion to the arrival by railway and the Kildrummie hearse; "no worth mentionin' wi' the beginnin' o' the beerial at the ither end," and Jamie chose Whinnie's box, out of three offered, to brace him for descriptive narrative."

"Ye maun understand," began Jamie, knowing that he had at least four miles before it would be necessary for him to resume his position of solitary dignity, "that as sune as Lily turned ill she wes taken tae the hoose o' a great London doctor, an' Sir Andra waited on her himsel; there's maybe no anither o' his patients without a title; a' herd him speak o' a Duchess ae day.

"When it wes a' ower, puir lassie, if they didna fecht tae py for the beerial. The minister threipit wi' me that he hed a fund at his kirk for sic objects, a sonsy man, wi' a face that pit ye in mind o' hame to look at it, but a' saw through that fund; its fearsome hoo Scotch fouk 'ill lee tae cover gude deeds."

"Div ye think he wud hae py'd it oot o' his ain pocket?" interrupted Hillocks.

"'Na, na,' a' said tae the minister," for Hillocks was beneath notice, "'ye maun lat her mistress bear the beerial'—twenty pund, as a'm on this road, she gied; 'a faithfu' servant, she's tae want for nothing;' it wes handsome, an' 'ill be maist comfortin' tae Janet.

"Ye saw the coffin for yersels," and Jamie now gave himself to details; "the London hearse hed gless sides and twa horses, then a mournin' coach wi' the minister an' me; but that's the least o't. What think ye cam next?"

"Some o' the neeburs walkin', maybe," suggested Whinnie.

"Walkin'," repeated Jamie, with much bitterness, as of one who despaired of Drumtochty, and saw no use in wasting his breath; "juist so; ye've hed mair rain here than in England."

"Never mind Whinnie, Jamie," intervened Drumsheugh; "we maun hae the rest o' the funeral; wes there anither coach?"

"What wud ye say," and Jamie spoke with much solemnity, "tae a private kerridge, an' mair than ane? Ay, ye may look," allowing himself some freedom of recollection. "Sir Andra's wes next tae the coach, wi' the blinds drawn doon, an' aifter it an elder's frae her kirk. He heard o' Lily through the minister, an' naethin' wud sateesfy him but tae dae her sic honor as he cud.

"Gaein' roond the corners o' the streets—a' cudna help it, neeburs—a' juist took a glisk oot at the window, an' when a' saw the banker's horses wi' the silver harness, a' wushed ye hed been there; sic respect tae a Drumtochty lass.

"Ye saw the lilies on the coffin," wound up Jamie, doing his best to maintain a chastened tone. "Did ye catch the writin'?—

'In remembrance of Lily Grant,
Who did her duty.'

Sir Andra's ain hand; an' Lily got nae mair than her due."

When Jamie parted with Drumsheugh on the way home, and turned down the road to Janet's cottage, to give her the lilies and a full account of her lassie, Drumsheugh watched him till he disappeared.

"Thirty pund wes what he drew frae the Muirtown bank oot o' his savings, for the clerk telt me himsel, an' naebody jalouses the trick. It's the cleverest thing Jamie ever did, an' ane o' the best a've seen in Drumtochty."

CLOSING THE NEW YORK SALOONS ON SUNDAY.

By Theodore Roosevelt,

President of the Police Board of New York City.

THE friends of the saloon-keepers sometimes denounce their opponents for not treating the saloon business like any other. The best answer to this is, that the business is not like other businesses, and that the actions of the saloon-keepers themselves conclusively prove this to be the case. "Saloon-keeper" is a very elastic term, of course. There are thoroughly honest and reputable men in the business. The same license may be held by two men, one of whom keeps a bar frequented by criminals and the political allies of criminals, while the other has a thoroughly respectable place, where honest Germans take their wives and families, and sit at little tables and drink beer. This last man may be a respectable, law-abiding, and God-fearing citizen, while the first-mentioned is of evil notoriety for his prominence among the dangerous classes.

But, taken as a whole, the liquor business is certainly not a business which stands well in comparison with other occupations. It tends to produce criminality in the population at large, and law-breaking among the saloon-keepers themselves. In every civilized community saloon-keepers are hampered by more or less rigid restrictions. They do harm enough as it is; but without these restrictions they would do infinitely more. In some localities it is possible not merely to restrict but to stop the traffic altogether. In large cities this is not possible; but it is entirely possible to hedge the trade so as to minimize its attendant evils. When the liquor men are allowed to do as they wish, they are sure to debauch not only the body social, but the body politic also.

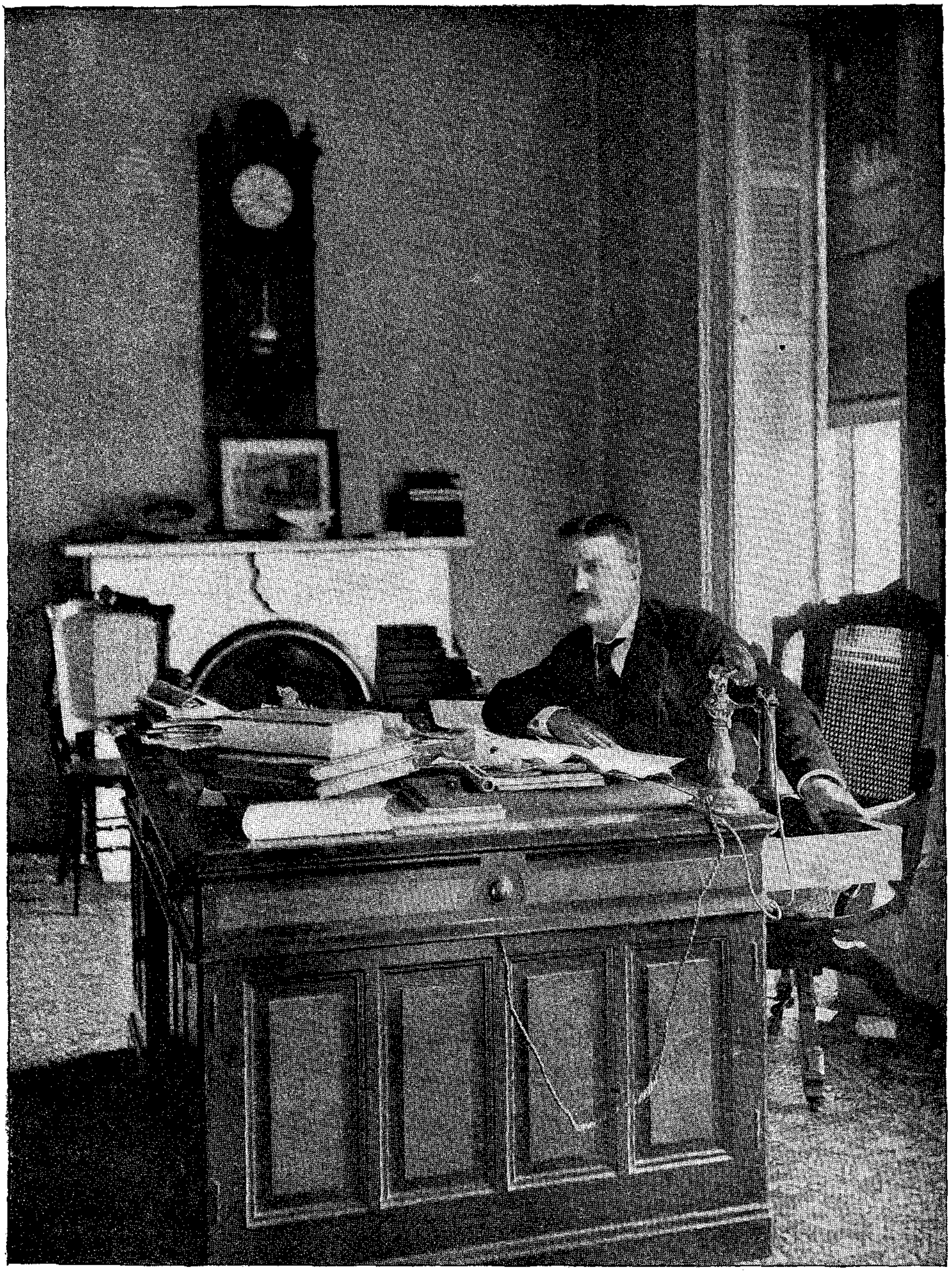
All of our cities have been shamefully misgoverned in times past, and in New York the misgovernment has been, perhaps, more flagrant then anywhere else. Naturally the saloon-keeper has stood high among the professional politicians, who have been so prominent in New York politics for many decades. More than half of the political leaders of Tammany Hall have at one time or another themselves been in the liquor business. The saloon forms the natural club and meeting-place for the ward leaders and "heelers"—so much so that the bar-room politician has become a recognized factor in local political government. The saloon-keepers are always hand-in-glove with the professional politicians, and occupy towards them a position such as is not held by any other class of men. The influence they wield in local politics has always been very great; and until we took office no man ever dared seriously to threaten them for their flagrant violation of the laws. Their power was a terror to all parties.

The Sunday-closing law has been on the statute books for more than half a century, in one shape or another. The present law was put on in 1892—but three years ago—when the Tammany Democrats had control of the legislature, as well as having the governor. But in New York City there has always been a deliberate and systematic evasion and violation of the law. On the one hand, the most powerful and wealthy saloon-keepers have possessed so much influence with the city officials that the police have not dared to interfere with them. On the other hand, the Tammany Hall leaders, and especially the police department, found their profit in permitting the saloons to stay open as a reward for political services, or in return for money paid outright. The politician became continually more corrupt, and the saloon-keeper continually more defiant of law. It would have been bad enough if the law had been suffered to be a dead letter. It is an evil lesson to teach American citizens that laws are made to be violated. It was worse still in this case, because the law was enforced, but enforced with partiality and corruption. Thousands of arrests were made every year; but the worst offenders—the big saloon-keepers with a "pull"—were never molested, while the saloon-keeper of small means, who dared to show any independence in political matters, was prosecuted without mercy. The city authorities, notably the police magistrates, the police department, and the district attorney's office, were in league together; and the saloon-keeper alternately profited and suffered by their willingness that he should violate the law. Incredible though it seems, it is a fact within my own knowledge, that when a saloon-keeper respected the law, the police department as well as the police magistrates deliberately strove to persuade him to violate it; they wished to have him in their power. Of course the result was that the officers of the law and the saloon-keepers became inextricably tangled in a network of crime and connivance at crime. The most powerful saloon-keepers controlled the politicians and the police, while the latter in turn terrorized and blackmailed all the other saloon-keepers. The decent and honest men among the saloon-keepers were those who suffered most.

To most observers the situation seemed absolutely hopeless. The average good citizen was inclined to shrug his shoulders when addressed about the corruption of politics, while almost every man laughed at the idea of enforcing the Sunday excise law, and asserted without fear of contradiction that the feat was impossible. This was the state of affairs when the present Board of Police Commissioners took office, as a result of Tammany's overthrow in the fall elections of 1894. We were confronted with this excise question at the very start. As honorable men, faithful to our oaths of office, we could take no other action than that which we in fact took. The law was there, and it was our duty to enforce it. We had no more right to permit the saloons to remain open on Sunday in defiance of the law, than we had right to close them on week days in defiance of the law. We knew that we had a severe struggle ahead of us; but we knew also that the problem had never before been seriously grappled with by officers resolutely bent on enforcing the law. We certainly succeeded even beyond our expectations. We have closed, and have kept closed, over ninety per cent. of the saloons. The remainder have kept open to the extent of doing an underhand business with a small proportion of their ordinary patrons; *i.e.*, they have done a mere fraction of the business they used to do. In short, we have put a stop to practically all Sunday drinking in the saloons. The result has been that the Sunday arrests for drunkenness and disorderly conduct have shrunk by one-half, and both the health and morals of the city have gained greatly and immediately.

There have been many and great difficulties in our work. In the first place, we had to convince the police force that we were thoroughly in earnest, and it was not until we had taken decided measures with some of the captains and their men that we were successful. In the next place, while many of the judges rendered us able and efficient service, some of the lower city magistrates betrayed a partiality for the saloon-keeper and the minor criminal—he who, if left unpunished, in time becomes the major criminal.

Finally, one of the chief obstacles we met with was in the terms of the law itself. I wish much it were possible to impress not only the legislators, but also the bulk of their constituents, with the fact that a law is good for what it accomplishes, and not for what it makes believe to accomplish. It often happens that the temperance people will work hand-in-glove with the liquor-sellers by accepting an act which makes a great pretence of severity in exchange for striking out the provisions which would render its enforcement possible. The excise law which we are enforcing in New York City contains two or three provisions



HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN HIS OFFICE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.

From a photograph taken especially for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

which were put in for the purpose of rendering it largely nugatory. The men who enacted it were swayed by two motives. They did not themselves have the slightest desire to keep the saloons closed on Sunday from principle. On the contrary, they were largely drawn from the class in which the saloon-keeper is the recognized social and political leader. They felt no opposition to the saloon, and no objection, from the standpoint of morality, to the saloon being open on Sunday. But they were swayed by two powerful motives in deciding that the saloons should not be allowed to be open on Sunday. They wished to keep the saloon-keepers in their power, so as to secure their fealty, and they feared to offend the very large number of people who objected to Sunday opening. They feared lest the ordinary church-going citizen, who did not like the saloons, would become irritated at any avowed permission to open them on

Sunday; but they believed that this same citizen would be too stupid and too indifferent to care what was actually done by the saloons, provided only the policy was not openly avowed.

The present law, which was passed in 1892, at a time when the machinery of the New York State government was dominated by Tammany Hall, was put upon the statute books with a twofold purpose: first, of securing the allegiance of the church-going people by the hypocritical putting on the statute books of a law which was not meant to be observed; and, second, of providing a trenchant weapon wherewith to blackmail and browbeat the saloon-keepers into the support of the then dominant power in New York City.

Both results seemed for the moment to be achieved. The temperance people were apparently quite satisfied with having on the statute books a law requiring the saloons to be closed on Sunday. The fact that the law was not honestly observed in a single large city in the State did not apparently trouble them at all. On the other hand, the law worked well as an instrument of blackmail. There was in it a provision which forbade the police to secure entrance into a saloon during the hours it was supposed to be shut; and it did not permit them to insist upon the curtains being raised so that they could see within. They were thus forbidden to enter the saloons, in order to detect violations of the law, at the only time when those violations could readily take place. Those provisions rendered the law difficult to enforce as a whole, but did not interfere with its enforcement in particular cases; so that it was left as a potent weapon to be used against special saloon keepers.

In New York City the law was never a dead letter. On the contrary, it was kept very much alive against every saloon-keeper who did not pay blackmail to the police, or who was not protected by the political influence of himself or friends. Scores, and sometimes hundreds, of arrests were made of a Sunday. If any saloon-keeper declined to pay blackmail, or manifested a spirit of political independence, policemen were stationed in front of the door of his saloon week after week, and he was shut tight, while his rival across the way did a thriving business and took away his trade. So great became the extortion of blackmail that many saloon-keepers grew restless and sometimes refused to continue to pay; but sooner or later they were whipped again into line. There were certain saloons which were always more or less tightly closed, and there were some precincts in which an honest police captain occasionally kept all closed so far as he dared; but the majority were open most of the time, and some, the owners of which possessed unusual political power, were never closed at all. So far from encouraging the saloon-keepers to close, the politicians of the baser sort, and their allies among the police, did everything in their power to make even the saloon-keeper who wished to obey the law violate it. If a saloon-keeper obeyed the law the police had no power over him, but the minute he violated it he was in their power. The temptation to the saloon-keeper was strong, for Sunday was the great day for the liquor trade, and those who sold on Sunday were almost invariably able to crush out their less fortunate or more law-abiding rivals. The whole system thus put a premium on blackmail and corruption among the police, and a premium on law-breaking among the saloon-keepers.

When the present Board came into power this intolerable state of affairs was actually existing. The duty of the Board was evident. It had many problems to solve and many tasks to carry through. The excise question was one of the weightiest of these tasks; but there was no flinching it, unless at the cost of violating our oaths of office. The Board began to enforce the excise law with hearty vigor. It found itself hampered by a law which was effective enough against individual saloon-keepers for purposes of blackmail, but which was defective regarded from the standpoint of closing all the saloons, without a very great strain upon the police department. As long as the saloons kept their blinds down and their doors shut, police officials could neither see what was going on inside of them or force an entrance into them. It was this which made it such a difficult labor to enforce the law. So far from Sunday being a day of rest for the policemen, it was turned into a day of extra work. Many of the saloons it was only possible to close by stationing officers in uniform at the door, who, if any one went inside, went in with them and arrested the proprietor. As there were several times the number of saloons that there were policemen, this entailed great exertion upon the police. Nevertheless we won what so far has been a complete victory. We turned our attention always to the chief offenders. Where we had to choose, we arrested the owner of the big corner saloon, the man whose political influence had heretofore allowed him to disregard the law, before we turned our attention to his smaller brother who kept a saloon in the middle of the block. We first broke the spirit of the big men who had defied the law, and then turned our attention to the little men who sought to evade it. We were successful, but only at the cost of continuous effort. It should be the duty of the legislature to minimize the need for such excessive effort. Whatever time they set for closing the saloons, they should give us ample means to close them during that time. The Board of Police will enforce the law to the best of their capacity, no matter what it costs; but it is a scandal for the legislature to make the task needlessly hard. We will not allow the saloons to do business during hours forbidden by law, any more than we would allow them to be closed by an outsider during hours when they are allowed to remain open by law. The legislature should certainly give us every aid in the performance of our duty. Our officers should be allowed access to the saloons at any hour, and they should be empowered to make them keep up their shades so that at any time they can see what is being done within.

With such limitations in the law it is astonishing that we should have succeeded in closing the saloons. But we did succeed. The entire Board was a unit in insisting that the law should be observed. Officials who are resolute, and are unhampered by improper obligations, have an enormous advantage in such a contest. None of the members of the Board felt that they had any right to consider the effect of their action either upon themselves or upon the parties with which they were associated, when the issue was so plainly one of naked right or wrong. The opposition aroused by our action was, of course, very great. Reputable men gathered very strongly to our support; but in New York City those political leaders and those newspaper editors who believed that reputable men are in the minority attacked us with a fury that became venomous as week by week it grew plainer that we were winning. At the outset all well-informed people believed that we would fail, and our opponents hailed our action with general delight. But, as is so often the case with the baser type of politicians and of political newspapers, they had underestimated the strength of the forces which were ready to war for honesty and decency. There was no form of slander, no species of mendacity, to which they did not resort. For weeks they eagerly repeated the tale that we had failed in our efforts, and that the saloons were as wide open as ever; heedless of the fact that at the same time they were continually dwelling on the enormous losses caused by our shutting the same saloons. But when the counsel for the Liquor Dealers' Association admitted in court, at the time when we finally succeeded in securing the conviction of thirty of his clients, that over nine-tenths of the liquor-dealers had been rendered bankrupt because we had stopped that illegal trade which gave them the best portion of their revenue, all attempts at further denial were useless. We had conquered. We had not stopped all Sunday drinking in saloons, any more than we had stopped all theft; but we had succeeded in securing the practical closing of the saloons and the practical stoppage of drinking in them on Sunday. The effect of our action upon the politics of the city we cannot foretell. But its effects upon the government of the city are certain to be good. We have given an object lesson in enforcing the law. If our foes come back into power, they will be obliged to do better than they have ever done before, or else they will be thrown out. Matters may slip back somewhat, but they will never go back as far as they were when we took hold. I do not think that our action in enforcing the law will help put Tammany in power again. If it comes back at all, it will be in spite of our action, not because of it. Tammany has a great natural majority in New York City, and it is very difficult to combine against it the elements through whose united action it is alone possible to succeed. Many of these elements, which were growing lukewarm, have been rallied by our action. It may even be that by doing our duty we shall increase the chances of beating Tammany and what Tammany represents; but certainly to fail to do our duty would not have rendered a victory over Tammany any more probable, and would have rendered such a victory infinitely less worth winning.

THE McCLURE'S LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In the November number of McClure's Magazine will begin a series of illustrated articles on Abraham Lincoln which in many particulars will be of unique interest. The material for them has been gathered directly from original sources; that is, from those persons still living who knew Mr. Lincoln and who were associated with him in his life as a lawyer, a politician, a statesman, a private individual; from his correspondence and writings; from the official documents of the period; from the newspapers and pamphlets of his time, which show the drift of public opinion and give the life of the day; from the great mass of personal reminiscences which has appeared in one way or another in the course of the thirty years since Mr. Lincoln's assassination, but which has never before been sifted and arranged.

In collecting material from Mr. Lincoln's personal friends, it has been the aim to induce them to write out themselves their reminiscences. Where this has been out of the question, Miss Ida M. Tarbell, author of the popular "McClure's Life of Napoleon," has been sent to them and taken full notes of their reminiscences. These have then been written out and submitted to the parties for corrections and additions. In this way a large amount of fresh and trustworthy material has been obtained. Prominent in this material are several hitherto unpublished letters of Mr. Lincoln's, all of them of interest and historic value.

Necessarily much of the matter gathered in this way is fragmentary. It deals with widely separated periods of Mr. Lincoln's life, illustrates various traits, and gives views on utterly disconnected subjects. To put the material into logical form, fill up the gaps, and make an unbroken story, Miss Tarbell has undertaken also to edit and arrange the whole body of material.

In editing the articles, the aim will be to bring out the real character of Mr. Lincoln, to give full attention to the picturesque and dramatic episodes of his life, and to trace broadly and clearly the development of the political situations in which he was so long a prominent, and later the central, factor. It is believed that the work will be full of human interest and of picturesqueness, and that it will give fresh information on important features of the political history of the country from the beginning of anti-slavery agitation in Illinois down to the end of Mr. Lincoln's career.

The articles are to be richly illustrated. The collection of Lincoln portraits will be the fullest and most carefully selected that has ever appeared. After he had begun to travel the State of Illinois as a politician, Mr. Lincoln frequently "had his picture taken." In those days no host seems to have felt that he had done his duty by a prominent guest from abroad until he had taken him into the "gallery" of some strolling artist and had an ambrotype or daguerreotype made of him. Mr. Lincoln sat many times before or after speeches in prairie towns where he was being entertained by old friends who wished to have a picture as a souvenir of his visit. Several of these pictures we have found, and they will appear in the collection to be published with the articles.

After his nomination, naturally, Mr. Lincoln gave many sittings to photographers, artists, and sculptors. Large numbers of lithographs and engravings appeared, as well as an infinite variety of fanciful compositions and of caricatures in which he was the central figure. From this great mass of illustrative material a judicious selection will be made.

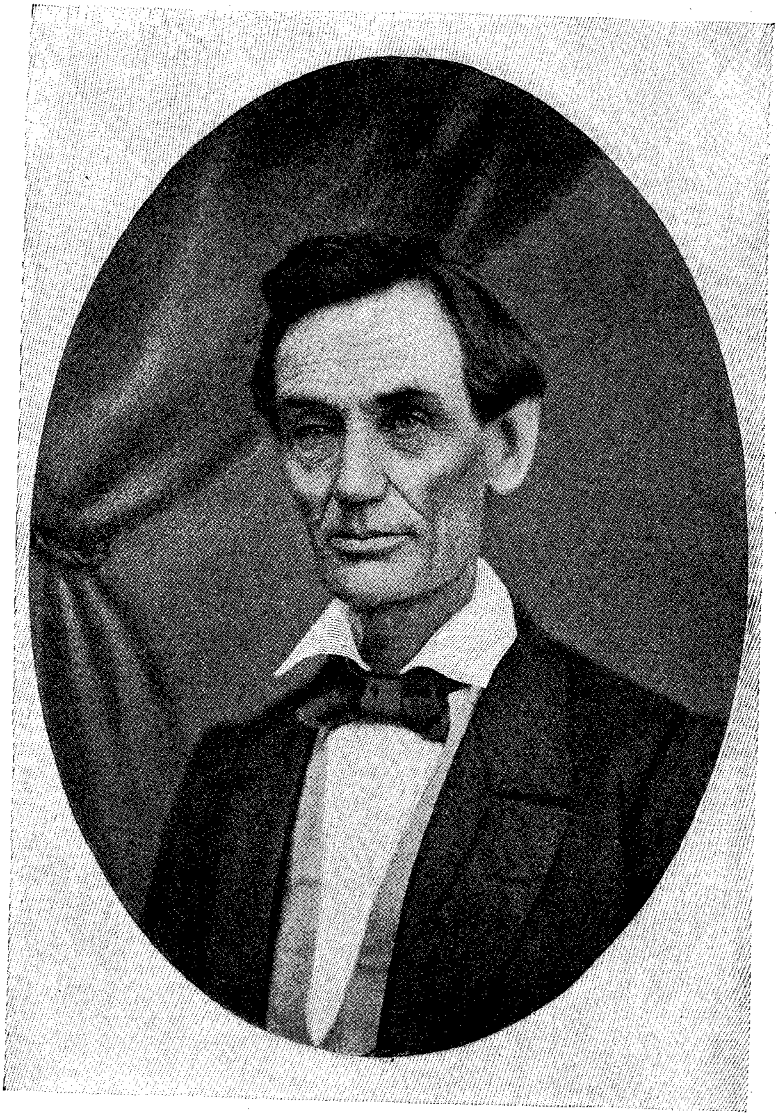
A striking feature of the illustration of the articles will be portraits of a large number of the early contemporaries of Mr. Lincoln, many of whom are still living, men who knew him as a flat-boat man, a law student, a poor lawyer, a local politician. As types of the sturdy class from which Mr. Lincoln came, these pictures will have the liveliest interest.

In order to give more vividness to the narrative, a large number of historical sketches are being made by an artist who is an adept in this kind of work. The material for these sketches has been gathered from participants in the scenes, from descriptive articles in the newspapers of the period, and from woodcuts. Every care will be taken to make them historically correct as well as vivid reproductions of real scenes in the story.

Full notes will accompany all of the pictures, giving the origin and history of the portraits of Mr. Lincoln, sketches of his associates, and authorities for the historical scenes.

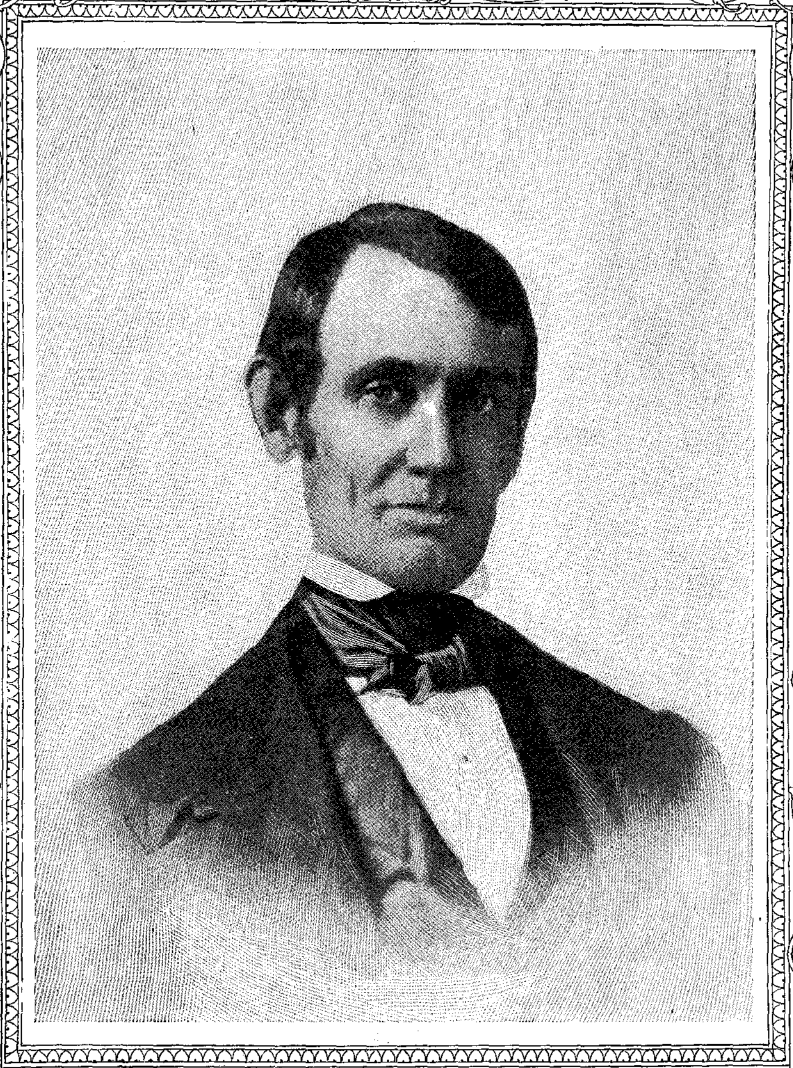
The editors of McClure's Magazine feel sure that this brief statement of the plan they are pursuing in gathering the material for their forthcoming series of articles will show that they are proceeding in an original way with the subject, and that a fresh, entertaining, and carefully considered piece of work will be offered the public. They make no pretence of excuse in offering their readers these articles. Abraham Lincoln cannot be kept before the American public too persistently. Every honest attempt to present his life should be encouraged. His is the noblest character of our history. In many respects he is the greatest man of the Christian era; not greatest, it is true, in brilliancy of native gifts nor in showy splendor of deeds, but certainly so in that highest form of human greatness—self-knowledge, comprehension of and sympathy with others, the power of persistent effort, unfaltering devotion to the truth as he understood it, and patience, the kind of patience which is the keystone of wisdom, and which allies its possessor with the divine.

To keep this noble, simple, sincere man before the American youth is the duty of teachers, preachers, editors. No other story in American history impresses one more deeply with the solemn duties of citizenship, with the necessity of studying public questions clearly and dispassionately, and abiding like a rock by what is lawful and just; there is no other more inspiring to the struggling, none which makes one feel more profoundly that honesty of purpose, courage, sincerity, and patience are qualities of transcendent value.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From a photograph made by Gutekunst of Philadelphia, after a print formerly in the collection of Mr. J. C. Browne of the same city.



THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From a daguerreotype taken when Lincoln was about forty; owned by his son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, through whose courtesy it is here reproduced for the first time.